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"LIU-KIANG, Province of Kiang-si, — best place to have cholera-morbus in. Send for Tchung-tseen."

Memorandum from my note-book, — at the service of any compatriot of mine who may meditate the "doing" of the Middle Flowery Kingdom.

To have the cholera-morbus in China — especially to have it at Liu-Kiang, in the province of Kiang-si; above all, to be attended by Dr. Tchung-tseen — is to enjoy the advantage of an experience peculiarly and richly Chinese, — an experience which, shrewdly and diligently improved, cannot fail to exalt you above the pretensions of the average explorer. Moreover, Liu-Kiang, in the province of Kiang-si, is not only the best, it is also the easiest place in China to get the cholera-morbus in; all the conditions and inevitabilities of the town are favorable and consenting to that pathological predicament: the water is hard, the watermelons bitter, the duck-eggs fishy, and the cucumbers stale. But the doctor is Tchung-tseen!

Not that there is but one physician in Liu-Kiang; but that in Liu-Kiang, in Kiang-si, in China, in the Universe, there is but one Tchung-tseen, — Singular and Incomparable; and, from the Tchung-tseen point of view, fishy duck-eggs appear a privilege and cholera-morbus a blessing, — a view which opens out to the picture-loving traveller what I venture to term the sublimely ridiculous Tchung-tseenery — the broad god-man-and-devil-scape — of the Chinese medical panorama. It was through the *pains* of cholera-morbus, as through an observatory window, that I surveyed the fantastic field; and this pen-and-ink drawing that I am about to exhibit was sketched from that preposterous combination of solemn nonsense, classic caricature, and spontaneous upside-downness and inside-outness and hindpart-foremostness which the Chinese call Nature, but which we call China. For there is this about China, which to the conscientious traveller is a great comfort, that when once you have been there and felt the country in your bones, when once a just impression of the people has been fairly astonished, amused, bewildered into you, you can never after exaggerate or exhaust it. You may try your hand at the invention of facts, but you will find the *truth* too much for you; and the

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subject admits of as many ingenious and surprising combinations as the kaleidoscope, — you can no more catch the image of it with a single pair of eyes, and fix it with a single pen, than, in photo-sculpture, you can seize all the aspects of the solid many-sided figure with a single camera, stationed here or there; rather will you require a thousand mental cameras, directed at the same instant from a thousand prejudices upon a thousand customs.

Chief in the picture, the central, salient figure of the fantastic composition, — key, as it were, to the illustrated rebus of absurdities, — is Tchung-tseen himself, A. M. (*Kujin*), M. D., LL. D., (*Chin-tsz*), D.D., — a happy compound of pedant, quack, fortune-teller, and spirit-rapper, flavored with a dash of Confucian priest, "just for the look of the thing." The A. M. and the LL. D. our friend has fairly won at the Competitive Examinations; for the D. D. he is not responsible, — it is we who have conferred that degree upon him for our own convenience, as a sort of algebraic sign, to represent the quantity of priestcraft that goes to the completing of the Tchung-tseen machinery; and as for the M. D., that is assumed, or at best inherited. No "Faculty" had the making of Dr. Tchung-tseen; no Commencement glorified the end of his studies; no Professors of Anatomy and Obstetrics wink at each other when Tchung-tseen appears; he has purchased no diploma at the stated sales of Latin indulgences to murder; no maiden mutton lays its scath to his taste for parchment. He is leech by the right inherent in every Chinaman to be actor, doctor, or cook, according to the Eight Characters, the Five Elements, and the Twelve Animals, which must absolutely determine the direction of his "natural turn." Neither emperors, nor mandarins, nor prefects, nor literary chancellors, nor imperial commissioners, nor big-wigs of the Forest-of-Pencils Society, charge themselves with any concern in the matter, but philosophically dismiss it with a theory; it is to the interest of the sick millions, they say, to see that the Tchung-tseen of their choosing knows his business, and, if they have not brains enough for that, the sooner Tchung-tseen relieves the world of their stupidity the better for the brains that are left. Only in Section 297 of the Penal Code does the law descend, for once, from the severe elevation of its letting-alone, as if graciously to show us outside barbarians how much more shrewdly they order these small matters in China. "When one who shall exercise the profession of medicine or surgery without understanding it, — shall administer drugs or operate with a piercing or cutting instrument in a manner contrary to established rules and practice, and shall thereby contribute to cause the death of a patient, the magistrate shall convoke other men of the profession to examine the nature of the remedy such practitioner shall have administered, or the wound he shall have made, and which has been followed by the death of the patient. If it should appear that the physician or surgeon has only acted in error, and without any injurious intention, he may, by a certain payment, obtain remission of the punishment inflicted on a homicide, in the manner established for cases of killing by accident; but such physician or surgeon shall be compelled forever to quit the profession." *

After which, it is pleasant to reflect that our Western system of medical and surgical practice is so wise and conscientious in its plan, and so prudent and impartial in its operation, that we have no use for Section 297 of the Chinese Penal Code. Besides, even were we less favored of Heaven in this respect, Section 297 would by no means suit our case. "What rashness!" cried Master Ting, when a desperate doctor would have acupunctured Father Huc, — "what rashness! Do we know how these European bodies are made? How can you tell what you would be sticking your needle into?"

And it is a significant consideration

* Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese."

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that, in spite of Section 297, "such physicians and surgeons" do swarm like frogs in China, bribery being popular there, and coffins cheap, and literary bachelors an innumerable fry, who *must* be served up as doctors, schoolmasters, or actors. So that, after all, Section 297 but serves to show that any man in the eighteen provinces may practise medicine, who is prepared with influence or impudence, sapecks or pluck, for the six possible predicaments (more or less probable, according to the pressure of the professional jealousy, or official rapacity he can provoke) of inquest, lawsuit, fine, imprisonment, torture, beheading; and any other man may cheerfully be his patient, who is already provided with a neat style of burial-case, and a wheelbarrow-load of paper clothing and mock-money to be burned at his grave. True, there is a so-called Imperial College of Medicine at Peking, but it is little more than an exclusive club for professional mutual admiration, or, at times, a convocation of medical referees for arbitrament in cases of malpractice or medical jurisprudence, under the rules laid down in that infallible text-book, *Si-yuen*, "The Washing of the Pit." The red and gold diploma of the Peking College of Medicine hangs in Tchung-tseen's office by way of an advertisement; but if it did not, the Dean and Faculty would still have no more power to restrain him from dispensing the supernatural treasure of red pills, than the executive committee of the Honest Injun Society for the Suppression of Hocus-Pocus can hinder him from prescribing the Three Manies and the Nine Likes as a prophylactic in severe cases of superannuation.

Tchung-tseen was, formerly, family physician to a mandarin at Ngan-king; but having intrepidly declared himself a disciple of that innovating "Anatomical School" of Chinese medicine which holds that "there are arteries which proceed from below to above, and veins that proceed from above to below"; that the heart is sometimes found on the left side of the body, and the liver on the right; that the ligneous principle in a patient's organization may be reconciled to the igneous principle without the intervention of boiled watermelons; and that a dislocation is not necessarily irreducible because it does not yield instantly to a plaster of pounded tumble-bugs, — he was dismissed to make room for a more conservative theorist. Whereupon he retires to his native town of Liu-Kiang, and having hung out his shingle, and advertised in the *Herald*, as consulting physician and practitioner at large, he applied himself to a course of reading so tremendous, that the sound of the titles merely of the works he crammed must have fallen like a "long roll" upon the tympanum of Kuang Tai Uong, the deaf God of Surgery. There were the *Chan-shi Yi-thung*, Chan-shi's Universal Medicine; and the *Yi-thung Ching-me*, The Principal Veins of the Empire of Medicine, traced by Wang-keng-theng; and the illustrious Wang-shu-sho's *Mekine*, On the Pulse; and the *Chi-shi-hin-hinan-chu*, the Red-water Blue-pearl; and the *Ting-pao-ku-kini-ki-ian*, the Amended Mirror of Ancient and Modern Medicine, compiled by King-sin, and edited by his son; and Fung-tse-tchan's *Kin-nang-pi-lo-tsa-ching*, Motley Silk Bag of Deep Learning on Diseases; and *Fung-yi Pao-kian*, the Precious Mirror of Japanese Medicine, by the Corean Hiu-sun; and the Emperor Hoang-ti's *Ling-tchu*, the Temple of (Medical) Reason; and the *Peu-tshas King-mu*, Natural History of Necessaries; and Liu-hias's *Liu-kung-yo Sing-pao-tchi*, on the Nature and Preparation of Medicines; and, finally, the *Peu-tshas-kang-mu* of Li-shi-tchin, Continued by his Son, Li-Khian-yun, and Illustrated by Li-Khian-tchung: an astounding compilation, in forty awful volumes, De Omnibus Anatomical, Surgical, and Obstetrical Rebus, et Quibusdam Botanical, Therapeutical and Pharmaceutical Aliis.

And having stuffed all that power of learning into the carpet-bag of his

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memory, for handy reference, Tchung-tseen is prepared, like Sam Weller's "depity sawbones," to fetch out his "wolatilly" for bowel complaints, a yellow wolatilly, corresponding to the element of Earth, and denoting the direction Middle; and for affections of the heart, a red wolatilly, corresponding to the element of Fire, and denoting the direction South; and if, under a treatment thus fancifully tuned to the doctrine of correspondences, any patient shall be so unreasonable as to become delirious, Tchung-tseen will acupuncture his elbow at the "crazy-bone," and jar his head for dislocated brains. Good practice, and backed by the authority of all the regular lights, from Fuh-Hi, the "heavenly Emperor," who lived before Hippocrates, and invented the Eight Diagrams, to Fung-Shin, the Seal of Secrets, who first applied smoked moonshine to the cure of warts.

"Respectful and Disinterested Panegyric.

"*Blown on the Golden Trumpet of True Report, — by Ngan-Yin, first tablet of the Sublime Han-Lin (Forest of Pencils) College; Tze-Lu, of the Imperial Academy, Imperial Commissioner and Literary Chancellor; and Ky-Nung-Ptcheng, Dean of the Faculty of the Illuminated Hall of Medicine at Peking: In honor of Tchung-tseen of the Province of Kiang-si, tip-top Sage and first-chop Healer.*

"Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who envy them. Envy has taken the measure of Tchung-tseen, and found him lofty. This is to adorn him with the capital of just and prudent applause. For the foundation of Tchung-tseen is deep, — it is set in the dark bowels of mystery; and his pinnacle is high, — it glows in the light of Truth; his feet are planted among the secrets of Earth, and his head is lifted among the discoveries of Heaven. Envy and deride Tchung-tseen if you are proud and foolish, honor and imitate him if you are humble and wise; for he has wished to promote the good of others, therefore he has secured his own. But do not think to flatter him. Flattery is his wife; he listens to her politely, but does not believe her. He has more roots than branches; he cannot be overthrown by the wind. Only let us invoke that which he has no right to silence, his learning, — and publish that which he has no right to conceal, his skill.

"When the Immortal Worthies first sent forth Tchung-tseen, to sprinkle over suffering humanity the waters of the Panacea Well, he set out hurrahing to his heart, and warbling the Bright-Blossom Ode, — like a well-bred man, accepting the commission with modesty; like a brave man undertaking its duties with confidence; like a kind man following Benevolence with alacrity. No coolies and asses went before him, a pompous train, panting and groaning under bloated hampers and bursting sacks. His furniture, compact and precious, he carried with simplicity, himself, — in his head, all the maxims of Hwang-te the medical Emperor, all the arts of Li-tung the immortal leech, all the prescriptions the philosopher Ko hid up his sleeve, all the charms the magician Fun unwound from his queue, all the reading of Wu-ti the Founder, all the rules of Shun-shi-min the Reckoner, all the reasons of Tai-tsung the Wrangler, all the hard words of Khian-lung the Critic in his blue bag, all the golden simples of Yen-fo, all the tangled compounds of Sun-king, all the pearl pills of Sai-kui, all the ruby plasters of Hu-kek-ne. With the eyes of Loo-feh ('the Sun-beam') he perceived, with the touch of Kah-yung ('the Magnet of Differences') he discriminated, with the precision of Nien-Ching-Yew ('the Index') he defined, with the power of Tsze-jin ('the Jasper Charm') he prescribed. The world felt better.

"Tchung-tseen *neither* advertises nor juggles; his talents are their own sign; when you seek him you can find no other doctor, though a thousand get in the way. Where there is musk there

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will be perfume; to smell it one need not stand in the wind. He is no blind fowl, pecking at random for worms; his knowledge is sure. He does not climb a tree to hunt for fish, nor turn over the liver to look for diseases of the lungs. He does not send you an olive on the pate of a Buddhist priest, nor engage to perform impossible cures, or turn summersaults in an oyster-shell. He is no toad in a well contemplating a patch of sky; the strong calm eye of his philosophy surveys the Universe as from a dome, and takes in at a glance all real and all imaginable things, — the demonstrations of Science, the delusions of Ignorance, and the devices of Imposture. He knows that all errors have but their brief season; that after a hundred millions of objections, sophisms, lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before; and so he waits, and smiles. And his charges are very moderate.

"Diseases, when he calls them, answer to their names; and spirits, vapors, principles, elements, forces, assort themselves before him, like feathers under the fingers of the flower-maker. At his bidding, disorders the most complicated resolve themselves into their several members; and form, action, color, sound, have each a tongue to tell him what they mean. As his large benevolence knows no distinction of persons in the ranks of the afflicted, so his conscientious genius appoints no degrees of interest to the various styles of disease, but applies itself with equal science and concern to the bunion on the big toe of the mouse-catcher and the cataract in the eye of the mandarin. The medicaments he dispenses are of miraculous virtue, and the gratitude of his patients has transformed the garden of his good works into a grove of fragrant almond-trees. Expensive incense burns night and day before his door. When the Emperor hears the name of Tchung-tseen uttered he shuts his eyes and exclaims Ah! Ten hundred thousand millions of Celestial Worthies and quintessentially beatified Sages will pass an eternity of arithmetic in computing the number of his radical cures without the use of mercury. And his charges are very moderate.

"The memory of Tchung-tseen is infallible, and the dimensions of his nose are conformable with dignity; his heart is tender and his fist is spherical; his speech is impressive and his spectacle-glasses, set in tortoise-shell frames, are two inches and a half in diameter; the length of his queue is regulated by the exactions of public opinion, and his manners are according to the Rites; he has an auspicious mole under his left eye, — and his charges are very moderate.

"As for us, let us play a few airs on the flute, and listen to the tune of the Dragon refrain."

Inscribed in golden characters on seventeen rolls of crimson silk paper, at the Imperial City.

Ta-tsing Dynasty, Hien-fung, second year, mid-winter month, on a fortunate day.

Tchung-tseen has, as I have said, his theories, more or less startling, from the Chinese point of view. For example, he holds that there is a difference between arteries and veins, that in most Chinese subjects the blood is conveyed by these in opposite directions, but not always downward by the arteries, nor always upward by the veins; that the heart is a part of the machinery by which this hydraulic process is carried on; and that under certain circumstances, depending upon the disposition of the five rulers, elements, colors, or directions, and the relation of the male and female principles of nature, the blood undergoes a change in passing through the lungs. He has one name for the brain and another for the spinal cord, but has not yet discovered a nervous system, — that is, he had not when I was in Liu-Kiang, in 1852. He has a pulse for every organ but the brain; but as to the relative positions, forms, and uses of the viscera, his notions did not strike me as perfectly coherent, — in fact, I understood him to say that we dream with

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the liver and sweat with the lungs; and that, — something about the Yin and the Yang which he failed to demonstrate clearly, but, — whenever in the system the principles of cold and moisture prevail over the hot and dry influences, the superior pulse of the spleen is disturbed by the dislocation of the green bone of the pancreas, and the consequence is fever and ague.

In the theory of Tchung-tseen every organ of the body is allied to one of the five elements, Earth, Wood, Metal, Fire, Water, which are either hot, cold, moist, dry, or windy. These again correspond to the Five Directions, Middle, East, West, South, and North, and are represented by the Five Colors, Yellow, Green, White, Red, and Black. Thus the heart, being allied to the element Fire, corresponds to the direction South, and is represented by the color Red. Consequently, all derangements of the heart must proceed from excess of the principles of Heat and Dryness, and should be treated with black medicines, corresponding to the direction North, and representing the element Water. And the bowels, being allied to the element Earth, correspond to the direction Middle, and are represented by the color Yellow. Consequently all disorders of the bowels must proceed from excess of the principle of Wind, and should be treated with medicines compounded of black, red, green, and white ingredients, corresponding to the directions North, South, East, and West, and representing the elements Water, Fire, Wood, and Metal, by which alone in combination the element of Wind can be opposed and repelled.

A lovely system! so natural in its simplicity and harmony, that in theory it reads like an idyl, and in practice it must be one of the pleasures of imagination to be killed by it. Any mandarin or mountebank can explain it to you, and if after that you will die, so much the worse for you. Emulate, rather, the astuteness and docility of Father Huc at Kuen-Kiang-hien,* when wrenched with excruciating spasms, and turned inside out with vomitings as preposterously sudden and profuse as those which are said to overtake the sacrilegious wretch who mocks the idol Kan-wang-ye, he was soothed and cheered by Master Ting and the officious officials, who explained to him that he was ill, and that his noble and distinguished malady proceeded from a disturbance in the equilibrium of the vital spirits.

"The igneous principle," they said, "too long fed by the excessive heat, had ended by exceeding beyond all measure the proper bounds assigned to it, and consequently a fire, so to speak, had been kindled in the sublime organization of the patient's body. Consequently, also, the aqueous element had been dried up to such a degree that there no longer remained to the members and organs the humidity necessary to the performance of their natural functions; thence proceeded those vomitings, those pains in the patient's illustrious stomach, and that generally disordered state which it was easy to perceive in the face of the respectable sufferer, and which produced such violent contortions."

In order to re-establish the said equilibrium, it was necessary only to introduce into the body a certain quantity of cold, and to lower the extravagant temperature of this igneous principle by restoring the due proportion of aqueous principle, — being at the same time very careful not to permit the igneous principle again to develop itself to the point of absorbing the aqueous principle. There was a very simple method of bringing back into the body this beautiful harmony.

"Everybody knows that green peas are of an extremely cold nature; let a certain quantity be boiled; let the respectable patient drink the liquor, — and so the fire will be put out."

A mandarin of Kuen-Kiang-hien suggested that, nevertheless, the convulsed and vomited missionary should use the liquor with extreme caution, lest he should dangerously develop the princi-

* Huc, "A Journey through the Chinese Empire."

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ple of Cold; but Master Ting was "sure he might take with impunity double the ordinary dose, as he had remarked that the temperament of the average outside barbarian was incomparably warmer than that of a native of the Central Flowery Kingdom."

It was finally unanimously agreed that all that was necessary was green peas, boiled cucumbers, and watermelons, to restore the humidity essential to the harmonious action of the organs. And then the regular practitioner arrived, — a little roundabout Tchung-tseen, of redundant plumpness, inordinate spectacles perched on a rudimentary nose, ceremonious manners, and a gray tail tipped with a red string.

"I have learned," said he, "that the eminent patient was born in the countries of the West. Maladies vary according to the region; those of the North do not resemble those of the South, and so on, and so on. So likewise with remedies, and so on. We must take good care not to treat the men of the Western Seas in the same manner as the men of the Central Nation. By some means or other the cold air has penetrated into the interior, and has put itself in opposition, in many of the organs, with the igneous principle; hence arises this struggle, which must necessarily manifest itself by vomitings and convulsions. We must therefore combat the evil with warm substances."

"That 's the thing," said Master Ting. "That 's just what we were thinking!"

"The nature of this noble malady," continued the Doctor, "is such that it may readily yield to the virtue of the medicines and disappear very soon; and, also, it is quite possible it may resist, and the danger may increase. This is my opinion on the subject, after having studied the various characters of the pulse."

"Here 's wisdom," thought the philosophic missionary; "but it 's all the same to me. For are we not enjoined in the Holy Scriptures to honor physicians in case of necessity? and this is a case in which obedience to the precept combines the compulsion of an emergency with the free-will of an act of faith."

Tchung-tseen's theory of the pulse is barbarous and stupid and presumptuous enough to make his fortune in any land of fools, newspapers, and clergymen's testimonials. He attributes to it an endless variety of nice peculiarities and subtile indications, which he reduces to a classification wildly fanciful, and practises the same routine in applying the condition of the pulse to the diagnosis of the case as in adopting the remedies. Especially does he devote awful thought and scrupulous discrimination to the relative condition of the pulse on the two sides of the body and in different regions of the system.* He holds that there are different pulses, corresponding to the heart, the lungs, the liver, and all the other organs; and that to feel the pulse scientifically you must feel them all, one after the other, and sometimes several together, in order to determine their several relations. Huc's Tchung-tseen played on his patient's twenty-four pulses with all his fingers, as on a piano-forte, and maintained a protracted telegraphic correspondence, as it were by House's system, with his twenty-four insides.

When Tchung-tseen would prescribe for your cholera-morbus he begins by dipping the end of a stick of Indian ink into a cup of water or tea, and rubbing it on a small black tile. With the ink thus formed he traces, by means of a camel's or cat's hair pencil, his prescription on a very ample sheet of paper, in characters of equally generous dimensions. When he has written a large page he reads it first to himself in a low and solemn sing-song, and then he reads it to you, crawling horridly among the senseless forms of words with the long black ghoulish nail of his right forefinger, — at the same time expounding to you in a key so excruciatingly sharp that it cuts keenly into your sensitive nervous network like a verbal vivisection, all the devil-possessed jargon of the Yin and the Yang, of elements,

* Lockhart, "The Medical Missionary in China."

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directions, principles, forces, colors; and enumerating the ingeniously multiplied ingredients of his witch's brew, — gums, juices, powders, barks, leaves, roots, heating or cooling, moistening or drying, congesting or dispersing, — for each devoted viscus a plague-appointed drug.

The materia medica of Tchung-tseen is sufficiently eccentric. He has ginseng and the flesh of fowls to warm and strengthen the viscera; asses' glue and birds'-nests as mild and tranquillizing tonics; silkworm moth, dried red spotted lizard, and stalactite, to increase the natural fire; tortoise-shell, human milk, and pork, to nourish the secretions; stags' glue, dogs' flesh, and walnuts to strengthen the kidneys; lotos seeds and nutmeg as warm and tonic astringents; pomegranate-skin, oyster-shell, and dragon's bone and tusk, as cooling astringents; iron-filings, loadstone and gold and silver leaf, to repress weakness; onions and orange stalks as cold diaphoretics; camphor, musk, dried scorpion, cicada, and centipede, spotted and black snake, shed snake-skins, and tigers' bones, to disperse wind; yam, and soy made from pulse, to disperse moisture; turnip seeds and root, and skin of marsh-melon, as emetics; putchuk, betel-root, shaddock-peel, dried silkworm chrysalis, and ordure, as mild equalizing resolvents; rice-paper plant and sliced China root to absorb moisture; soapstone, amber, and red beans as laxatives; pistachio nuts, mica, and concretions from the bamboo to suppress phlegm; watermelon, bamboo shavings, persimmon tops, verdigris, sea-shells, pearls, bears' gall, and warm water, as cooling purgatives; sliced peony, mulberry-leaves, hartshorn shavings, and rhinoceros-horn shavings, to purge away fire; almonds and buckwheat to repress humors; lily-root and turtle-shell as mild digestive aperients; brown sugar, scallions, rabbits' milk and cuttle-fish bone, to warm and nourish the blood; cypress tops, rabbit's flesh and saffron to cool it; dried varnish, plums, dragons' blood, peach seeds, arrow-root, old copper cash, madder, dried leeches, red marble, goats' beard and cantharides, as astringents of the blood; betel-root, quicksilver, and native calomel, to destroy worms; ivory shavings, resin, elephant's skin, preparations from toads, to disperse poisons; honeysuckle flowers, green peas, and dried earthworms, to expel poisons; and, finally, alligator's gall for hydrophobia, to accelerate parturition, and to disperse carbuncles and pustules, — as in the days of Marco Polo.

Though the turbid, greasy, dirt-colored draughts of Tchung-tseen are legitimately disgusting to eye and nose (in reverting to my experience at Liu-Kiang I shudder at the remembrance of them), I have to confess that they are deficient in that quality of unmitigated nastiness which so familiarly attests the genuineness of our Western doses. They have for the most part an insipid sweetish flavor, and though it cannot be fairly claimed by their dispensers that "children cry for them," still they *can* be got past the palates of that irrational and refractory class of patients without recourse to the harsh expedient of holding the kicking sufferer's nose. The ingredients are usually boiled together in baked clay, long enough to blend completely their medicinal properties, and the uninviting brew is then administered cruelly hot.

Before I passed from the sick-list of Tchung-tseen to the roll of men fit for service, I tasted with favorable results the virtues of that forlorn hope of the Chinese leech, the famous red pills, — *Ling-pao-you-y-tau*, the Supernatural Treasure for all Desires. These are true homœopathic globules, scarcely of the bigness of a pin's head, and the dose is from two to two dozen, according to the gravity of the case. In Peking they enjoy a prodigious celebrity, and are unanimously extolled as a universal panacea, warranted to cure the most intricate nosological Chinese puzzle to be found in the advertisements of quacks or the imagination of hypochondriacs. Their composition is a secret in the possession of a single family in

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Peking; by them transmitted from generation to generation of their own blood and name, and jealously guarded. The odor of musk that the pills emit is not peculiar to them, but merely their inevitable share of the all-pervading Chinese smell.

"The Supernatural Treasure is perhaps the most active sudorific known to the medical world; but its *modus operandi* is remarkable." A single one of these little red globules reduced to powder, and applied to the nose like snuff, provokes a succession, preposterously prolonged, of thrilling sneezes, until the whole body protests, and breaks out in violent perspiration. This powder is sometimes used to determine a prognosis; if a pinch does not make a sick man sneeze, the Chinese say he will certainly die in a day; if he sneezes once, he will at all events not die till to-morrow; and hope revives and grows in the exact ratio of the number of sneezes, and the vigor with which they are delivered. The oracle is appealed to with peculiar confidence in cases of cholera; if the patients can be made to sneeze with a red pill, the prognosis is favorable, even in the stage of collapse.

Tchung-tseen is his own apothecary; the prescription he expounds at the house of his patient he presently compounds at his own, — a practice that naturally provokes certain objections, not utterly unreasonable. The ingenious variety and prodigious quantity of drugs that commonly enter into the composition of a Chinese recipe have from time to time excited, in the minds of even the most tractable and accommodating patients, a mild suspicion that there may be collusion between Tchung-tseen the doctor and Tchung-tseen the apothecary, founded upon identity of interests, — that Tchung-tseen the doctor may sometimes prescribe costly or superfluous ingredients with an eye to the advantage of Tchung-tseen the apothecary; that the former may even "make a case," and the latter "keep it going," for the benefit of both; or that Tchung-tseen the apothecary may be tempted to tamper with the instructions of Tchung-tseen the doctor with a generous solicitude for the sapecks of the "concern." Out of this reluctant and blushing suspicion has arisen a custom essentially Chinese. Tchung-tseen and his patient engage in a debate, more or less tart, touching the necessity and price of the remedies recommended, — other members of the family taking lively part in this odd chaffering, and urging the doctor to prescribe "common cheap drugs"; they even inspect the red-paper charm as they would any vulgar commodity, and coolly strike out such ingredients as they may consider dispensable or too costly. Should Tchung-tseen protest that by this summary process of censorship the effect of the medicine will be rendered slow or doubtful, — they grant all that, and take the risk; what if the delay or doubt should redound to the benefit of the patient? They have a sly notion that it will all come to pretty much the same thing in the end. "One prescription," says Huc, "is as good as another, and whether you absorb more or less of their black brewages will probably make very little difference."

The heartless haggling usually ends by the doctor's abating the price of his "potecary stuff," on the principle of selling at a sacrifice to save a customer. But when he has made his last concession, and still maintained that upon the presence of this or that juice or powder the cure depends, "a family council is held, actually in the presence of the patient, in which the question of life or death is coolly put, and frequently arguments are brought forward to show that, considering the advanced age of the patient, or the hopeless nature of the malady, it may be better not to incur a useless expense, but quietly to allow matters to take their course. After having closely calculated what it will cost to procure these possibly useless medicines, it is not uncommon for the sick man himself to take the initiative, and decide that it will be much wiser to reserve the money to buy a fine coffin, since one must die sooner

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or later, and it is well worth while to give up perhaps a short remnant of life in order to make sure of a handsome funeral. With this sweet and consoling prospect in view they dismiss the doctor and — the sitting being prolonged — call in the undertaker." Between the stoicism and the irony is hard to choose.

Other Tchung-tseens there are to whom Acupuncture (invented in China no man knows how many centuries ago) is the whole stock in trade, or the Moxa, all their store, — not for rheumatism exclusively, or deep-seated pains, or sprains, or swellings of the joints, but for all the ills that flesh is heir to, — a Perry's Pain-Killer-or-Curer, and a Radway's Rough and Ready Relief.

Profoundly ignorant of anatomy, the special study of which is at once interdicted by law and discountenanced by public opinion, the Tchung-tseen of acupuncture insinuates his long needle (sometimes red-hot), not altogether with capricious recklessness as to the spot where he shall poke it in or the depth to which he shall bore. He has a method, fantastic in its physiology and blind in its routine, but yet erected upon a foundation of millions of costly experiments, — costly to the subjects of them in fatal results, and to the explorers in fines, imprisonments, and bastinadoes; for Chinese *savans* are indeed indefatigably and prodigally inquisitive, unterrified, and regardless of expense; the nicest manipulators, and endowed with prodigious powers of observation, discrimination, and *penetration;* in the department of acupuncture, they may be said to stick at nothing in sticking at everything.

Contemplating the human corpus as a huge animated pincushion, they have determined on the surface of it three hundred and sixty-seven points, to which they have attached particular denominations, according to the relation which they imagine them to bear to the supposed insides; and in order to "practise" without compromising the safety of the race, they have contrived small copper figures, in which diminutive holes are pierced, representing the three hundred and sixty-seven points; the surface of the figure is then covered with paper, and the student is required to place his needle without hesitation upon the spot under which is the hole corresponding to the point at which he would be required to operate according to the affection named.

"It is prescribed, in performing the operation of acupuncture, to turn the point of the needle upward when it is wished to go counter to the course of the blood, and downward if you desire to proceed with it. An unreasonable or awkward puncture is to be corrected by making punctures on other corresponding points. In a syncope following a severe fall, the upper part of the throat opposite the larynx is to be punctured to a depth of eight lines. In pains in the loins, the hams are to be punctured; in dry coughs, the external and hinder part of the arm, to a depth of one line, or the middle of the front of the arm, or the base of the little finger." *

Inoculation is extensively practised by Tchung-tseen among the children of his curacy. Small-pox, he explains, arises from a poison introduced into the system *ab utero*, as is proved by the occurrence of the disease but once during a life. "This poison is associated with the principle of heat, and remains concealed till it is developed through the agency of some external exciting cause. . . . . The ancients possessed the knowledge of inoculating for (or *planting*) the small-pox; it has been handed down from the time of Chin-tsung of the Sung dynasty (1014 A. D.), and was invented by a philosopher of Go-mei-shan, in the province of Sze-chuen. . . . . The spring and autumn are the most favorable seasons for inoculation, — or any time when the weather is moderate. A lucky day should always be chosen; the 11th and 15th days of the moon must be avoided. The *modus operandi* is by introducing into the nostrils a piece of cotton-wool impregnated with the variolous lymph, or with the crust rubbed down with a little water;

* M. Abel Rémusat.

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or the crust dried, and reduced to powder, may be blown up the nose; or the child may be dressed in the clothes that have been worn by one who has first had the small-pox." *

The inoculation must affect the viscera, and then the fever commences. The procession of the morbific "influences" is marshalled in the following order: "The nose is the external orifice of the lungs; when the lymph is placed in the nose, its influence is first communicated to the lungs which govern the hair and skin; the lungs transfer the poison to the heart; the heart governs the pulse, and transfers the poison to the spleen; the spleen governs the flesh, and transfers the poison to the liver; the liver governs the tendons, and transfers the poison to the kidneys; the kidneys govern the bones; the poison of the small-pox lies hid originally in the marrow of the bones; but when it receives the impression from the inoculation it manifests itself, and breaks out externally." †

It is an enviable advantage in the practice of Tchung-tseen that his instructed and imposing conjuration is energetically seconded by the vulgar but devout hocus-pocus of his patients and their friends, who — by the aid of some peddling rascal of a Tauist priest, and with all the cheap machinery of gongs, bells, candles, incense, meat and wine offerings, mock-money, red and yellow paper, old cash, straw sandals, white cocks, paper effigies and clothing, metallic mirrors, pictures, black beans, yeast balls, fantastic lanterns, paper boats, coffin-nails, cash-swords, tortoise-shells, sculls, the Tall White Devil and the Short Black Devil, and all the multitudinous manifestations of the Chinese Bugaboo — proceed with vigor to avert the anger of gods and the enmity of the dead, to propitiate "the Destroying genius" and expel the mortal influences, to flatter Ioh-Uong-Chu-Sii, the God of Medicine, to recall the spirit of the sick, to engage the favor of the goddesses of small-pox and measles, to propitiate the Five Rulers, and to disperse unhealthy vapors. Without the support of this various *diablerie*, it is difficult to imagine what Tchung-tseen would do. Continually threatened with fines and rods, and cages, it must be a grateful relief to his mind to share his responsibilities and his dodgings with the Gods of Medicine and Surgery, the Five Rulers, and the Male and Female Principles of Nature.

And yet, mortality in China is not, in proportion to population, greater than in the United States; the average, in number and atrocity, of Tchung-tseen's bad jobs does not exceed that of the celebrated Professor Hippocrates Jones. The Chinese contrive to live as long as we do, in spite of Tchung-tseen, and octogenarians are as numerous in Peking as in New York, although we have H. J., — mortifying, not to say alarming, facts for the consideration of the next American National Medical Convention. "When a physician," says the demure Huc, "has succeeded in curing promptly and radically a malady presenting the most grave and dangerous symptoms, it is to little purpose to pass a learned condemnation on the methods he has employed, and endeavor to prove their inefficiency. The sick man has been healed, — he is again in the enjoyment of perfect health; that is the essential point. There are few people who would not prefer being saved in the most irregular and stupid manner to being killed according to the most approved and scientific methods. It is indisputable, for instance, that there exist in China medical men who know how to treat the most decided cases of hydrophobia; and it matters little that, in the course of their treatment of this frightful malady, they expressly forbid any object containing hemp to be shown to the patient, under the idea that it would neutralize the effect of the remedies."

Wherefore, should it be your fate to be overtaken by the cholera-morbus in Liu-Kiang, in the province of Kiang-si,

* "The Preservation of Infants by Inoculation," — a Chinese treatise.

† From "The Golden Mirror of Medical Practice."

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send for Tchung-tseen with confidence, take his boiled peas and watermelons with faith, and trust in Providence with desperation. And then, if you survive the adventure, for the honor of "the Gaudy Banner," *pay his bill.* Remember that his profession, as they order these matters in China, is neither glorious nor lucrative; that his visits are not charged for at all; that his complicated "simples" are sold cheap, and always on credit; and that it is the custom in his country not to pay for medicines which the patient may fancy have done him no good: so that my poor Tchung-tseen earns three dollars to collect one. Remember, too, that if you should be so heartless or so thoughtless as to die, it might be the death of him.

In China there are doctors for internal diseases and doctors for external, doctors for cold diseases and doctors for hot, doctors for moist diseases and doctors for dry, doctors for diseases of wind and doctors for diseases of water, doctors for "mulligrubs" and doctors for "miseries," doctors for women, doctors for babies, and doctors for old men. But Tchung-tseen is the seventh son of a seventh son, — forty-nine doctors in one, forty-nine times muddled! And he is also, at least, a thousand years old, with ten thousand theoretical whimseys and empirical zigzagries to find his way through.

The deportment of our friend is eminently dignified, and his manners are scrupulously polite: a professor of ceremonies might learn of him. When he meets you on the way, "he places the fingers of one hand over the fist of the other in such a manner that the thumbs come against each other, and then, standing a little off, he raises his hands gently up and down in front of his breast, as it were shaking hands *with himself.*"

Seven times has Tchung-tseen bowed down, with candles and incense, before the tablet of his ancestors, to inform them that, in consequence of their respectable virtues, he, their grateful descendant and representative, had been preferred to new degrees and honors by the grace of the Emperor. Thus his filial piety is distinguished.

He lives according to the Five Cardinal Virtues, — benevolence, righteousness, politeness, wisdom, and fidelity.

He teaches according to the rites, practices according to his lights, and charges according to your means and his own necessities.

ROCKWEEDS.

So bleak these shores, wind-swept, and all the year
Washed by the wild Atlantic's restless tide,
You would not dream that flowers the woods hold dear
Amid such desolation dare abide.

Yet when the bitter winter breaks, some day,
With soft winds fluttering her garments' hem,
Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May,
Sets the first wind-flower trembling on its stem;

Scatters her violets with lavish hands,
White, blue, and amber; calls the columbine
Till, like clear flame in lonely nooks, gay bands
Swinging their scarlet bells obey the sign;

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Makes buttercups and dandelions blaze,
And throws in glimmering patches here and there
The little eyebright's pearls, and gently lays
The impress of her beauty everywhere.

Later, June bids the sweet wild-rose to blow,
Wakes from its dream the drowsy pimpernel;
Unfolds the bindweed's ivory buds, that glow
As delicately blushing as a shell.

Then purple Iris smiles, and hour by hour
The fair procession multiplies; and soon,
In clusters creamy white, the elder-flower
Waves its broad disk against the rising moon.

O'er quiet beaches shelving to the sea
Tall mulleins sway, and thistles; all day long
Comes in the wooing water dreamily,
With subtle music in its slumbrous song.

Herb-Robert hears, and princess-feather bright,
While goldthread clasps the little skull-cap blue;
And troops of swallows, gathering for their flight,
O'er golden-rod and asters hold review.

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land;
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand,

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
When devastating waves sweep on and break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

Close-folded, safe within the sheltering seed,
Blossom and bell and leafy beauty hide;
Nor icy blast nor bitter spray they heed,
But patiently their wondrous change abide.

The heart of God through his creation stirs;
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again, — his messengers
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our failing breath,
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
Triumphant over doubt and pain and death.

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A CONVERSATION ON THE STAGE.

"When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be.
If you mention vice or bribe,
'T is so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, 'That was levelled at me!'"
Beggar's Opera.

Vif Esprit. It is the very error of the moon. Everything goes wrong; and as for the stage, it is thoroughly demoralized. Only a few months ago that excellent actor, Mr. E. L. Davenport, publicly declared he should be obliged to acquire the noble arts of clog-dancing and banjo-playing, in order to put into his pocket that amount of pecuniary consolation which is as grateful to artists as to common men.

Sang-froid. Gently, my friend; history is but repeating itself.

Vif Esprit. Prove it if you can.

Sang-froid. Well, then, let us go back to the days of Garrick. Poetry, architecture, painting, sculpture, and music have all attained greater perfection than they attain now; and acting seems to be no exception to the rule. Before Garrick, even, the inimitable dramatic critic, Colley Cibber, deplored the fallen condition of the stage; and so applicable to the present age is his criticism that "His Apology" might have been written yesterday. Let us see what Cibber says of English theatres and of their management. Ah! here it is. "They were reduced to have recourse to foreign novelties. L'Abbe, Balon, and Mademoiselle Subliguy," three of the then most famous dancers of the French Opera, "were at several times brought over, at extraordinary rates, to revive that sickly appetite which plain sense and nature had satiated. But, alas! there was no recovering to a sound constitution by those merely costly cordials; the novelty of a dance was but of a short duration, and perhaps hurtful in its consequence; for it made a play without a dance less endured than it had been before, when such dancing was not to be had; and the same may be said of every deviation from plain sense and nature." Pursuing the subject, he remarks: "This sensual supply of sight and sound coming into the assistance of the weaker party, it was no wonder they should grow too hard for sense and simple nature, when it is considered *how many more people there are that can see and hear, than think and judge.*" Again declares Cibber: "As their hearers are, so will actors be; worse or better, as the false or true taste applauds or discommends them. Hence only can our theatres improve, or must degenerate. . . . . It is not to the actor, therefore, but to the vitiated and low taste of the spectator, that the corruptions of the stage (*of* what kind soever) have been owing. If the public by whom they must live had spirit enough to discountenance and declare against all the trash and fopperies they have been so frequently fond of, both the actors and the authors, to the best of their power, must naturally have served their daily table with sound and wholesome food." Here you have a picture of the times of Sir William Davenant, and of the struggle for supremacy when there were but two theatres in London. Do you suppose matters will improve when competition becomes greater. Public taste grows so slowly that, like the century-plant, it ripens and blossoms but once in a hundred years. If you will only remember that "all the world 's a stage," and that *the* stage is but a reflection of all the world, you will learn to have more patience with the theatre and less patience with the public. You sigh that donkeys *on* the New York stage should be applauded by their species off it, and think the theatre has touched its lowest level.

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You forget that, when Congreve's play "The Way of the World" failed, the exacting London public was pacified with dancers, tumblers, strong men, and quadrupeds. And an elephant at The Great Mogul in Fleet Street proved so exceedingly remunerative, that he too would have been introduced on the stage if the master-carpenter had not declared that he would pull the house down! Give the American theatre its due; we have not yet seen the elephant. When Mossop, in 1758, acted Richard III., Signor Grimaldi relieved the tedium of tragedy by comic dances between the acts. Such an insult to the Tragic Muse would not be permitted in our time.

Vif Esprit. Instead of seeing jigs we listen to them; an improvement which, after all, is not as radical as it might be. The incongruity of comic dancing on solemn occasions is apparent enough, but it by no means follows, because our age has greater regard for the eternal fitness of things, that the stage is in a more hopeful state. What takes place *between* the acts of a play is of secondary consideration. It is the wholesale slaughter of plays themselves that makes me sad. Signor Grimaldi might dance until he grew purple in the face, provided I could see a Quin, a Garrick, a Mrs. Cibber, a Mrs. Pritchard, a Wood, a Ryan, and a Chapman in one and the same play, as happened years since at Covent Garden. Imagine the delight, too, of seeing Romeo and Juliet performed one night by Garrick and Miss Bellamy, and the next by Barry and Mrs. Cibber! I doubt very much whether Shakespeare would have written a line had he known what the nineteenth century had in store for him.

Sang-froid. There you are unjust. Remember Ristori's Lady Macbeth, Salvini's Othello, Edmund Kean's Richard III., Macready's King Lear, and Fanny Kemble's readings, and acknowledge that, though Shakespeare's interpreters are few, they have probably never been surpassed. You long for the great cast of Covent Garden, and yet forget how at times the public neglected even Garrick. "If you won't come to Lear and Hamlet, I must give you Harlequin," said the great little man, and forthwith went to great expense in introducing the Continental ballet, the appearance of which was the signal for a riot, inspired by jealousy of France. And pray what happened during the reign of Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles? Was it not marked by the mushroom growth and triumph of Master Betty, — the youthful Roscius, as he was enthusiastically called? When Home, the author of "Douglas," went to see this boy in Young Norval, he blubbered in his box, and absolutely declared that the part had never before been properly acted, — that in Master Betty he beheld Cooke, Kemble, Holman, and Garrick, all in one. Charles Young played subordinate parts to Betty, and, with the exception of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, there was not a great actor that did not hold up the train of this absurd phenomenon. The public was stark mad. It would tolerate no one on the stage but Betty. If the boy fell ill, England was convulsed and bulletins were as regularly issued as if the nation's life depended upon it. Real dramatic genius was forced to stand and wait until the public returned to its senses; meanwhile young Betty cleared five hundred pounds per week, and John Kemble offered to engage him at fifty pounds per night and a "half benefit." During the Betty epidemic there was not a critic in London who dared to maintain the dignity of the stage by condemning the popular idol. In Glasgow, however, one man absolutely refused to lose his wits, and persisted in impaling Roscius; for which thankless task he was "compelled to leave the town."

Vif Esprit. Profiting apparently by this example, critics, since then, have paid tribute to that better part of valor, discretion.

Sang-froid. "He who tells the truth," says Emerson, "will find himself in sufficiently dramatic situations." If the majority entertain a morbid fear

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of truth, surely you cannot expect critics to furnish an unpalatable article.

Vif Esprit. But I *do* expect it. Notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion, that nobody believes what newspapers say, an immense number of people live and move and have their being by and in them. Every journal of importance is a bell-wether, after which the public precipitates itself like a flock of sheep. Critics, therefore, are teachers, and it is their mission to elevate the standard of morals and taste. In writing down to the dead level of opinion, they produce incalculable mischiefs by confirming ignorance. The early critics in America were far more honest than those of to-day. In 1796 New York could boast of six dramatic critics who were absolutely without fear and without reproach.

Sang-froid. Indeed! and who were these immaculate gentlemen?

Vif Esprit. John Wells, Elias Hicks, Samuel Jones, William Cutting, Peter Irving, and Charles Adams, — private individuals who attended the theatre for the purpose of conscientious criticism. They took notes of every performance, compared their comments, one with another, and, in turn, prepared articles for the press. For calling things by their right names, for recommending a national drama, and an independence in literature as well as in politics, these benevolent gentlemen were branded as "liars" and "assassins."

Sang-froid. Of course. But what was comparatively easy for those primitive reformers would be infinitely more difficult now. As society becomes complicated, its corruption increases. No private individual, however able, is permitted to express his opinions in the daily press, for the reason that every journal has, very properly, its own critic. Your exception to the manner in which this regular critic ordinarily discharges his duties are just enough; at the same time it must be remembered that critics are employees, and are obliged to conform to the dictation of higher powers. Matters entirely independent of abstract truth exert an immense influence upon the greater part of dramatic criticism; advertisements, friendship, popular opinion, etc., etc., are of vastly more import than the progress of art; and the critic who would retain his head must be prepared to turn his back upon conscience. Then, again, allowing that a critic is master of his pen, and is naturally disposed to be honest, inducements to falsehood are so much greater than inducements to truth-telling that few but heroes can withstand temptation. In the first place, it is excessively disagreeable to be disliked, and the incorruptible critic is morally certain of harvesting a large crop of enemies. He almost inevitably becomes personally acquainted with the *dramatis personæ;* he likes them as individuals, wishes them well; he shakes hand with managers, and perhaps accepts their wines and cigars. How much easier and pleasanter it is to go home, and, dipping a good-natured pen into good-natured ink, endow actors and managers with every gift genius is heir to, than to administer unsavory truths. You know not what strength of mind is required to brave a managerial lion in his den. You are in danger of being torn to pieces by the royal beast, and receive no succor from the public, who would as willingly have black called white as any other color.

Vif Esprit. Terrible or not, the danger should be met. If acting is an art, — and the greatest minds have placed it high among the fine arts, — if the stage has such tremendous power for good or evil, surely dramatic criticism ought not to be prostituted. A critic should hold himself aloof from every influence that is likely to trammel his judgment.

Sang-froid. My dear friend, your ideas are Utopian. You seem to think that our critics, one and all, actually *know* what is good and what is bad in acting, and yet deliberately deceive the public. Now, I do them more justice; I believe that they express their honest opinions far more frequently than you imagine.

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Vif Esprit. Worse and worse. Doran is right when he says, that no man should be admitted to practise theatrical criticism who has not got by heart Cibber's descriptions of Betterton and Mrs. Oldfield, or who fails on examination as to his proficiency in the Canons of Colley. To be in sympathy with Cibber is to have the right feeling for the drama.

Sang-froid. Pardon me, but you are unreasonable. Recollect what Parton says, — "As a rule, nothing gets the immortal work from first-rate men but money"; and then be surprised that there are *any* clever dramatic critics! Will any person of brains deliberately go to work to fit himself for a profession that — although he may exhibit extraordinary ability in it — can never bring him in more than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars per annum? A clerk on such a salary looks forward to promotion; a critic knows that, in order to live like a Christian, he must seek additional employment. If, under these circumstances, he accept *douceurs* for unmerited praise, what wonder? And if the critical chair is often occupied by those who are unfitted for it, again what wonder?

Vif Esprit. A dramatic critic should be a scholar and a gentleman. He should believe as firmly in the nobility of his calling as the clergyman believes in the sacredness of his pulpit, and he should be paid liberally for his honesty and for his brains.

Sang-froid. Bravo! there 's not a critic worthy of the name that would not throw up his hat with delight were your sentiments universal.

Vif Esprit. I have no hesitation in saying that America has more need today of critics than of artists. If latent ability is not properly fostered, it will either die or, in order to please the ignorant, become corrupt. Political principles are sufficiently defined, and therein journals endeavor to act consistently. Why are art principles so universally disregarded? Art is not a matter of taste; it has its fundamental laws, although, by the way people talk, one might suppose art in any form to be a mere matter of caprice. Everybody can no more judge of acting, singing, painting, etc., than everybody can judge of machinery, manufactures, or horses. "They talk a great deal about what I don't understand," said Edmund Kean of the noblemen who sought his companionship; "but when it comes to plays, they talk such nonsense!"

Sang-froid. We as a people have no intellectual conscience. Younger than England, we are even worse than she in this respect, and Matthew Arnold declares the mother-country to be bad enough. There will be no criticism in America until there is culture.

Vif Esprit. Much of our careless criticism is owing to the necessity of writing on time. No one can do justice to a fine dramatic performance who, tired and sleepy, is obliged to write out his opinion for the next morning's journal.

Sang-froid. We should die if we did not breakfast off the previous night's cakes and ale.

Vif Esprit. Nonsense. The French, who actually *do* possess an intellectual conscience, make no such demands upon a critic. Jules Janin writes one dramatic *feuilleton* a week, for which he receives two hundred and fifty francs, the equivalent of one hundred dollars in our currency and at our prices. Jules Janin and his distinguished fraternity can therefore afford to know what they are writing about, and to produce articles that educated people can read with interest and profit.

Sang-froid. Nevertheless, critics can be bought in Paris. Look at Fiorentino.

Vif Esprit. Yes. He certainly was no honor to his profession; yet he knew his business thoroughly. He made no secret of the fact that he received money from artists praised by him. "If they make fortunes in consequence of my criticisms," he once said to a friend of mine, "it is but fair that they should remunerate me for my pains." Fiorentino was an Italian, and black-mail is more frequent in Italy than

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in France. Then, again, as French audiences judge for themselves, a critic cannot praise what is bad without injury to his reputation.

Sang-froid. But even Janin at times has allowed personal feeling to influence his criticism; for example, he "wrote up" a Mademoiselle Maxime, asserting that she was greater in *Phèdre* than Rachel.

Vif Esprit. True; but usually Janin can be depended upon, and *is* capable of giving a judicial opinion. I certainly have no desire to award undue praise to France. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the French stage does about as much harm as good; for, while its school of acting is the best in the world, and some of its plays are delightful, the code of morals set forth is so exceedingly loose that the worse appears the better cause. I confess that I rarely witness a French performance in New York without being offended. Sooner or later plot or action hovers upon forbidden ground, and frequently puts all ideas of decency at defiance.

Sang-froid. We are called upon to improve our accent at the expense of our moral sense, which is, of course, perfectly *comme il faut.* Americans will tolerate any impropriety whatever, *provided it is in French.*

Vif Esprit. Alas, yes! The success of Offenbach's Grand Duchess of Gérolstein, — a tissue of *doubles entendres* and equivoques from beginning to end, mingled with an extract of the *Can-can*, a dance so vile that, in its mildest form, it is acknowledged to be abominable, — is the saddest fact to be recorded in the history of our stage.

Sang-froid. My dear friend, blame no one but the public: —

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give."

The people like what you most disapprove, and those who cater to the public will offer what is most remunerative. The majority of those who delight in The Grand Duchess are ignorant of French. They listen to pleasing music, see an excellent *mise en scène*, admirable costumes, and some clever burlesque acting. They enjoy a novelty, for the reason that it *is* novelty.

Vif Esprit. Ay! and the Can-can, together with what are euphoniously called "French fascinations," have become so popular that I very much doubt whether any *opéra bouffe* will hereafter be tolerated unless spiced with the essence of Parisian vice.

Sang-froid. Nothing is more likely; in fact, looking back upon our history, I may say that such a consummation is inevitable. Puritanism has so long held us in rigid subjection, depriving us of even innocent amusements, that human nature is sure to be revenged. The pendulum will swing as far to one extreme as it has swung to the other: the moral of all which is, never to starve humanity, or it will, one day, fall upon everything edible, and contract disease from unwholesome food.

Vif Esprit. Admitting what you say to be true, I am fain to agree with Bickerstaff, in his opinion that "when we see anything divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity." The most pathetic part of this matter is, that there is no opposition made to the introduction of a foreign virus. The salvation of a country is in a virtuous minority. Where *is* the minority? The absence of consistency in our public is melancholy. *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, the great comedy of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, has been condemned, on moral grounds, by the same people who uphold The Grand Duchess! This demonstrates that we do not stand as high, morally, as the French; for while only their minor theatres devote themselves to Offenbach and vaudevilles of an equivocal nature, Dumas's comedy is played night after night before crowd-

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ed and approving audiences. *Les Idées de Madame Aubray* redeems a wilderness of Offenbachs, and places Dumas in the advance-guard of reformers.

Sang-froid. Such is your opinion, and such is the opinion of those who believe that a woman, having erred once through ignorance and poverty, may redeem herself, and be worthy of a good man's love; but you know perfectly well the majority maintain that a woman once fallen should be forever branded as a social outcast.

Vif Esprit. But where is the justice, the charity, the Christianity, of such a creed?

Sang-froid. I am not advocating, I am simply stating a fact. You acknowledge that a noble play, like *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, attracts very small audiences, that the questionable vaudeville succeeding it is received with laughter and applause, and that The Grand Duchess is an immense success. What conclusion do you reach?

Vif Esprit. The same with which I began our conversation, — that the stage never was in so deplorable a condition.

Sang-froid. The more I think of the matter the less I agree with you. Let us see if our reason will not argue that the American stage is doing as well as can be expected.

Vif Esprit. "Good reasons must, of force, give place to better." Still, I 'll listen.

Sang-froid. Well, then, to begin at the beginning, you object to the plot and dialogue of many French inspirations. While allowing that there is nothing so diabolically insidious as Gallic license, I do not forget the rampant vice delineated in old English comedies, nor do I forget the days when ladies dared not attend a first representation of a new play for fear of being insulted. When they did go, concessions to modesty were made by wearing masks. Do you believe that the stage can ever sink as low again?

Vif Esprit. Hardly. Manners are somewhat improved.

Sang-froid. What made the stage licentious? The example of royalty; George II. so revelled in vice, that he ordered Ravenscroft's beastly comedies to be performed as they were written. We have improved in this respect; we have improved in our theatres; never were such beautiful buildings erected as now. The conduct of audiences is vastly better; once, the occupants of boxes deliberately spat into the pit, and the pitites amused themselves by pulling the noses of neighbors, at whom they chose to take offence. French audiences frequently threw stones upon the stage. All this is changed. Then there never was such artistic scenery as there is to-day.

Vif Esprit. I am not so sure of that. When Macbeth was produced at Kemble's new theatre, in 1794, Mrs. Siddons declared that the banquet was a thing to go and see of itself. The scenes and dresses were all new, and as superb and characteristic as it was possible to make them. And think of the "cast"! John Kemble as Macbeth; Palmer as Macduff; Wroughton as Banquo; Charles Kemble as Malcolm; Bensley as Duncan; Barrymore as Rosse; Bannister as Hecate; and Moody, Dodd, and Snett as the witches! Where now can such a combination be found?

Sang-froid. I do not pretend to argue the matter of the cast. That was the Elizabethan age of actors. The scenery and costumes you mention were the first attempts at historical truth. They were not the rule of the age. In 1723 Duncan and Julius Cæsar had worn the same robes for a century. That incomparable actor, Betterton, wore the laced kerchief of his time in Hamlet. Fancy Garrick dressing the melancholy Dane in a court suit of black, with a short wig and cue; looking in Macbeth like a modern Scottish sergeant-major, and using a pocket-handkerchief in Lear? Barton Booth donned a flowered gown and bag wig in Cato, and John Kemble's costume in Hamlet set chronology quite wild. His was a fancy suit, pow-

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dered wig, and a blaze of jewelled orders! In Hippolytus, Lewis arrayed himself in knee-breeches, a jaunty silk jacket, tight fitting boots, and a little court bodkin on his thigh! As for ladies, they always wore court dresses over huge hoops. Imagine Mrs. Pritchard dressed in this guise for Lady Macbeth! Even in 1775, Mrs. Siddons appeared as Portia in a salmon-colored sack and coat! Could anything be more ridiculous? and yet no one doubts the intellect of these unquestionably great actors.

Vif Esprit. A beautiful frame is very well in its way, but what is its worth if it surrounds a bad picture? We neglect the substance for the shadow.

Sang-froid. Hear me to the end. I firmly believe that the general idea about acting is more enlightened than formerly, — that the school of acting is better, no matter how few good scholars there are. Talma himself assures us that Lekain — Garrick's contemporary — was the first to break away from tradition and endeavor to be natural; and it is only within the last few years that Americans have begun to talk about colloquial acting. Ranting is less popular, much as we hear of it, and fondly as the galleries cherish it. You cannot doubt for a moment that if Edwin Forrest were now a young man, he would be a much finer actor than the traditions and taste of thirty years ago have made him.

Vif Esprit. In this I agree with you.

Sang-froid. Again, the theatrical profession never was so much respected as at present. Old Dunlap says he remembers the time when children would cry out contemptuously, "There goes a play-actor!" In Philadelphia, in 1754, young men were arrested for performing in private theatricals. Puritanical prejudice is wearing away, and the clever actor is welcomed in society as a bright and shining light. Our theatres are also more fully attended. We have, then, better theatres, better scenery, better costumes, more respectful and numerous audiences, better tendencies in our school of acting, and a better appreciation of one of the noblest professions.

Vif Esprit. But where are the actors?

Sang-froid. Patience. Ours is a transition state. We are not quite off with the old love, and not quite on with the new; but with so much in its favor, I cannot doubt of the ultimate triumph of an intellectual stage. When culture becomes an accomplished fact, we shall have critics, and we shall have actors.

Vif Esprit. Meanwhile we shall prepare ourselves for the good time coming by scenes from The Black Crook and the sensational drama.

Sang-froid. Both of these are bad enough; but I believe that the sensational drama no more interferes with the legitimate drama than the Police Gazette interferes with the sale of standard literature. Of course the former has the greater number of adherents; but were it to be abolished to-morrow, I doubt whether the ranks of those who enjoy the legitimate drama would be swelled. If the drunkard is deprived of his dram, he does not gladly turn to cold water; rather will he drink pure alcohol. But, after all, the legitimists are more numerous than we have so far allowed. Shakespeare cannot be called unpopular when Edwin Booth acts Hamlet one hundred nights in succession,— the first time that such a feat was ever accomplished. Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle meets with an enthusiastic reception week after week. Wallack rarely puts an old English comedy upon the stage that his theatre is not filled, and Madame Ristori holds multitudes spell-bound by the grandeur of her acting. Why, my friend, you don't know what a glorious era you live in! Ristori alone cannot but create a revolution in acting.

Vif Esprit. I am sure I hope so. But in order to obtain good actors, we, like the French, should have a dramatic college, where students could be taught music, declamation, grammar, history, mythology, and the dramatic art.

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Sang-froid. You cannot have a college without teachers; and how can there be competent teachers when fine actors are so rare?

Vif Esprit. Then the shortest road to reform would be for every State to take one theatre under its protection, granting it a sufficient subsidy to secure the employees against loss for the production of good art, insisting upon a faithful performance of duties, and bringing all possible force to bear against the starring system, which is as disastrous to the drama's real interests as rotation in office is to American politics.

Sang-froid. Hold, hold! enough! once more have you dashed wildly into the next century. All this will come with culture; culture will come with the lapse of a hundred years. From your celestial perch you may look down upon the fulfilment of your aspirations. Meanwhile calm your ardor, and rest assured that the elevation of the stage is as inevitable as the elevation of humanity.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

MY timidity and my obscurity occasioned me to live a secluded life at College, and to be little known. No relative ever came to visit me, for I had no relative. No intimate friends broke in upon my studies, for I made no intimate friends. I supported myself on my scholarship, and read much. My College time was otherwise not so very different from my time at Hoghton Towers.

Knowing myself to be unfit for the noisier stir of social existence, but believing myself qualified to do my duty in a moderate though earnest way if I could obtain some small preferment in the Church, I applied my mind to the clerical profession. In due sequence I took orders, was ordained, and began to look about me for employment. I must observe that I had taken a good degree, that I had succeeded in winning a good fellowship, and that my means were ample for my retired way of life. By this time I had read with several young men, and the occupation increased my income, while it was highly interesting to me. I once accidentally overheard our greatest Don say, to my boundless joy, "That he heard it reported of Silverman that his gift of quiet explanation, his patience, his amiable temper, and his conscientiousness, made him the best of Coaches." May my "gift of quiet explanation" come more seasonably and powerfully to my aid in this present explanation than I think it will!

It may be, in a certain degree, owing to the situation of my College rooms (in a corner where the daylight was sobered), but it is in a much larger degree referable to the state of my own mind, that I seem to myself, on looking back to this time of my life, to have been always in the peaceful shade. I can see others in the sunlight; I can see our boats' crews and our athletic young men on the glistening water, or speckled with the moving lights of sunlit leaves; but I myself am always in the shadow looking on. Not unsympathetically, — GOD forbid! — but looking on, alone, much as I looked at Sylvia from the shadows of the ruined house, or looked at the red gleam shining through the farmer's windows, and listened to the fall of dancing feet, when all the ruin was dark that night in the quadrangle.

I now come to the reason of my quoting that laudation of myself above given. Without such reason, to repeat it would have been mere boastfulness.

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Among those who had read with me was Mr. Fareway, second son of Lady Fareway, widow of Sir Gaston Fareway, Baronet. This young gentleman's abilities were much above the average, but he came of a rich family, and was idle and luxurious. He presented himself to me too late, and afterwards came to me too irregularly, to admit of my being of much service to him. In the end I considered it my duty to dissuade him from going up for an examination which he could never pass, and he left College without taking a degree. After his departure, Lady Fareway wrote to me representing the justice of my returning half my fee, as I had been of so little use to her son. Within my knowledge a similar demand had not been made in any other case, and I most freely admit that the justice of it had not occurred to me until it was pointed out. But I at once perceived it, yielded to it, and returned the money.

Mr. Fareway had been gone two years or more and I had forgotten him, when he one day walked into my rooms as I was sitting at my books.

Said he, after the usual salutations had passed: "Mr. Silverman, my mother is in town here, at the hotel, and wishes me to present you to her."

I was not comfortable with strangers, and I dare say I betrayed that I was a little nervous or unwilling. For, said he, without my having spoken, "I think the interview may tend to the advancement of your prospects."

It put me to the blush to think that I should be tempted by a worldly reason, and I rose immediately.

Said Mr. Fareway, as we went along, "Are you a good hand at business?"

"I think not," said I.

Said Mr. Fareway then, "My mother is."

"Truly?" said I.

"Yes. My mother is what is usually called a managing woman. Does n't make a bad thing, for instance, even out of the spendthrift habits of my eldest brother abroad. In short, a managing woman. This is in confidence."

He had never spoken to me in confidence, and I was surprised by his doing so. I said I should respect his confidence, of course, and said no more on the delicate subject. We had but a little way to walk, and I was soon in his mother's company. He presented me, shook hands with me, and left us two (as he said) to business.

I saw in my Lady Fareway a handsome, well-preserved lady of somewhat large stature, with a steady glare in her great round dark eyes that embarrassed me.

Said my Lady: "I have heard from my son, Mr. Silverman, that you would be glad of some preferment in the Church?"

I gave my Lady to understand that was so.

"I don't know whether you are aware," my Lady proceeded, "that we have a presentation to a living? I say *we* have, but in point of fact *I* have."

I gave my Lady to understand that I had not been aware of this.

Said my Lady: "So it is. Indeed, I have two presentations: one, to two hundred a year; one, to six. Both livings are in our county, — North Devonshire, as you probably know. The first is vacant. Would you like it?"

What with my Lady's eyes, and what with the suddenness of this proposed gift, I was much confused.

"I am sorry it is not the larger presentation," said my Lady, rather coldly, "though I will not, Mr. Silverman, pay you the bad compliment of supposing that *you* are, because that would be mercenary, — and mercenary I am persuaded you are not."

Said I, with my utmost earnestness: "Thank you, Lady Fareway, thank you, thank you! I should be deeply hurt if I thought I bore the character."

"Naturally," said my Lady. "Always detestable, but particularly in a clergyman. You have not said whether you will like the Living?"

With apologies for my remissness or indistinctness, I assured my Lady that I accepted it most readily and gratefully. I added that I hoped she would not es-

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timate my appreciation of the generosity of her choice by my flow of words, for I was not a ready man in that respect when taken by surprise or touched at heart.

"The affair is concluded," said my Lady. "Concluded. You will find the duties very light, Mr. Silverman. Charming house; charming little garden, orchard, and all that. You will be able to take pupils. By the by! No. I will return to the word afterwards. What was I going to mention, when it put me out?"

My Lady stared at me, as if I knew. And I did n't know. And that perplexed me afresh.

Said my Lady, after some consideration: "Oh! Of course. How very dull of me! The last incumbent, — least mercenary man I ever saw, — in consideration of the duties being so light and the house so delicious, could n't rest, he said, unless I permitted him to help me with my correspondence, accounts, and various little things of that kind; nothing in themselves, but which it worries a lady to cope with. Would Mr. Silverman also like to —? Or shall I —?"

I hastened to say that my poor help would be always at her ladyship's service.

"I am absolutely blessed," said my Lady, casting up her eyes (and so taking them off of me for one moment), "in having to do with gentlemen who cannot endure an approach to the idea of being mercenary!" She shivered at the word. "And now as to the pupil."

"The ——?" I was quite at a loss.

"Mr. Silverman, you have no idea what she is. She is," said my Lady, laying her touch upon my coat-sleeve, "I do verily believe, the most extraordinary girl in this world. Already knows more Greek and Latin than Lady Jane Grey. And taught herself! Has not yet, remember, derived a moment's advantage from Mr. Silverman's classical acquirements. To say nothing of mathematics, which she is bent upon becoming versed in, and in which (as I hear from my son and others) Mr. Silverman's reputation is so deservedly high!"

Under my Lady's eyes, I must have lost the clew, I felt persuaded; and yet I did not know where I could have dropped it.

"Adelina," said my Lady, "is my only daughter. If I did not feel quite convinced that I am not blinded by a mother's partiality; unless I was absolutely sure that when you know her, Mr. Silverman, you will esteem it a high and unusual privilege to direct her studies, — I should introduce a mercenary element into this conversation, and ask you on what terms —"

I entreated my Lady to go no further. My Lady saw that I was troubled, and did me the honor to comply with my request.

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

EVERYTHING in mental acquisition that her brother might have been, if he would, and everything in all gracious charms and admirable qualities that no one but herself could be, — this was Adelina.

I will not expatiate upon her beauty. I will not expatiate upon her intelligence, her quickness of perception, her powers of memory, her sweet consideration from the first moment for the slow-paced tutor who ministered to her wonderful gifts. I was thirty then; I am over sixty now; she is ever present to me in these hours as she was in those, bright and beautiful and young, wise and fanciful and good.

When I discovered that I loved her, how can I say? In the first day? In the first week? In the first month? Impossible to trace. If I be (as I am) unable to represent to myself any previous period of my life as quite separable from her attracting power, how can I answer for this one detail?

Whensoever I made the discovery, it laid a heavy burden on me. And yet, comparing it with the far heavier burden that I afterwards took up, it does not seem to me now to have been very hard to bear. In the knowledge that I did love her, and that I should

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love her while my life lasted, and that I was ever to hide my secret deep in my own breast, and she was never to find it, there was a kind of sustaining joy or pride or comfort mingled with my pain.

But later on — say a year later on — when I made another discovery, then indeed my suffering and my struggle were strong. That other discovery was —?

These words will never see the light, if ever, until my heart is dust; until her bright spirit has returned to the regions of which, when imprisoned here, it surely retained some unusual glimpse of remembrance; until all the pulses that ever beat around us shall have long been quiet; until all the fruits of all the tiny victories and defeats achieved in our little breasts shall have withered away. That discovery was, that she loved me.

She may have enhanced my knowledge, and loved me for that; she may have overvalued my discharge of duty to her, and loved me for that; she may have refined upon a playful compassion which she would sometimes show for what she called my want of wisdom according to the light of the world's dark lanterns, and loved me for that; she may — she must — have confused the borrowed light of what I had only learned, with its brightness in its pure original rays; but she loved me at that time, and she made me know it.

Pride of family and pride of wealth put me as far off from her in my Lady's eyes as if I had been some domesticated creature of another kind. But they could not put me farther from her than I put myself when I set my merits against hers. More than that. They could not put me, by millions of fathoms, half so low beneath her as I put myself when in imagination I took advantage of her noble trustfulness, took the fortune that I knew she must possess in her own right, and left her to find herself, in the zenith of her beauty and genius, bound to poor rusty plodding Me.

No. Worldliness should not enter here, at any cost. If I had tried to keep it out of other ground, how much harder was I bound to try to keep it from this sacred place.

But there was something daring in her broad generous character that demanded at so delicate a crisis to be delicately and patiently addressed. After many and many a bitter night (O, I found I could cry for reasons not purely physical, at this pass of my life!) I took my course.

My Lady had in our first interview unconsciously overstated the accommodation of my pretty house. There was room in it for only one pupil. He was a young gentleman near coming of age, very well connected, but what is called a poor relation. His parents were dead. The charges of his living and reading with me were defrayed by an uncle, and he and I were to do our utmost together for three years towards qualifying him to make his way. At this time he had entered into his second year with me. He was well-looking, clever, energetic, enthusiastic, bold; in the best sense of the term, a thorough young Anglo-Saxon.

I resolved to bring these two together.

NINTH CHAPTER.

SAID I, one night, when I had conquered myself: "Mr. Granville," — Mr. Granville Wharton his name was, — "I doubt if you have ever yet so much as seen Miss Fareway."

"Well, sir," returned he, laughing, "you see her so much yourself, that you hardly leave another fellow a chance of seeing her."

"I am her tutor, you know," said I.

And there the subject dropped for that time. But I so contrived as that they should come together shortly afterwards. I had previously so contrived as to keep them asunder, for while I loved her — I mean before I had determined on my sacrifice — a lurking jealousy of Mr. Granville lay within my unworthy breast.

It was quite an ordinary interview

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in the Fareway Park; but they talked easily together for some time; like takes to like, and they had many points of resemblance. Said Mr. Granville to me, when he and I sat at our supper that night: "Miss Fareway is remarkably beautiful, sir, and remarkably engaging. Don't you think so?" "I think so," said I. And I stole a glance at him, and saw that he had reddened and was thoughtful. I remember it most vividly, because the mixed feeling of grave pleasure and acute pain that the slight circumstance caused me was the first of a long, long series of such mixed impressions under which my hair turned slowly gray.

I had not much need to feign to be subdued, but I counterfeited to be older than I was in all respects, (Heaven knows, my heart being all too young the while!) and feigned to be more of a recluse and bookworm than I had really become, and gradually set up more and more of a fatherly manner towards Adelina. Likewise, I made my tuition less imaginative than before; separated myself from my poets and philosophers; was careful to present them in their own light, and me, their lowly servant, in my own shade. Moreover, in the matter of apparel I was equally mindful. Not that I had ever been dapper that way, but that I was slovenly now.

As I depressed myself with one hand, so did I labor to raise Mr. Granville with the other; directing his attention to such subjects as I too well knew most interested her, and fashioning him (do not deride or misconstrue the expression, unknown reader of this writing, for I have suffered!) into a greater resemblance to myself in my solitary one strong aspect. And gradually, gradually, as I saw him take more and more to these thrown-out lures of mine, then did I come to know better and better that love was drawing him on, and was drawing Her from me.

So passed more than another year; every day a year in its number of my mixed impressions of grave pleasure and acute pain; and then, these two being of age and free to act legally for themselves, came before me, hand in hand (my hair being now quite white), and entreated me that I would unite them together. "And indeed, dear Tutor," said Adelina, "it is but consistent in you that you should do this thing for us, seeing that we should never have spoken together that first time but for you, and that but for you we could never have met so often afterwards." The whole of which was literally true, for I had availed myself of my many business attendances on, and conferences with, my Lady, to take Mr. Granville to the house, and leave him in the outer room with Adelina.

I knew that my Lady would object to such a marriage for her daughter, or to any marriage that was other than an exchange of her for stipulated lands, goods, and moneys. But, looking on the two, and seeing with full eyes that they were both young and beautiful; and knowing that they were alike in the tastes and acquirements that will outlive youth and beauty; and considering that Adelina had a fortune now, in her own keeping; and considering further that Mr. Granville, though for the present poor, was of a good family that had never lived in a cellar in Preston; and believing that their love would endure, neither having any great discrepancy to find out in the other, — I told them of my readiness to do this thing which Adelina asked of her dear Tutor, and to send them forth, Husband and Wife, into the shining world with golden gates that awaited them.

It was on a summer morning that I rose before the sun, to compose myself for the crowning of my work with this end. And my dwelling being near to the sea, I walked down to the rocks on the shore, in order that I might behold the sun rise in his majesty.

The tranquillity upon the Deep and on the firmament, the orderly withdrawal of the stars, the calm promise of coming day, the rosy suffusion of the sky and waters, the ineffable splendor that then burst forth, attuned my mind afresh after the discords of the night.

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Methought that all I looked on said to me, and that all I heard in the sea and in the air said to me, "Be comforted, mortal, that thy life is so short. Our preparation for what is to follow has endured, and shall endure, for unimaginable ages."

I married them. I knew that my hand was cold when I placed it on their hands clasped together; but the words with which I had to accompany the action I could say without faltering, and I was at peace.

They being well away from my house and from the place, after our simple breakfast, the time was come when I must do what I had pledged myself to them that I would do, — break the intelligence to my Lady.

I went up to the house, and found my Lady in her ordinary business-room. She happened to have an unusual amount of commissions to intrust to me that day, and she had filled my hands with papers before I could originate a word.

"My Lady," — I then began, as I stood beside her table.

"Why, what 's the matter?" she said, quickly, looking up.

"Not much, I would fain hope, after you shall have prepared yourself, and considered a little."

"Prepared myself! And considered a little! You appear to have prepared *your*self but indifferently, anyhow, Mr. Silverman." This, mighty scornfully, as I experienced my usual embarrassment under her stare.

Said I, in self-extenuation, once for all: "Lady Fareway, I have but to say for myself that I have tried to do my duty."

"For yourself?" repeated my Lady. "Then there are others concerned, I see. Who are they?"

I was about to answer, when she made towards the bell with a dart that stopped me, and said, "Why, where is Adelina?"

"Forbear. Be calm, my Lady. I married her this morning to Mr. Granville Wharton."

She set her lips, looked more intently at me than ever, raised her right hand and smote me hard upon the cheek.

"Give me back those papers, give me back those papers!" She tore them out of my hands and tossed them on her table. Then seating herself defiantly in her great chair, and folding her arms, she stabbed me to the heart with the unlooked-for reproach: "You worldly wretch!"

"Worldly?" I cried. "Worldly!"

"This, if you please," she went on with supreme scorn, pointing me out as if there were some one there to see, — "this, if you please, is the disinterested scholar, with not a design beyond his books! This, if you please, is the simple creature whom any one could overreach in a bargain! This, if you please, is Mr. Silverman! Not of this world, not he! He has too much simplicity for this world's cunning. He has too much singleness of purpose to be a match for this world's double-dealing. What did he give you for it?"

"For what? And who?"

"How much," she asked, bending forward in her great chair, and insultingly tapping the fingers of her right hand on the palm of her left, — "how much does Mr. Granville Wharton pay you for getting him Adelina's money? What is the amount of your percentage upon Adelina's fortune? What were the terms of the agreement that you proposed to this boy when you, the Reverend George Silverman, licensed to marry, engaged to put him in possession of this girl? You made good terms for yourself, whatever they were. He would stand a poor chance against your keenness."

Bewildered, horrified, stunned by this cruel perversion, I could not speak. But I trust that I looked innocent, being so.

"Listen to me, shrewd hypocrite," said my Lady, whose anger increased as she gave it utterance. "Attend to my words, you cunning schemer who have carried this plot through with such a practised double face that I have never suspected you. I had my projects for my daughter; projects for

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family connection; projects for fortune. You have thwarted them, and overreached me; but I am not one to be thwarted and overreached without retaliation. Do you mean to hold this Living another month?"

"Do you deem it possible, Lady Fareway, that I can hold it another hour, under your injurious words?"

"Is it resigned, then?"

"It was mentally resigned, my Lady, some minutes ago."

"Don't equivocate, sir. *Is* it resigned?"

"Unconditionally and entirely. And I would that I had never, never come near it!"

"A cordial response from me to *that* wish, Mr. Silverman! But take this with you, sir. If you had not resigned it, I would have had you deprived of it. And though you have resigned it, you will not get quit of me as easily as you think for. I will pursue you with this story. I will make this nefarious conspiracy of yours, for money, known. You have made money by it, but you have at the same time made an enemy by it. *You* will take good care that the money sticks to you; *I* will take good care that the enemy sticks to you."

Then said I, finally: "Lady Fareway, I think my heart is broken. Until I came into this room just now, the possibility of such mean wickedness as you have imputed to me never dawned upon my thoughts. Your suspicions—"

"Suspicions! Pah!" said she, indignantly. "Certainties."

"Your certainties, my Lady, as you call them, your suspicions, as I call them, are cruel, unjust, wholly devoid of foundation in fact. I can declare no more, except that I have not acted for my own profit or my own pleasure. I have not in this proceeding considered myself. Once again, I think my heart is broken. If I have unwittingly done any wrong with a righteous motive, that is some penalty to pay."

She received this with another and a more indignant "Pah!" and I made my way out of her room (I think I felt my way out with my hands, although my eyes were open), almost suspecting that my voice had a repulsive sound, and that I was a repulsive object.

There was a great stir made, the Bishop was appealed to, I received a severe reprimand, and narrowly escaped suspension. For years a cloud hung over me, and my name was tarnished. But my heart did not break, if a broken heart involves death; for I lived through it.

They stood by me, Adelina and her husband, through it all. Those who had known me at College, and even most of those who had only known me there by reputation, stood by me too. Little by little, the belief widened that I was not capable of what was laid to my charge. At length I was presented to a College-Living in a sequestered place, and there I now pen my Explanation. I pen it at my open window in the summer-time; before me, lying the churchyard, equal resting-place for sound hearts, wounded hearts, and broken hearts. I pen it for the relief of my own mind, not foreseeing whether or no it will ever have a reader.

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BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

CATALONIAN BRIDLE-ROADS.

"And mule-bells tinkling down the mountain-paths of Spain."—WHITTIER.

I LEARNED something of the bridle-roads of Catalonia in defiance of advice and warning, and almost against my own inclination. My next point of interest, after leaving the Balearic Islands, was the forgotten Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees; and the voice of the persons whom I consulted in Barcelona — none of whom had made the journey, or knew any one who had — was unanimous that I should return to France, and seek an entrance from that side. Such a course would certainly have been more comfortable; but the direct route, from the very insecurity which was predicted, offered a prospect of adventure, the fascination of which, I regret to say, I have not yet entirely outgrown. "It is a country of smugglers and robbers," said the banker who replenished my purse; "and I seriously advise you not to enter it. Moreover, the roads are almost impassable, and there is nothing to be seen on the way."

These words, uttered with a grave face by a native Catalan, ought to have decided the matter, yet they did not. To be sure I thanked the man for his warning, and left him to suppose that I would profit by it, rather than enter into any discussion; but when I quitted his office, with fresh funds in my pocket, and corresponding courage in my bosom, my course was already decided. Had I not heard the same warnings, in all parts of the world, and had not the picturesque danger always fled as I approached it? Nevertheless, there came later moments of doubt, the suggestions of that convenient life which we lead at home, and the power of which increases with our years. Fatigue and hardship do not become lighter from repetition, but the reverse; the remembrance of past aches and past hunger returns whenever the experience is renewed, and aggravates it.

So, when I had descended from Montserrat, and was waiting in the cool of the evening at the door of the rudest possible restaurant, at the railway station of Monistrol, a little imp whispered: "The first train is for Barcelona. Take it and you will be in France tomorrow night. This way is safe and speedy; you know not what the other may be." I watched the orange-light fade from the topmost pinnacles of Montserrat; a distant whistle sounded, and the other pilgrims hurried towards the ticket-office. I followed them as far as the door, paused a moment, and then said to myself: "No, if I back out now, I shall never be sure of myself again!" Then I returned to my seat beside the door, and saw the train go by, with the feeling of a man who has an appointment with a dentist.

In another hour came the upward train, which would carry me as far as the town of Manresa, where my doubtful journey commenced. It was already dusk, and deliciously cool after the fierce heat of the day. A full moon shone upon the opposite hills as I sped up the valley of the Llobregat, and silvered the tops of the olives; but I only saw them in glimpses of unconquerable sleep, and finally descended at the station of Manresa not fully awake.

A rough, ragged porter made a charge upon my valise, which I yielded to his hands. "Take it to the best hotel," I said. "Ah, that is the Chicken!" he replied. Now, the driver of the omnibus from Montserrat had recommended the San Domingo, which

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had altogether a better sound than the Chicken; but I did not think of resisting my fate. I was conscious of a wonderful moonlight picture, — of a town on a height, crowned by a grand cathedral; of a winding river below; of steep slopes of glimmering houses; of lofty hills, seamed with the shadows of glens; and of the sparkle of orange-leaves in the hanging gardens. This while we were crossing a suspension-bridge; at the end, we plunged into narrow, winding streets, full of gloom and disagreeable odors. A few oil-lamps burned far apart; there were lights in the upper windows of the houses, and the people were still gossiping with their neighbors. When we emerged into a plaza, it was more cheerful; the single *café* was crowded, the *estanco* for the sale of tobacco, and the barber's shop were still open. A little farther and we reached the Chicken, which was an ancient and uninviting house, with a stable on the ground-floor. Here the porter took his fee with a grin, and saying, "You will want me in the morning!" wished me good night.

I mounted to a dining-room nearly fifty feet in length, in which a lonely gentleman sat, waiting for his supper. When the hostess had conducted me to a bedroom of equal dimensions, and proceeded to put clean sheets upon a bed large enough for four Michigan soldiers, I became entirely reconciled to my fate. After trying in vain to extract any intelligence from a Madrid newspaper, I went to bed and slept soundly; but the little imp was at my ear when I woke, saying: "Here you leave the railway; after this it will not be so easy to turn back." "Very well," I thought, "I will go back now." I opened the shutters, let the full morning sun blaze into the room, dipped my head into water, and then cried out: "Begone, tempter! I go forwards." But, alas! it was not so once. There is a difference between springing nimbly from one's rest with a "Hurrah! there 's another rough day before me!" and a slow clinging to one's easy pillow, with the sigh, "Ah! must I go through another rough day?" However, that was my last moment of weakness, and physical only, — being an outcry of the muscles against the coming aches and strains, like that of the pack-camel before he receives his load.

The first stage of my further journey, I learned, could be made by a diligence which left at eleven o'clock. In the mean time I wandered about the town, gathering an impression of its character quite distinct from that of the previous evening. It has no architectural monuments; for the cathedral, like all such edifices in Spain, is unfinished, internally dark, and well supplied with bad pictures. Its position, nevertheless, is superb; and the platform of rock upon which it stands looks over a broad, bright, busy landscape. The sound of water, wheels, and the humming looms of factories fills the air; however primitive the other forms of labor may be, the people all seem to be busy. The high houses present an agreeable variety of color, although a rich brown is predominant; many of them have balconies, and the streets turn at such unexpected angles that light and shade assist in making pictures everywhere. Manresa has a purely Spanish aspect, and the groups on the plaza and in the shady alleys are as lively and glowing as any in Andalusia.

I read the history of the place, as given in the guide-books, but will not here repeat it. According to my English guide, it was sacked and its inhabitants butchered by the French, during the Peninsular War; according to the French guide, nothing of the kind ever took place. As I read the books alternately, I came to the conclusion that both sides must have been splendidly victorious in the battles which were fought in Spain. When the Englishman said: "Here our army, numbering only eighteen thousand men (of whom eight thousand were Spanish allies, of doubtful service), encountered thirty-seven thousand French, and completely routed them," the Frenchman had: "Here our ar-

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my, numbering only fifteen thousand, including seven thousand Spaniards, put to flight thirty-three thousand English, — one of the most brilliant actions of the war." At this rate of representation, it will be a disputed question, in the next century, whether Soult or Wellington was driven out of Spain.

My porter of the night before made his appearance, and as I had suspected him of interested motives in conducting me to the Chicken, I tested his character by giving a smaller fee for an equal service; but he took it with the same thanks. Moreover, the diligence office was in the San Domingo Hotel, and I satisfied myself that the Chicken was really better than the Saint. Two lumbering yellow coaches stood in the spacious stable, which was at the same time entrance-hall and laundry. On one side some lean mules were eating their barley; on another, a pump and stone trough supplied the house with water; a stone staircase led to the inhabited rooms, and three women were washing clothes at a tank in the rear. Dogs ran about scratching themselves; country passengers, with boxes and baskets, sat upon stone posts and did the same; and now and then a restless horse walked forth from the stalls, snuffing at one person after another, as if hoping to find one who might be eatable. Two *mayorals* or coachmen, followed by two grooms, bustled about with bits of harness in their hands, and the washerwomen made a great clatter with their wooden beetles; but the time passed, and nothing seemed to be accomplished on either side. The whole scene was so thoroughly Spanish that no one would have been surprised had the Don and Sancho ridden into the doorway. One of the women at the tank was certainly Maritornes.

At length, after a great deal of ceremony, one of the vehicles drove off. "It 's going to Berga," said a man in faded velvet, in answer to my question; "and all I know is, that *that* 's the way to Puigcerda." The mules were now harnessed to our diligence and we took our places, — my friend in velvet; two stout women, one of whom carried six dried codfish tied in a bundle; a shrivelled old man, a mild brown soldier, and myself. It was an hour behind the appointed time, but no one seemed to notice the delay. We rolled out of the ammoniated shadows of the stable into a blaze which was doubled on the white highway, and thrown back to us from the red, scorched rocks beside it. The valley of the Cardoner, which we entered on leaving Manresa, quivered in the breathless heat: the stream was almost exhausted in its bed, and the thin gray foliage of the poplars and olives gave but a mockery of shadow. Everywhere the dry red soil baked in the sunshine. The only refreshing thing I saw was a break in an irrigating canal, which let down a cascade over the rocks into the road. No water in the world ever seemed so cool, so fresh, so glittering; in the thirsty landscape it flashed like a symbol of generous, prodigal life. Who could fling gold around him with so beautiful a beneficence?

The features of the scenery, nevertheless, were too bold and picturesque to be overlooked. As we gained a longer vista, Montserrat lifted his blue horns over the nearer hills, and a dim streak of snow, far in the northwest, made signal for the Pyrenees. Abrupt as were the heights enclosing the valley, they were cultivated to the summit, and the brown country-houses, perched on projecting spurs, gave them a life which the heat and thirsty color of the soil could not take away. Our destination was Cardona, and after a smothering ride of two hours we reached the little village of Suria, half-way in distance, but by no means in time. Beyond it, the country became rougher, the road steep and toilsome; and our three mules plodded slowly on, with drooping heads and tails, while, inside, the passengers nodded one after the other, and became silent. We crossed the Cardoner, and ascended a long slope of the hills, where the view, restricted to the neighboring fields, be-

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came so monotonous that I nodded and dozed with the rest.

We were all aroused by the diligence stopping beside a large farm-house. There was a general cry for water, and the farmer's daughter presently came out with a stone pitcher, cool and dripping from the well. The glass was first given to me, as a stranger; and I was about setting it to my lips, when two or three of the passengers suddenly cried out, "Stop!" I paused, and looked around in surprise. The man in velvet had already dropped a piece of sugar into the water, and the old woman opposite took a bottle from her basket, saying, "This is better!" and added a spoonful of anise-seed brandy. "Now," exclaimed both at the same time, "you can drink with safety." The supply of sugar and anise-seed held out, and each passenger was regaled at the expense of the two Samaritans. After this, conversation brightened, and we all became talkative and friendly. The man in velvet, learning my destination, exclaimed: "O, you ought to have gone by way of Berga! It is a dreadful country about Solsona and the Rio Segre." But the old woman leaned over and whispered: "Don't mind what he says. *I* come from Solsona, and it 's a good country, — a very good country, indeed. Go on, and you will see!"

The valley of the Cardoner had become narrower, the mountains were higher, and there were frequent ruins of mediæval castles on the summits. When we had reached the top of the long ascent, the citadel of Cardona in front suddenly rose sharp and abrupt over the terraced slopes of vine. It appeared to be within a league, but our coachman was so slow and the native passengers so patient, that we did not arrive for two hours. Drawing nearer, the peculiar colors of the earth around the base of an isolated mountain announced to us the celebrated salt-mines of the place. Red, blue, purple, yellow, and gray, the bare cliffs glittered in the sun as if frosted over with innumerable crystals. This mass of native salt is a mile and a half in circumference, with a height of about two hundred and fifty feet. The action of the atmosphere seems to have little effect upon it, and the labor of centuries has no more than tapped its immense stores. As in Wieliczka, in Poland, the workmen in the mines manufacture cups, ornaments, pillars, and even chandeliers, from the pure saline crystal, — objects which, although they remain perfect in the dry atmosphere of Spain, soon melt into thin air when carried to Northern lands.

The town of Cardona occupies the crest of a sharp hill, rising above the mountain of salt. Between it and the river, on the north, stands the citadel, still more loftily perched, like a Greek acropolis. Our road passed entirely around the latter and mounted to the town on the opposite side, where the diligence set us down in front of a rude *fonda*. The old gate was broken down, the walls ruined, and the first houses we passed were uninhabited. There was no longer an *octroi;* in fact, the annoyances of travel in Spain diminish in proportion as one leaves the cities and chief thoroughfares. As I dismounted, the coachman took hold of my arm, saying, "Cavalier, here is a decent man who will get a horse for you, and travel with you to the Seo de Urgel. I know the man, and it is I who recommend him." The person thus introduced was a sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, with short black hair, and hard, weather-beaten features. He touched his red Catalan cap, and then looked me steadily in the face while, in answer to my inquiries, he offered to be ready at four o'clock the next morning, and demanded six dollars for himself and horse, the journey requiring two days. There were two or three other *arrieros* present, but I plainly saw that none of them would enter into competition with a man recommended by the coachman. Moreover, as far as appearances went, he was the best of the lot, and so I engaged him at once.

While the fat hostess of the *fonda* was preparing my dinner, I strolled for

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an hour or two about the town. The church is renowned for having been founded in the year 820, immediately after the expulsion of the Moors from this part of Spain, and for containing the bodies of St. Celadonio and St. Emeterio,— whoever those holy personages may have been. I confess I never heard of them before. What I admired in the church was the splendid mellow brown tint of its massive ancient front. Brown is the characteristic color of Spain, from the drapery of Murillo and the walls of cathedrals to the shadow of cypresses and the arid soil of the hills. Whether brightening into gold or ripening into purple, it always seems to give the key of color. In the streets of Cardona, it was the base upon which endless picturesque groups of people were painted, — women spinning flax, children cooling their bare bodies on the stones, blacksmiths and cobblers forging and stitching in the open air, — all with a keen glance of curiosity, but also a respectful greeting for the stranger. The plaza, which was called, like all plazas in Catalonia, *de la Constitucion*, overhung the deep ravine at the foot of the salt mountain. From its parapet I looked upon the vineyard-terraces into which the hills have been fashioned, and found them as laboriously constructed as those of the Rheingau. A cliff of salt below sparkled like prismatic glass in the evening light, but all the nearer gardens lay in delicious shadow, and the laden asses began to jog homewards from the distant fields. There was a *café* on the plaza, patronized only by two or three military idlers; the people still worked steadily while the daylight lasted, charming away their fatigue by the most melancholy songs.

The inn was not an attractive place. The kitchen was merely one corner of the public room, in which chairs lay overturned and garments tumbled about, as if the house had been sacked. The members of the family sat and chattered in this confusion, promising whatever I demanded, but taking their own time about getting it. I had very meagre expectations of dinner, and was therefore not a little surprised when excellent fresh fish, stewed rabbits, and a roasted fowl were set successively before me. The merry old landlady came and went, anxious to talk, but prevented by her ignorance of the pure Spanish tongue. However, she managed to make me feel quite at home, and well satisfied that I had ventured so far into the region of ill-repute.

What was going on in the town that night I cannot imagine; but it was a tumult of the most distracting kind. First, there were drums and — as it seemed to me — tin pans beaten for an hour or two in the street below; then a chorus of piercing, dreadfully inharmonious voices; then a succession of short cries or howls, like those of the Oriental dervishes. Sometimes the noises moved away, and I settled myself to sleep, whereupon they came back, worse than before. "O children of Satan!" I cried, "will ye never be still?" Some time after midnight the voices became hoarse; one by one dropped off, and the charivari gradually ceased, from the inability of the performers to keep it up longer. Then horses were led forth from the stable on the ground-floor, whips were violently cracked, and the voices of grooms began to be heard. At three o'clock Juan, my new guide, came into the room with a coarse bag, in which he began packing the contents of my valise, which could not otherwise be carried on horseback, — and so my rest was over before it had commenced.

I found the diligence about starting on its return to Manresa, and my horse, already equipped, standing in the stable. The sack, valise, and other articles were so packed, before and behind the saddle, that only a narrow, deep cleft remained for me to sit in. The sun had not yet risen, and the morning air was so cool that I determined to walk down the hill and mount at the foot. Stepping over two grooms who were lying across the stable door on a piece of hide, sound asleep, we set forth on our journey.

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The acropolis rose dark against the pearly sky, and the valley of the Cardoner lay cool and green in the lingering shadows. Early as was the hour, laborers were already on their way to the fields; and when we reached the ancient bridge of seven arches, I saw the two old ladies of Solsona in advance, mounted on mules, and carrying their baskets, boxes, and dried codfish with them. Although my French guide-book declared that the road before me was scarcely practicable, the sight of these ladies was a better authority to the contrary. I mounted at the bridge, and joined the cavalcade, which was winding across a level tract of land, between walled fields and along the banks of irrigating canals. Juan, however, found the mules too slow, and soon chose a side-path, which, in the course of a mile or two, brought us into the main track, some distance in advance of the old ladies. By this time the sun was up and blazing on all the hills; the wide, open country about Cardona came to an end, and we struck into a narrow glen, covered with forests of pine. Juan directed me to ford the river and follow the track on the opposite side, while he went on to a foot-bridge farther up. "In a few minutes," he said, "you will find a *carretera*," — a cart-road, which proved to be a superb macadamized highway, yet virgin of any wheel. Men were working upon it, smoothing the turf on either side, and levelling the gravel as carefully as if the Queen's mail-coach travelled that way; but the splendid piece of workmanship has neither beginning nor end, and will be utterly useless until it touches a finished road somewhere.

A short distance farther the glen expanded, and I recrossed the river by a lofty new bridge. The road was carried over the bottom-land on an embankment at least forty feet high, and then commenced ascending the hills on the northern bank. After passing a little village on the first height, we entered a forest of pine, which continued without interruption for four or five miles. The country became almost a wilderness, and wore a singular air of loneliness, contrasted with the busy region I had left behind. As I approached the summit, the view extended far and wide over a dark, wooded sweep of hills, rarely broken by a solitary farm-house and the few cleared fields around it. On the nearer slope below me there was now and then such a house; but the most of them were in ruins, and young pines were shooting up in the deserted vineyards. The Catalans are so laborious in their habits, so skilled in the art of turning waste into fruitful land, that there must have been some special reason for this desolation. My guide either could not or would not explain it.

When we reached the northern side of the mountain, cultivation again commenced, and I saw the process of clearing woodland and preparing the soil for crops. The trees are first removed, the stumps and roots dug up, and then all the small twigs, brambles, weeds, and dry sticks, — everything, in fact, which cannot be used for lumber and firewood, — are gathered into little heaps all over the ground, and covered with the top soil. A year, probably, must elapse, before these heaps are tolerably decomposed; then they are spread upon the surface and ploughed under. The virgin soil thus acquired is manured after every crop, and there is no such thing as an exhausted field.

The fine highway came to an end as suddenly as it had commenced, in the rough forest, with no village near. The country became broken and irregular, and the bridle-path descended continually through beautiful groves of oak, with an undergrowth of box and lavender, the odors from which filled the air. I was nearly famished, when, after a journey of five or six leagues, we emerged from the woods, and saw the rich valley-basin of Solsona before us, with the dark old town in its centre. Here, again, every available foot of soil was worked into terraces, drained or irrigated as the case might be, and made to produce its utmost. As I rode along the low walls, the ripe, heavy ears of

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wheat leaned over and brushed my head. Although there is no wheeled vehicle — not even a common cart — in this region, all the roads being the rudest bridle-paths, the town is approached by a magnificent bridge of a dozen arches, spanning a grassy hollow, at the bottom of which flows a mere thread of a brook.

At the farther end of the bridge, a deserted gateway ushers the stranger into Solsona. Few strangers, I suspect, ever enter the place; for labor ceased as I passed along the streets, and even Don Basilio, on his way home from morning mass, lifted his shovel-hat, and bowed profoundly. Many of the houses were in ruins, and bore the marks of fire and balls. I rode into the ground-floor of a dark house which bore no sign or symbol over the door, but Juan assured me that it was an inn. A portly, dignified gentleman advanced out of the shadows, and addressed me in the purest Castilian; he was the landlord, and his daughter was cook and waiting-maid. The rooms above were gloomy and very ancient; there was scarcely a piece of furniture which did not appear to be two centuries old; yet everything was clean and orderly.

"Can we have breakfast?" I asked.

"Whatever we have is at your disposition," said the landlord. "What would you be pleased to command?"

"Eggs, meat, bread, and wine; but nothing that cannot be got ready in a few minutes."

The landlord bowed, and went into the kitchen. Presently he returned and asked, "Did I understand you to wish for *meat*, Cavalier?"

"Certainly, if you have it," I replied.

"Yes, we have it in the house," said he; "but I didn't know what your *custom* was."

I did not guess what he meant until a plate of capital mutton-chops was smoking under my nose. Then it flashed across my mind that the day was Friday, and I no better than a heathen in the eyes of my worthy host. According to the country custom of Spain, master and groom fare alike, and Juan took his seat beside me without waiting for an invitation. I ought to have invited the landlord, but I was too hungry to remember it. To my surprise — and relief also — Juan ate his share of the chops, and there was a radiant satisfaction on his countenance. I have no doubt he looked upon me as the responsible party, and did not even consider it worth while to confess afterwards.

"You have a beautiful country here," I remarked to the landlord, knowing that such an expression is always accepted as a half-compliment.

"It is a country," he exclaimed with energy, "*que nada falta*, — which lacks nothing! There is everything you want; there is not a better country under the sun! No, it is not the *country* that we complain of."

"What then?" I asked.

For a moment he made no reply, then, apparently changing the subject, said, "Did you see the houses in ruins as you came into Solsona? That was done in the Carlist wars. We suffered terribly: nearly half the people of this region were slaughtered."

"What good comes of these wars?" I asked. "Is anything better than it was before? What have you to offset all that fire and murder?"

"That's it!" he cried; "that was what I meant."

He shook his head in a melancholy way, drank a glass of wine, and said, as if to prevent my saying anything further: "You understand how to travel, or you would not have come into such wild parts as these. But here, instead of having the rattling of cart-wheels in your ears all day, you have the songs of the nightingales. You don't have dust in your nose, but the smell of grain and flowers; you can start when you please, and ride as far as you like. That's *my* way to travel, and I wish there were more people of the same mind. We don't often see a foreign cavalier in Solsona, yet it's not a bad country, as you yourself say."

By this time Juan and I had con-

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sumed the chops and emptied the bottle; and, as there were still six leagues to be travelled that day, we prepared to leave Solsona. The town, of barely two thousand inhabitants, has an ancient church, a deserted palace of the former Dukes of Cardona, and a miraculous image of the Virgin, — neither of which things is sufficiently remarkable in its way to be further described. The age of the place is apparent; a dark, cool, mournful atmosphere of the Past fills its streets, and the traces of recent war seem to have been left from mediæval times.

The sky was partly overcast, but there was an intense, breathless heat in the air. Our path led across the bounteous valley into a wild ravine, which was spanned by two ancient aqueducts. The pointed arch of one of them hinted of Moorish construction, as well as the platform and tank of a fountain in a rocky nook beyond. Here the water gushed out in a powerful stream, as in those fountains of the Anti-Lebanon in the country of Galilee. Large plane-trees shaded the spot, and the rocks overhung it on three sides, yet no one was there to enjoy the shade and coolness. The place was sad, because so beautiful and so lonely.

At the farther end of the ravine we entered a forest of pine, with an undergrowth of box, and commenced ascending the mountain-range dividing the valley of Solsona from that of the Rio Salado. It might have been the Lesser Atlas, and the sky that of Africa, so fierce was the heat, so dry and torn the glens up the sides of which toiled my laboring horse. Birds and insects were alike silent: the lizard, scampering into his hole in the red bank of earth, was the only living thing. For an hour or more we slowly plodded upward; then, emerging from the pine wood upon a barren summit, I looked far and wide over a gray, forbidding, fiery land. Beyond the Salado Valley, which lay beneath me, rose a range of uninhabited mountains, half clothed with forest or thicket, and over them the outer Pyrenees, huge masses of bare rock, cut into sharp, irregular forms. A house or two, and some cultivated patches, were visible along the banks of the Salado; elsewhere, there was no sign of habitation.

The *bajada*, or descent, to the river was so steep and rough that I was forced to dismount and pick my way down the zigzags of burning sand and sliding gravel. At the bottom I forded the river, the water of which is saline, and then hastened to a mill upon the farther bank, to procure a cup of water. The machinery was working in charge of a lusty girl, who shut off the water while she ran to a spring in the ravine behind, and filled an earthen jar. There was nothing of Spanish grace and beauty about her. She had gray eyes, a broad, flat nose, brown hair, broad shoulders, and the arms and legs of a butcher. But she was an honest, kind-hearted creature, and the joyous good-will with which she served me was no less refreshing than the water.

The path now followed the course of the Rio Salado, under groves of venerable ilex, which fringed the foot of the mountain. Thickets of box and tamarisk overhung the stream, and the sight of the water rushing and murmuring through sun and shade made the heat more endurable. Another league, however, brought me to the little hamlet of Ojern, where my road took to the hills again. Nature has given this little place a bay of rich soil between the river and the mountains, man has blackened it with fire and riddled it with shot; and between the two it has become a complete and surprising picture. Out of superb gardens of orange and fig trees, over hedges of roses and wild mounds of woodbine, rise the cracked and tottering walls, — heaps of ruin, but still inhabited. Nothing could be finer than the contrast of the riotous vegetation, struggling to grow away from the restraining hand into its savage freedom, with the firm texture, the stubborn forms and the dark, mellow coloring of the masonry. Of course the place was dirty, and offended one sense as much as it delighted the other.

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It is a pity that neatness and comfort cannot be picturesque.

I knew that the Rio Segre could not be very distant, but I was far from guessing how much the way might be lengthened by heat and almost impracticable roads. This ascent was worse than the former, since there was no forest to throw an occasional shade. A scrubby chaparral covered the red and flinty slopes, upon which the sun beat until the air above them quivered. My horse was assailed with a large gad-fly, and kicked, stamped, and whirled his head as if insane. I soon had occasion to notice a physiological fact, — that the bones of a horse's head are more massive than those of the human shin. When we reached the summit of the mountain, after a long, long pull, I was so bruised, shaken, and exhausted that Juan was obliged to help me out of the saddle, or, rather, the crevice between two piles of baggage in which I was wedged. The little imp came back chuckling, and said, "I told you so!" In such cases, I always recall Cicero's consolatory remark, and go on my way with fresh courage.

Moreover, far below, at the base of the bare peaks of rock which rose against the western sky, I saw the glitter of the Rio Segre, and knew that my day's labor was nearly at an end. The descent was so rugged that I gave the reins to Juan, and went forward on foot. After getting down the first steep, the path fell into and followed the dry bed of a torrent, which dropped rapidly towards the river. In half an hour I issued from the fiery ravine, and was greeted by a breeze that had cooled its wings on the Pyrenean snow. Olive-trees again shimmered around me, and a valley-bed of fruitful fields expanded below. A mile farther, around the crest of the lower hills, I found myself on a rocky point, just over the town of Oliana. It was the oldest and brownest place I had seen, up to this time; but there was shade in its narrow streets, and rest for me under one of its falling roofs. A bell in the tall square tower of the church chimed three; and Juan, coming up with the horse, insisted that I should mount, and make my entrance as became a cavalier.

I preferred comfort to dignity; but when everybody can see that a man *has* a horse, he really loses nothing by walking. The first houses we passed appeared to be deserted; then came the main street, in which work, gossip, and recreation were going on in the open air. Here there was a swinging sign with the word "Hostal" over the inn door, and most welcome was that inn, with its unwashed floors, its fleas, and its odors of garlic. I was feverish with the absorption of so much extra heat, and the people gave me the place of comfort at an open window, with a view of green fields between the poplars. Below me there was a garden belonging to the priest, who, in cassock and shovel-hat, was inspecting his vegetables. Gathering up his sable skirts, he walked mincingly between the rows of lettuce and cauliflower, now and then pointing out a languishing plant, which an old woman in attendance then proceeded to refresh by flinging water upon it with a paddle, from a tank in a corner of the garden. Browning's "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" came into my head; and I think I should have cried out, could the padre have understood the words: "O, that rose has prior claims!" I must say, however, that the garden was admirably kept, and the priest's table was all the better for his horticultural tastes.

There were three or four jolly fellows in the inn, who might have served in Sherman's army, they were so tall and brown and strong. My attention was drawn from the priest by their noise and laughter, and I found them gathered about a wild-looking man, dressed in rags. The latter talked so rapidly, in the Catalan dialect, that I could understand very little of what he said; but the landlady came up and whispered, "He 's a *loco* (an idiot), but he does no harm." To me he seemed rather to be a genius, with a twist in his brain. He was very quick in retort, and often

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turned the laugh upon his questioner; while from his constant appeals to "Maria Santissima," a strong religious idea evidently underlay his madness. The landlord gave him a good meal, and he then went on his way, cheerful, perhaps happy, in his isolation.

I suppose Juan must have been well satisfied to eat meat on a Friday without the sin being charged to his personal account, and must therefore have given a hint to the landlord; for, without my order, a chicken was set before me at dinner, and he took the drumsticks as of right. When the sun got behind the tall mountain opposite, I wandered about the town, seeing nothing that seems worthy of being recorded, yet every view was a separate picture which I cannot easily forget. There were no peculiarities of architecture or of costume; but the houses were so quaintly irregular, the effects of light and shade so bold and beautiful, the colors so balanced, that each street with its inhabitants might have been painted without change. There was a group before the shoemaker's door, — the workman on his bench, a woman with a shoe, a young fellow in scarlet cap, who had paused to say a word, and two or three children tumbling on the stones; another at the fountain, — women filling jars, coming and going with the load on hip or head; another at the barber's, and all framed by houses brown as Murillo's color, with a background of shadow as rich as Rembrandt's. These are subjects almost too simple to paint with the pen; they require the pencil.

In the evening, the sultry vapors which had been all day floating in the air settled over the gorge, and presently thunder-echoes were buffeted back and forth between the rocky walls. The skirts of a delicious rain trailed over the valley, and Night breathed odor and coolness and healing balsam as she came down from the western peaks. Rough and dirty as was the guests' room of the "hostal," my bedroom was clean and pleasant. A floor of tiles, a simple iron washstand resembling an ancient tripod, one chair, and a bed, coarsely, but freshly spread, — what more can a reasonable man desire? The linen (though it is a bull to say so) was of that roughly woven cotton which one finds only in Southern Europe, Africa, and the Orient, which always seems cool and clean, and has nothing in common with the frowzy, flimsy stuff we find in cheap places at home. Whoever has slept in a small new town (I beg pardon, "city") on an Illinois prairie, knows the feeling of soft, insufficient sheets and flabby pillows, all hinting of frequent use, between which he thinks, ere sleep conquers his disgust, of the handkerchief which awaits him as towel in the morning. In the poorest inn in Spain I am better lodged than in the Jimplecute House in Roaring City.

Juan called me at three o'clock, for another severe day was before us. Our road followed the course of the Rio Segre, and there were no more burning mountains to climb; but both M. de Lavigne and Mr. Ford, in the little which they vouchsafed to say of this region, mentioned the frightful character of the gorges through which the river breaks his way downward to the Ebro; and their accounts, if the timid traveller believes them, may well deter him from making the journey. In the cool half-hour before sunrise, as I rode across the circular valley, or *conque*, of Oliana, towards the gloomy portals of rock out of which the river issues, my spirits rose in anticipation of the wild scenery beyond. The vineyards and orchards were wet and fresh, and the air full of sweet smells. Clouds rested on all the stony summits, rising or falling as the breeze shifted. The path rose to the eastern side of the gorge, where, notched along the slanting rock, it became a mere thread to the eye, and finally disappeared.

As I advanced, however, I found that the passage was less dangerous than it seemed. The river roared far below, and could be reached by a single plunge; but there was a good, well-beaten mule-

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track, — the same, and probably the only one, which has been used since the first human settlement. Soon after entering the gorge, it descended to within a hundred feet of the river, and then crossed to the opposite bank by a bold bridge of a single arch, barely wide enough for a horse to walk upon. The parapet on either side was not more than two feet high, and it was not a pleasant sensation to look down from the saddle upon the roaring and whirling flood. Yet the feeling was one which must be mastered; for many a mile of sheer precipice lay before me. The Segre flows through a mere cleft in the heart of the terrible mountains, and the path continuously overhangs the abyss. Bastions of naked rock, a thousand feet high, almost shut out the day; and the traveller, after winding for hours in the gloom of their shadows, feels as if buried from the world.

The sides of the gorge are nearly perpendicular, and the dark gray rock is unrelieved by foliage, except where soil enough has lodged to nourish a tuft of box; yet here and there, wherever a few yards of less abrupt descent occur, in spots not entirely inaccessible, the peasants have built a rude wall, smoothed the surface, and compelled a scanty tribute of grass or grain. Tall, wild-looking figures, in brown jackets and knee-breeches, with short, broad-bladed scythes flashing on their shoulders, met us; and as they leaned back in the hollows of the rock to let us pass, with the threatening implements held over their heads, a very slight effort of the imagination made them more dangerous than the gulf which yawned on the opposite side of the path. They were as rough and savage as the scenery in appearance; but in reality they were simple-hearted, honest persons. All that I saw of the inhabitants of this part of Catalonia assured me that I was perfectly safe among them. After the first day of my journey I gave up the prospect of finding danger enough to make an adventure.

By and by the path, so lonely for the first hour after starting, began to be animated. The communication between the valleys of the Spanish Pyrenees and the lower Segre, as far as Lerida, is carried on through this defile, and pack-mules were met from time to time. Juan walked in advance, listening for the tinkling bells of the coming animals, and selecting places where the road was broad enough for us to pass without danger. Sometimes I waited, sometimes they, — one leaning close against the rock, one pacing slowly along the brink, with the river below booming into caverns cut out of the interlocking bases of the mountains. As the path sank or rose, accommodating itself to the outline of the cliffs, and the bells of the unseen mules or horses chimed in front around some corner of the gorge, they chimed to my ears the words of another, who foresaw as well as remembered.

O, dear and distant Friend and Poet! henceforth I shall hear your voice in this music of Spain. All that day, in the wild and wonderful cañons of the Segre, you rode with me; and poetical justice demanded that I should have paid, like Uhland to his boatman, for the other spirit who sat upon my weary steed. I tried to look with your clear eyes, so quick to detect and interpret beauty; and I try now to write of the scenery, so that you may behold it through mine. As turn after turn of the winding gorge disclosed some grander conformation of the overhanging heights, some new pinnacle of rock piercing the air, or cavern opening its dark arch at the base of a precipice, I drew you from your quiet cottage by the Merrimack, and said, as we paused together in a myrtle-roofed niche in the rocks, "All this belongs to us, for we alone have seen it!"

But, alas! how much of subtle form, of delicate gradation of color, of fleeting moods of atmosphere, escapes us when we try to translate the experience of the eyes! I endeavor to paint the living and breathing body of Nature, and I see only a hard black silhouette, like those shadows of grandfathers

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which hang in old country homes. Only to minds that of themselves understand and can guess is the effort not lost. A landscape thus partly describes itself; and so, in this case, I must hope that something of the grand and lonely valley of the Rio Segre may have entered into my words. Perhaps the best general impression of the scenery may be suggested by a single peculiarity. Two hours after entering the defile, I issued from it into the *conque* of Nargo, — an open circular basin some three miles in breadth, beyond which the mountains again interlock. The term *conque* (shell?) is applied to these valleys, which occur regularly at intervals of from six to ten miles; and their arrangement is picturesquely described in French as being *en chapelet*, for they are literally strung like beads on the thread of the river. No part of Europe is so old (to the eye) as these valleys. There seems to have been no change for a thousand years. If the air were not so dry, one could fancy that the villages would be gradually buried under a growth of moss and lichens. The brown rust on their walls is almost black, the walls of the terraced fields are as secure in their places as the natural rock, and the scars left by wars are not to be distinguished from those of age. Whenever there is a surplus of population it must leave, for it cannot be subsisted. There may be mountain-paths leading inland from these valleys, but none are visible; each little community is enclosed by a circle of tremendous stony walls and pinnacles, which the river alone has been able to pierce.

At the farther end of the *conque* of Nargo lay the village, perched upon a bold crag. Several sharp, isolated mountains, resembling the horns and needles of the Alps, rose abruptly out of the open space; and their lower faces of dark vermilion rock made a forcible contrast with the splendid green of the fields. We did not pause in the village, but descended its ladder of a street to the river-wall, and plunged at once into a second gorge, as grand and savage as the first, though not more than a league in extent. Juan again went ahead and warned the coming muleteers. In another hour I reached the *conque* of Orgañá, a rich and spacious tract of land, with the village of the same name on a rock, precisely like Nargo. A high, conical peak on the left appeared to be inaccessible, yet there was a white chapel on its very summit. "Look there!" said Juan, "*that* saint likes a cool place."

Fine old walnut-trees made their appearance in this valley; water was everywhere abundant, and the gardens through which I approached the village were filled with shade and the sound of streams. Indeed, the terraces of ancient vines and fruit-trees, mixed with cypresses and bosky alleys of flowering shrubs, might have belonged to the palaces of an extinct nobility; but the houses which followed were those of peasants, smoky with age, low, dark, and dirty. A pack of school-children, in the main street, hailed me with loud shouts, whereat the mechanics looked up from their work, and the housewives came to the doors. There was a dusky inn, with a meek, pinched landlady, who offered eggs and a *guisado* (stew) with tomatoes. While these were cooking, she placed upon the table a broad-bellied bottle with a spout, something like an old-fashioned oil-can in shape. I was not Catalan enough to drink without a glass; but Juan, raising the bottle above his head, spirted a thin stream of wine into his open mouth, and drank long and luxuriously. When he was satisfied, a dexterous turn of the wrist cut off the stream, and not a drop was spilled. At the table, these bottles pass from hand to hand, — one cannot say from mouth to mouth, for the lips never touch them. I learned to drink in the same fashion without much difficulty, and learned thereby that much of the flavor of the wine is lost. The custom seems to have been invented to disguise a bad vintage.

While we were breakfasting, a French peasant, whom I had seen at Oliana, arrived. He was on foot, and bound

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for Foix, by way of Andorra. This was also my route, and I accepted his offer of engaging another horse for me at Urgal, in the evening, and accompanying me over the Pyrenees. He was not a very agreeable person, but it was a satisfaction to find some one with whom I could speak. I left him at the table, with a company of Spanish muleteers, and never saw him afterwards.

Before leaving Orgañá, I was stopped in the street by a man who demanded money, saying something about the "Pons," which I could not comprehend. It finally occurred to me that the defile through which I was about to pass is named *Los Tres Pons* (The Three Bridges) on the old maps of Catalonia, and that the man was asking for toll, — which proved to be the case. The three *cuartos* which I paid was the veriest trifle for the privilege of passing over such a road as followed. The mountains were here loftier, and therefore more deeply cloven; the former little attempts at cultivation ceased, for even Catalonian thrift shrank from wresting any profit out of walls so bare and bluff that scarcely a wild goat could cling to their ledges. Two hundred feet below, the river beat against the rocks with a sullen, mysterious sound, while, from one to two thousand feet above, the jagged coping of the precipices cut the sky. A cool, steady wind drew down the cleft, filling it with a singular humming sound. The path crossed to the eastern side by a tremulous wooden bridge laid flat upon natural abutments; then, a mile farther, recrossed by a lofty stone arch, under which there was a more ancient one, still perfect. Several miles of the same wonderful scenery succeeded, — scenery the like of which I know not where to find in Switzerland. The gorge of Gondo, on the Italian side of the Simplon, is similar in character, but less grand and majestic. Far up in the enormous cliffs, I saw here and there the openings of caverns, to which no man has ever climbed; cut into the heart of inaccessible walls were unexpected glens, green nests of foliage, safe from human intrusion, where the nightingales sang in conscious security; and there were points so utterly terrible in all their features that the existence of a travelled path was the greatest wonder of all.

In the preceding defiles, Nature had accidentally traced out the way, but here it had been forced by sheer labor and daring. Sometimes it was hewn into the face of the upright rock; sometimes it rested on arches built up from below, the worn masonry of which threatened to give way as I passed over. Now, fortunately, the tinkling of mule-bells was rare, for there were few points where travellers could safely meet. Convulsion was as evident in the structure of the mountains themselves as in their forcible separation. In some places the perpendicular strata were curiously bent, as if the top had cooled rapidly and begun to lean over upon the fluid ascending mass. The summits assumed the wildest and most fantastic forms, especially about the centre of the mountain range. When I had crossed the third bridge, which is more than a league above the second, the heights fell away, the glen gradually opened, and I saw before me the purple chain of the Pyrenees, mottled with dark patches of forest, and crested with snow.

The pass of The Three Bridges has its tragic episode of recent history, in addition to those which the centuries have forgotten. Here, forty years ago, the Count of Spain, who governed Catalonia in the name of Ferdinand VII., was betrayed by his own adjutant, by whom, and by a priest named Ferrer, he was murdered. The deed is supposed to have been committed at the instigation of Don Carlos. A stone was tied to the corpse, and it was flung from the rocks into the torrent of the Segre. The place breathes of vengeance and death; and one seems to inhale a new air when he emerges into the *conque* of Le Pla, after being enclosed for two hours within those terrible gates.

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It was a double delight to me to come upon lush meadows, and smell the vernal sweetness of the flowering grass. Leaving the river on my left, I struck eastward along the sides of clayey hills, with slopes of vine above me, and the broad green meadows below. The vegetation had already a more northern character; clumps of walnut, poplar, and willow grew by the brooksides, and the fields of wheat were not yet ripe for harvest. I passed a picturesque, tumbling village called Arfa, crossed the Segre for the last time, and then rode onward into a valley several miles in diameter, the bed of which was broken by rounded hills. This was the valley of Urgel, or "the see," — *el seú*, as it is called by the people in their dialect. The term recalls the days when Bishop was a sovereign prince, and his see a temporal, as well as ecclesiastical, government.

Juan pointed out a fortress in advance, which I supposed to be the town. Near it, on the slope of the hill, there was a mass of buildings, baking in the afternoon sun; and I know not which was most melancholy, the long lines of cracked, deserted ramparts on the hill, or the crumbling, uninhabited houses on the slope below. I did not see six persons in the place, which was not Urgel, but Castel Ciudad. The former city is a mile farther, seated in the centre of the plain. I saw, on my left, the mouth of a glen of the Pyrenees, and guessed, before the groom said so, that within its depths lay the forgotten Republic of Andorra. The Valira, the one stream of the Republic, poured upon the plain its cold green waters, which I forded, in several channels, before reaching the gates of Urgel.

Juan had cheered me with the promise of a good inn. The exterior of the house was, if anything, a trifle meaner than that of the neighboring houses; the entrance was through a stable, and the kitchen and public room very dirty; yet, these once passed, I entered a clean, spacious, and even elegant bedroom. A door therefrom opened upon a paved terrace, with a roof of vine and a superb view of the Pyrenees; and hither, as I sat and rested my weary bones, came the landlord, and praised the country. There was inexhaustible coal in the mountains, he said; there was iron in the water; the climate was the best in Spain; people were healthy and lived long, — and the only thing wanting was a road to some part of the world.

The towns through which I had passed seemed as old and lonely as any towns could well be; but they are tame beside the picturesque antiquity of Urgel. Nothing seems to have been changed here since the twelfth century. The streets are narrow and gloomy, but almost every house rests on massive arches, which form continuous arcades, where the mechanics sit and ply their avocations. The vistas of these arched passages are closed either with a single building of very primitive and ponderous architecture, or by the stones of a wall as old as the times of the Moors. The place is like a gallery of old sepia drawings. I attracted the usual wonder, as I loitered through the gloom of the arcades; work was suspended while I passed, and tongues were silent. When I entered the venerable cathedral, which was finished six hundred years ago, the solitary worshipper stopped in the midst of an *ave*, and stared at me with open mouth. The spacious Gothic nave, however, was less attractive than the pictures outside; so I passed from the interior to the exterior shadows, — one about as dense as the other. Presently I came upon a massive house, with a magnificent flat-roofed arbor of grapes beside it, and was saying to myself that there was one fortunate person in the poverty-stricken capital, when the door opened and Don Basilio came forth with sweeping cassock and enormous hat. A little farther, I found myself in a small plaza, one side of which was occupied by a building resembling a fortress. Over the door I read the inscription, "Princeps soberan del valle de Andorra." This was the residence of the bishop, who claims the title of

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sovereign of the little republic; his powers, in fact, being scarcely more than nominal.

I was tempted to present myself to his Reverence, and state my intention of visiting Andorra; but my information with regard to the republic was so vague that I knew not how such a visit might be regarded. I might be creating difficulty where none existed. With this prudent reflection I returned to the inn, and engaged a fresh horse and guide for the morrow, sending Juan back to Cardona. It was but an hour's ride, the landlord said, to the frontier. The region of ill-repute lay behind me; the difficult bridle-roads were passed, and all evil predictions had come to naught. By-ways are better than highways, and if an intelligent young American, who knows the Spanish language, will devote a year to the by-ways of Spain, living with the people and in their fashion, he will find that all the good books of observation and adventure have not yet been written.

JOHN O' THE SMITHY.

SMITH. "One who makes or effects anything." — WORCESTER.

DOWN in the vale where the mavis sings
And the brook is turning an old-time wheel,
From morning till night the anvil rings
Where John o' the Smithy is forging steel.
My lord rides out at the castle gate,
My lady is grand in bower and hall,
With men and maidens to cringe and wait,
And John o' the Smithy must pay for all.

The bishop rides in a coach and four,
His grooms and horses are fat and sleek;
He has lackeys behind and lackeys before;
He rides at a hundred guineas a week.
The anvil is singing its "ten pound ten,"
The mavis pipes from a birken spray,
And this is the song that fills the glen,
"John o' the Smithy has all to pay."

John has a daughter rosy and sweet,
My lord has a son with a wicked eye;
When she hears the sound of his horses' feet
Her heart beats quicker, — she knows not why.
She will know very well before the end;
She will learn to detest their rank and pride
When she has the young lord's babe to tend,
While the bishop's daughter becomes his bride.

There will be the old, old story to tell
Of tyrannous wrong in places high;
A bishop glozing the deeds of hell,
The priest and the Levite passing by.

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And the father may bow his frosted head
When he sees the young bride up at the hall,
And say 't were better his child were dead;
But John o' the Smithy must bear it all.

The smith and his daughter will pass away,
And another shall make the anvil ring
For the daily bread and the hodden-gray:
But the profits shall go to priest and king;
And over the wide world, day by day,
The smiths shall waken at early morn,
Each to his task in the old dull way,
To tread a measure of priestly corn.

And the smiths shall live on the coarsest fare
With little that they may call their own,
While the idler is free from work and care,
For the best of all shall go to the drone.
And the smith complains of the anvil's song, —
Complains of the years he has wrought and pined;
For the priests and rulers are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear strong voice from over the sea
Is piercing the murk of the moral night:
Time is, time was; and time shall be
That John o' the Smithy will have his right;
And those who have worn the mitre and crown,
Who have pressed him sore in body and soul,
Shall perish from earth when the grist is ground
And the Mighty Miller has claimed his toll.

THE OLD PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

DO you ever associate houses with their occupants? I know one which is the embodiment in brick and mortar of the singularities of its builder and owner. He, its master, is rough, angular, and brusk. His dwelling juts upon the street in an obtrusive way, and jostles its neighbors with its staring bay-windows; while its sharp corners and steep roofs seem to take a perverse pleasure in driving the rain from its accustomed perpendicular fall. It hurls the snow and the hail from its mailed sides with an aspect like that of the lord of the domicile when engaged in the contests of every-day life.

In the same way there is an individuality about libraries which is sometimes very impressive; for I have noticed that they partake of the intellectual peculiarities of the people conducting or frequenting them. There is, for instance, an atmosphere of perfect repose about the Philadelphia Library which is in harmony with the well-balanced characteristics of the

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quiet citizens who thread its galleries with decorous mien. Once within its walls, your foot falls lightly on the clean wooden floor, and your voice instinctively drops to a whisper which cannot drown the solemn ticking of the Protector's clock, whose tireless hands have measured with unerring truth the lapse of time and the progress of humanity from Cromwell's day to ours. The books, both new and old, repose with a proper air within the plain white cases; though here and there one more brilliant than the rest in its outside garb glistens through the wired fronts. The hereditary librarian sits calmly before the time-honored desk of William Penn, but rises with the perfect courtesy of a gentleman of the olden school to answer the inquiries which such surroundings naturally suggest. That portrait of the founder of the State, — just opposite in the rear room, — which follows us with its eyes in the strange way peculiar to some pictures, is a striking contrast to the youthful likeness of the same person clad in armor which hangs in the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. On the canvas before us Penn is represented as a man in the prime of life, with a florid complexion and a round English face, while his costume is that of a Friend. Yet the warlike figure is the only authenticated representation of the Man of Peace!

It was to the family motto, *In Pace Para Bellum*, inscribed upon the breast of the latter, that Kossuth pointed, while closing a powerful appeal on behalf of Hungary, and cried with fiery eloquence: "Even your great founder calls to you from the past, — '*In Peace Prepare for War!*'"

The pleasant face above the neighboring alcove was limned by a master's hand. In the latter part of the last century it happened that Benjamin West was visiting his friend, the Reverend Samuel Preston, — an English clergyman residing at Chevening, in Kent, — who possessed a fine collection of books. While examining the choice editions in his friend's library one morning, West said in a familiar manner which their close intimacy permitted: "By the way, Preston, you have no children; what is to be done with these volumes when you are gone?"

"It has never occurred to me to make any disposition of them," was the reply.

"Then, my friend, leave them to our library in Philadelphia; for, strange as it may appear to you, we have there a respectable array of authors, and your gift would be highly prized."

The suggestion was adopted, and, upon the reverend gentleman's decease, his rare and costly books were forwarded to the Library Company, with a portrait of the donor painted by Benjamin West, and presented to the corporation by Mrs. West.

We must not forget to pay our tribute of respect, in passing, to the genius and virtues of James Logan, fitly commemorated in yonder portrait, whose thoughtful eyes and intellectual lineaments would arouse the interest of even a stranger to his fame. As founder of the Loganian Library, he is intimately associated with our present theme. Distinguished as a scholar not less than as a statesman, he was the friend and patron of ingenious men, and constantly exerted himself to procure for merit its deserved applause. Dr. Franklin experienced his protection and friendship in his early career; and it was to Logan that Godfrey first imparted his ideas of the quadrant.

Logan owned *Stenton*, that stately house, still standing a few miles out of town, in whose mysterious chambers we have spent delightful hours. This mansion had been erected with elaborate care, and when it was finally completed, in 1727, its owner, who had been for years engaged in collecting a library of choice works, removed his treasures to the spacious room there, which he had specially designed to hold them. On one occasion Thomas Godfrey, who was a painter and glazier

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by trade, was making some repairs at *Stenton;* while thus engaged, he observed, accidentally, a piece of fallen glass, which suggested an idea to his reflecting mind, and caused him to leave his work and go into Logan's library, where he took down a volume of Newton. While absorbed in his studies he was surprised by Mr. Logan, who inquired the cause of his search, and succeeded in drawing him into a conversation in which Godfrey acquitted himself so well as to secure the admiration and zealous friendship of Logan, who from that moment took the deepest interest in his plans and aspirations.

Of the many interesting relics scattered about the Philadelphia Library we can only select a few. Before leaving the pictures, however, we must call attention to a curiously prophetic one, painted in 1792, by S. Jennings, a pupil of Benjamin West, which represents the *Genius of American Liberty Teaching the Blacks.* The writing-desk of William Penn within the enclosure was at his manor of Pennsbury on the Delaware. From its secret drawer the librarian takes a variety of interesting memorials; among others an original pitcher portrait of Washington. On the wall near at hand hangs an accurate copy of the cast taken by Houdon from Washington's face in life. The original was formerly in the possession of Dr. John Redmond Coxe. From where we now stand may be seen above, in the gallery, a colossal bust of Minerva, six feet in height, which was behind the speaker's chair when the first Congress was held in Philadelphia.

A foreigner, a man of letters, who was in Philadelphia in the fall of the year 1748, thus speaks of the condition of the library, which was then, according to the *official minutes,* in the "upper room of the westernmost office of the State-House," the use of which had been lately granted to the company by the Assembly: —

"On one side of this building — the State-House — stands the Library, which was first begun in the year 1742,* on a public-spirited plan, formed and put in execution by the learned Mr. Franklin. For he persuaded first the most substantial people in town to pay forty shillings at the outset, and afterwards annually ten shillings, all in Pennsylvania currency, towards purchasing all kinds of useful books. . . . . There is already a fine collection of excellent works, most of them English, many French and Latin, but few in any other language. The subscribers were so kind to me as to order the librarian, during my stay here, to lend me every book which I should want, without requiring any payment. . . . . Besides the books, several mathematical and physical instruments, and a large collection of natural curiosities, were to be seen in it. Several little libraries were founded in the town on the same footing, or nearly, with this."

The reference above to the many excellent works in French, possessed by the library at that early day, reminds us of an amusing incident which occurred a short time ago.

The librarian received from a well-known source of literary intelligence in New York a very long and elaborate letter, describing an original copy of the History of New France, by Charlevoix, which was, in the correspondent's opinion, of great value on account of its rarity and age, — "being one hundred and twenty-three years old." The communication concluded by offering the three volumes to the library for three hundred dollars.

The following is the answer despatched by the returning mail: —

"SIR, — In reply to your favor I would state, that about the time of the publication of Charlevoix's Nouvelle France (1744), this Institution procured a copy, and still has it in perfect preservation.

"Your obedient servant,

"—— ——,

"*Librarian Philadelphia Library Company.*"

No one acquainted with the early history of letters in Philadelphia can

* It was in reality founded in 1731.

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fail to attribute a large share of the intellectual activity of the city, in its infancy, to the enlightened example of James Logan, who inspired all about him with a genuine thirst for learning.

The influence of his teachings upon the early life and subsequent career of Benjamin Franklin was certainly very great. In 1744 Franklin printed Logan's translation of Cicero's *De Senectute*, the Preface of which concludes with these memorable words: "I shall add to these few lines my hearty wish that this first translation of a *classic* in this *Western world* may be followed with many others, and be a happy omen that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American Muses."

From the early records of the Library Company it is evident that, from the outset, Mr. Logan's advice was constantly required and cheerfully given. The library itself seems to have had its origin in the *Junto* which Dr. Franklin mentions in his Autobiography. We will let him tell the story in his own way: "About this time (1730), our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often referred to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them all together where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books in a common library we should, while we liked to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was liked and agreed to, and we filled one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and though they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

"And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, — that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the *Junto*, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterward obtained a charter, the company being increased to one hundred; this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous."

The instrument of association was dated July 1, 1731, and the directors and treasurer therein appointed held their first meeting on the 8th of November following, and made choice of William Coleman as their treasurer, and of Joseph Breintnall as their secretary, whose first entry is in the following words: —

"The minutes of me, Joseph Breintnall, secretary to the directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, with such of the minutes of the same directors as they order me to make, begun on the 8th day of November, 1731. By virtue of the deed or instrument of the said company, dated the first day of July last. The said instrument being completed by fifty subscriptions, I subscribed my name to the following summons or notice which Benjamin Franklin sent by a messenger, viz.: —

"'To Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hopkinson, William Parsons, Philip Sing, Jun., Thomas Godfrey, Anthony Nicholas, Thomas Cadwalader, John Jones, Jun., Robert Grace, and Isaac Penington.

"'GENTLEMEN: — The subscription to the library being completed, you, the directors appointed in the instrument, are desired to meet this evening at five o'clock, at the house of Nicholas Scull, to take bond of the treasurer for the faithful performance of his trust, and to consider of and appoint a proper time for the payment of the money subscribed, and other matters relating to the said library.

"'JOS. BREINTNALL, *Sec'y.*

"'Philadelphia, 8th November, 1731.'"

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It will be observed that several of the names in the above list of directors are identical with those of prominent members of the Junto; and this identity is further noticeable in the list of subscribers to the articles of association. The first man who signed these was Robert Grace, whom Franklin describes as "a young gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty; a lover of punning, and of his friends." The library, in fact, was afterwards opened in the chamber of a house belonging to him.

The second signer of the articles was Thomas Hopkinson, the father of Francis Hopkinson the poet, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This share is an excellent illustration of one of the most striking characteristics of this ancient library, — the regular descent of shares in families, through several generations, for more than a century.

The first owner of share No. 2, as we have just remarked, was Thomas Hopkinson, who acquired it in 1731; next came his son Francis Hopkinson, who took possession in 1762; to be followed in 1813 by his son Judge Joseph Hopkinson, who left it in 1844 to his son Francis Hopkinson, who now holds it by direct male descent, one hundred and thirty-six years having elapsed since his ancestor first took it.

The third signer of the articles was Benjamin Franklin; his share descended to Benjamin Franklin Bache, and is still in the family. The other members of the Junto who also signed were Joseph Breintnall, the secretary before mentioned, who stands fifth on the company's books; and is mentioned in Franklin's account of the Junto as "a good-natured, friendly, middle-aged man, a great lover of poetry, reading all he could meet with, and writing some that was tolerable; very ingenious in making little knickknackeries, and of sensible conversation"; Thomas Godfrey, the great mathematician, and inventor of the so-called Hadley's Quadrant, the seventh shareholder; William Maugridge, "a most exquisite mechanic, and a solid, sensible man," the twenty-ninth signer; thirty-fourth, William Parsons, who had "acquired a considerable share of mathematics, which he first studied with a view to astrology, and afterward laughed at it"; thirty-sixth, William Scull, afterwards surveyor-general, "who loved books, and sometimes made a few verses," and whose share is now in the hands of his descendant, Gideon D. Scull; fifty-fifth, Stephen Potts; and lastly, William Coleman, the fifty-second signer, "who had," says Dr. Franklin, "the coolest, clearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with." He became afterwards a merchant of great note, and one of the provincial judges.

Of course the greater portion of the subscribers were not members of the Junto, which was merely a club for mutual improvement, originated by Benjamin Franklin.

An examination of the list of shareholders of the Library Company discloses the fact that the corporation embraced a large majority of those who were distinguished in Philadelphia by learning, fortune, or high social position. It is not a little singular that Franklin should have drawn within the circle of his influence at that early day those who were above him in the social scale, — a point as carefully weighed then as now in the good City of Brotherly Love, where the distinctions of class have existed with unabated force since the foundations of the place were laid. The youthful printer must even then have possessed the infinite tact, real wisdom, and engaging manners which years afterwards secured for the aged philosopher the admiration and homage of the French court.

Among the names taken at random from the original minutes are the following, most of which are still prominent: —

William Rawle acquired share 42 in 1732; he appears to have been the first American donor, having presented, on the 12th March, 1733, "six volumes or books of the works of Mr. Edmund

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Spenser." His son Francis succeeded him in 1769; who was followed in 1786 by his son William Rawle, the eminent lawyer and author. The share is still in his family. William Logan held share 98 in 1747, and Gustavus G. Logan is to-day its possessor. Samuel Norris owned share 64 in 1734, and it descended in 1741 to Isaac, in 1746 to Charles, and is now the property of Samuel Norris. Samuel Coates had share 67 in 1736, and it is now in the hands of Dr. Benjamin H. Coates, his descendant. John Smith, the son-in-law of James Logan, purchased share 94 in 1744; and it is now in the name of his descendant, Lloyd P. Smith, the hereditary librarian. Bishop White in 1777 received No. 52, William Coleman's share in 1733, and the children of Thomas H. White still keep it. The Hamilton family, in the persons of James, William, and James Hamilton, held share 57 one hundred and nineteen years, and forfeited it in 1853. Share 168 was owned by Colonel William Bradford in 1769; it fell, in 1782, to his son William Bradford, Attorney-General of the United States under Washington, and passed, through Thomas Bradford, to its present possessor, William Bradford. Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, father of the two Revolutionary officers General John and Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, was a director of the company in 1731, and his descendants are still shareholders. Governor Thomas McKean, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, acquired share 244 in 1777, and it is still in the family. Share 135 was purchased one hundred and twenty years ago by the great-grandfather of its present owner, Judge John M. Read. Share 18 became the property of John Biddle in 1762, and it is to-day in the hands of Edward C. Biddle. James Bingham took share 38 in 1741, but it was forfeited by his son William Bingham in 1782. Share 43 was held by Dr. William Shippen in 1761, by Thomas Lee Shippen in 1794, and in 1819 by Dr. William Shippen, who left it to Mrs. Mary Louisa Shippen. Joseph Fox, Jr. was the original purchaser in 1769 of share No. 129; in 1792 it fell to Samuel M. Fox, who left it, in 1843, to Joseph M. Fox; from whom it passed, in 1847, to George Fox, the present holder. Colonel James Read bought share 350, in 1769; his grandson still keeps it. No. 378 was owned in 1773 by Dr. Adam Kuhn, in whose family it still remains. In 1777 Cadwallader Evans was possessed of share 437, and his family now own that share.

The noted Parson Duché, who attempted to persuade Washington to forsake the cause of the Colonies, became a subscriber in 1732.*

Another remarkable feature in the Philadelphia Library Company is the long tenure of office. Benjamin Franklin was a director, having previously served as librarian, 28 years; Thomas Cadwalader, 29 years; Evan Morgan, 24 years; Samuel Rhoads, 32 years; J. Read, 29 years; Mordecai Lewis, 20 years; Josiah Hewes, 30 years; Richard Wistar, 37 years; John Kaighn, 43 years; T. Parke, 57 years; James Gibson, 57 years; J. P. Norris was an officer 47 years, from 1793 to 1840, and his son, Dr. George W. Norris, succeeded him that year, and is still a director; Nicholas Waln occupied that position from 1767 to 1771; Robert Waln, from 1799 to 1836, and his son Lewis Waln from that date until his recent decease, when he was succeeded by S. Morris

* The following were also among the members during the last century: Alexander Graydon, the father of the author of Graydon's Memoirs, in 1736; Lewis Evans, in 1745 Abraham Taylor, in 1747; Isaac Penington, in 1732; Anthony Benezet, in 1734; Charles Willing, in 1736; William Allen, Chief Justice, in 1737; Samuel McCall, in 1741; William Plumstead, in 1735; Richard Peters, in 1738; Israel Pemberton, in 1740; Dr. Phineas Bond, in 1740; Lynford Lardner, in 1746; Tench Francis, in 1751; the Rev. Dr. Francis Allison, in 1752; Daniel Wistar, in 1762; Jacob Lewis, in 1764; Joseph Swift, in 1766; William Chancellor, in 1769; Thomas Wharton, in 1769; George Clymer, the signer, in 1769; Thomas Carpenter, in 1769; Andrew Robeson, in 1774; John Dickinson, in 1762; Matthew Clarkson, in 1771; Sharp Delany, in 1772; James Wilson, the signer, in 1778; General Walter Stewart, in 1789; Colonel Henry Hill, in 1789; Commodore John Nicholson, Continental Navy, in 1789; Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, in 1790; and John Penn, in 1769.

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Waln; Zachariah Poulson was an officer of the company 59 years.

Prior to the present incumbent, Lloyd P. Smith, who has held the office seventeen years, there have been only three librarians of the Philadelphia Library, since 1785: Z. Poulson, George Campbell, and John Jay Smith. The custodians of the Loganian collection will be noted hereafter.

The agents of the board of directors in England also present an instance of the almost hereditary character of that appointment. From 1783 to 1863, Joseph Woods, his son, grandson, and great-grandson, acted in succession as agents of the company in England; one of them holding the office, which in every way was without charge, for forty-one years. Nor should it be forgotten that their predecessor in that position, William Dilwyn, a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, now the home of the radical Stevens, was declared by Clarkson to be the real originator of the abolition of the slave-trade.

The hereditary characteristics of the Loganian Library, which was united with the Philadelphia Library Company in 1792, are also curiously marked. The founder, James Logan, was born, in 1674, at Lurgan, in Ireland, although his family was of ancient Scotch descent. His great-grandfather was that Sir Robert Logan, Baron of Restalrig, in Scotland, whose strange and illegal accusation in 1608, several years after his death, for an alleged participation in the "Gowrie Conspiracy," and the singular trial of whose mouldering remains are among the most mysterious transactions of James's reign.

The Quaker principles and varied virtues of James Logan having attracted the attention of William Penn, a few months before his second departure for America he succeeded in inducing Logan to act as his secretary, and finally to accompany him to Pennsylvania in 1699. Through a long career in this new field as Secretary, Chief Justice, Commissioner of Property, President of the Council, and acting Governor of the Province, Logan's abilities shone with ever-increasing brilliancy. At his death, in 1751, he bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia, with a liberal endowment, the classical library, worth at that time $10,000 in gold, which still bears his name and has greatly increased in value. I say "bequeathed," for such was the intention of James Logan, but his signature was wanting to the deed; his sons William and James Logan, John Smith, and Hannah his wife, the surviving daughter of James Logan, however, complied with his intention, and are entitled to grateful remembrance for the free-will act which they were not necessarily obliged to perform.

In accordance with Mr. Logan's views, they executed a perpetual deed of trust, which conveyed the books, the library building at the northwest corner of Sixth and Walnut Streets, in which the Loganian Library was kept from 1750 to 1792, with certain funds derived from lands leased for one hundred and twenty-one years, for the support of the institution, to Israel Pemberton, William Allen, Richard Peters, and Benjamin Franklin, their heirs and assigns forever. On condition, however, "that there should be a perpetual succession of trustees, part of whom should be of the descendants of the said James Logan the elder, preferring the male line to the female, as long as any of his descendants remained; that one of his male descendants, taken in priority of birth, and preferring the male line to the female, should be librarian of the said public library, with a power of employing deputies." Further: "And whereas some ages hence it may become difficult to know who are intituled to be trustees and librarians within the intent and meaning of the testator, to prevent the difficulty as much as is in the power of the parties hereto, it is agreed that the librarian for the time being shall in a place or places appropriated for that purpose in the said folio-bound book enter the names, days of birth, days of marriage, and to whom, and days of death, of all the descendants of the

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testator, from time to time as they happen, with such precision by giving a number to each descendant, and giving the numbers of the parents as well as the names, that there may be no room left for mistake of the whole descent of each (which by the similarity of names there would be without numbers). . . . . And it is agreed that this present indenture, after it is recorded and entered in the said folio book, and all other writings herein recited or mentioned, shall be carefully kept in a box or drawer in the said library, under two locks, whereof the key of one to be kept by the librarian, and the key of the other lock by the senior trustee, or such other of them as the majority of them may direct."

In 1792, at the instance of James Logan, the son, the only surviving trustee, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act vesting the property of the Loganian Library in the Library Company of Philadelphia, subject to the conditions in the original deed of trust. In accordance with one of the provisions in that instrument, an accurate record of the founder's descendants continues to be kept in the "folio-bound book"; and the trustees published in the last supplement to the catalogue a "*Genealogical Table*, showing the names of persons entitled (under the founder's last will) to the office of hereditary librarian of the Loganian Library; and also (under the act of Assembly) to the position of hereditary trustee, with the right of appointing two others."

The librarians, from 1760 to 1792, were William Logan, and James Logan, 2d. Since then Zachariah Poulson, George Campbell, John Jay Smith, and Lloyd P. Smith have held the office. Their terms of service were respectively six years, sixteen years, fourteen years, twenty-three years, twenty-two years, seventeen years. George Campbell, whose term of service was within two years of a quarter of a century, was never, during that long period, even once, prevented by sickness from attending to his daily duties. The present librarian, and his father and predecessor, John Jay Smith, are descendants of John Smith, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, who married the daughter of James Logan; hence their hereditary right to be custodians of the collection founded by their ancestor.

The original Loganian Library building, figured on the title-page of the new supplementary catalogue, stood near the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, — the whole square of ground between Sixth and Seventh and Walnut streets belonging to Logan. We have heard one of his descendants say that his father sold a great slice of it, on Chestnut and Seventh streets, for a box of Irish linens to go to housekeeping with. The square, now worth millions, was originally sold because the rents did not pay the taxes. It is the old story of the proprietary Penns, — always in want of money, and selling whole baronies for a song. This library building had a cosey back yard, easily accessible by climbing a board fence; and there all the school-boy battles were fought by the young Quakers of the not-distant classical academy of Proud, the historian of Pennsylvania.

At present the Loganian collection embraces between ten and eleven thousand volumes, — many of them very rare; some, in fact, unique.

As we have seen, the Philadelphia Library furnishes scores of instances illustrating the truth of an idea which is every day becoming more apparent, namely, that a republican form of government is far more conducive to the healthy growth and development, not of individuals merely, but of families, than the carefully digested rules of a monarchy. In England, for example, some one man may win for himself unlimited fame, and a peerage. The latter will halo his family, throughout each succeeding generation, as long as the race exists. No matter whether his descendants are good, bad, or indifferent, the laws of the land will sustain them in the high position originally acquired by creditable deeds. In America, on the contrary, where the spirit of our insti-

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tutions is in direct opposition to the preservation of influence when original excellence has departed, there is every incentive to personal exertion; and hence our country contains, in proportion to its age, a larger number of family names than any other can boast which have been honored in their several generations for characteristic virtues.

Philadelphia and its vicinity, perhaps, has more persons than any other American community who hold the same comfortable position to-day which their ancestors originally occupied. This is true not merely of the professional and wealthy classes: it applies no less strongly to mechanics and artisans. One finds families in which a certain trade has been handed down for half a dozen generations.

The city, indeed, has a stability of character in some respects peculiar to itself. The architecture partakes of the characteristics which were its distinguishing features from its very infancy. An air of genteel antiquity envelops the town and its inhabitants. A stranger almost instinctively falls into the oiled grooves of a preservative civilization, and lays aside the corroding cares which afflict the more changeable citizens of New York. It sometimes requires a little while for the adjustment, as the following anecdote will show. On one occasion a gentleman from New York called in a great hurry at a certain bank in Philadelphia, about midday. Finding it closed he went away, supposing that the building was undergoing repairs. Happening, however, to pass it again the same afternoon, he noticed, to his astonishment, that the doors were open. On entering he expressed his surprise that a bank should be closed between twelve and two in the day; and said, moreover, that it had caused him some inconvenience.

"You should have known better, sir," was the reply; "for such has been our daily custom for more than a hundred years."

I have lying before me a volume entitled "The Charter, Laws, and Catalogue of Books of the Library Company of Philadelphia. *Communiter bona profundere Deûm est.* Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, and D. Hall. MDCCLVII." Its pages are very suggestive, but I have only time to note that the name of the donor of each volume is annexed to the title in the catalogue. James Logan's gifts are numerous. Hesselius, the painter, whose portraits are to be found among the old families of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, appears most appropriately in the list as the giver of a folio entitled "*Historia Insignium Illustrium, seu Operis Heraldici Pars Specialis, &c.* Authore Philippo Jacobo Spenero. Francofurti ad Mœnum, 1680."

I have gleaned from the original minutes, and from other sources, some interesting particulars of the history of the library from this period.* In 1752 "a noble present of antient medals" was received through Mr. Peters from Mr. Grey, member of Parliament from Colchester. In 1763 the celebrated John Dickinson, author of the "Farmer's Letters," was elected a member of the board of trustees. In 1769 the Union Library Company was united to the Philadelphia Library Company; and in 1771 another junction was formed with the Association Library. In 1773 the books were removed to Carpenter's Hall; and the next year, when Congress met there, the librarian was directed to furnish the members with such books as they might desire. Two unsuccessful efforts were made in May and June, 1776, to convene the members to authorize the directors "to remove the books out of town should the British army approach it." It does not appear, however, that the company sustained any loss from those composing that force. On the contrary, it is a pleasure to be able to say that the English officers, without exception, left

* I desire to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, the present accomplished librarian, and to his father, John Jay Smith, Esq., the well-known author of several valuable works, for access to original sources of information, as well as for many acts of personal courtesy.

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deposits and paid hire for the books borrowed by them. As we shall presently discover, the Library Company, in their turn, were enabled, nearly a century later, to perform an act of generosity to the British government, which has laid the English nation under lasting obligations.

In 1777 the library room was occupied by sick soldiery. By the will of the Hon. William Logan, the library received the same year a very handsome bequest of books of ancient authors.

At a general meeting held June 1, 1789, over which Bishop White presided, it was determined to erect a suitable building, as soon as one hundred new members could be procured.

The list having been completed, the corner-stone of the present edifice, now standing on Fifth and Library Streets, was laid with appropriate ceremonies. By the 30th of December, 1790, the books were all removed to their new home.

In 1791 the directors again tendered to the President and Congress the free use of the books in the library; and General Washington, through his Secretary, Tobias Lear, returned thanks for the attention in a very handsome note. In 1792 an additional building, immediately in the rear, was erected by the Philadelphia Library Company for the accommodation of the Loganian collection.

Dr. Franklin, who, as we have seen, was one of the principal founders of the Philadelphia Library, acted as the company's agent in London from 1761 to 1775. His last letter thence to the directors is dated "London, February 5th, 1775." The inscription on the corner-stone of the present building declares that the library was instituted "at the instance of Benjamin Franklin." When William Bingham, the maternal grandfather of Lord Ashburton, heard of the intention of the directors to erect a statue of Dr. Franklin, in recognition of his eminent services, he immediately volunteered to furnish it at his own expense. A bust was accordingly procured from the Pennsylvania Hospital, and transmitted to Italy with a drawing of the figure. The statue in due time arrived, and was placed in the niche in front of the building, where it still stands. The likeness was considered an excellent one by the contemporaries of this eminent man. It gives perhaps the most perfect idea of the general appearance and bearing of the philosopher and statesman, — as Houdon's statue of Washington is the most accurate presentment of the Father of his Country.

No account of the Philadelphia Library would be complete without some reference to the treasures it contains.

The total number of volumes is about eighty-one thousand. In this enumeration, each volume of pamphlets is counted as one book only. If the system pursued in some famous collections was resorted to, the figures would have to be largely increased. Of early printed books, the following deserve especial notice: *Augustinus de Vita Christiana*, printed in 1459, by Fust and Schoyffer, the inventors of printing; two works from the press of Pynson, and three from that of Wynkyn de Worde; a copy of Caxton's "Golden Legend"; a Vulgate Bible, only two hundred copies of which were printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz, in 1471, — pronounced "*fort rare*" by Brunet, — another from the press of Koburger, at Nuremberg, in 1475; an English version printed by Grafton, in 1539; and a *Nouveau Testament*, printed by Barthélemy and Buyer, at Lyons, about 1480; a noble edition of *Perceforest*, — "de tous les romans de chevalerie le plus estimé," — in six volumes, folio, Paris, 1531; an early German version, with numerous woodcuts, of Reynard the Fox, — *Reynke Voss de olde, Rostock*, 1549, — and Copland's edition of Caxton's *Recueill of the Histories of Troye*, London, 1553.

Most of these early printed works are from the private collection of William Mackenzie, Esq., of Philadelphia, who died in 1829, and bequeathed to

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the library all his books printed before 1800. Among them I omitted to mention until now the one most interesting to bibliomaniacs, namely, a glorious copy on vellum of the first Italian translation of Pliny's "Natural History." This exquisitely printed folio, "emphatically the glory of Janson's press," *cette édition magnifique*, as Brunet calls it, would be valuable enough if printed on paper; but it appears to be *the* one copy which Janson struck off on vellum. Brunet says: "Un exemplaire imprimé sur VÉLIN, avec les lettres initiales peintes . . . . . offert à 900 fr. MacCarthy." Mackenzie undoubtedly bought it at a sale of MacCarthy's books, as he was a collector at that time.

A "Siamese Treatise on the Small-Pox," and a "Chinese and Japanese Dictionary," are worthy of notice in passing.

Of works relating to antiquities, we remember Lepsius's, Rosselini's, Denon's, and Vyse's Egypt; Botta's and Layard's folio plates of Nineveh; Kingsborough's Mexico; eight folio volumes of plates on Herculaneum; Piranesi's works; *Il Vaticano;* Meyrick on Ancient Armor; Dugdale's *Monasticon;* and Le Roux de Lincy's *Hôtel de Ville de Paris.*

In the department of *Belles-Lettres* and History, the collection of French, Spanish, and Italian books embraces most of the standard authors. The edition of the French classics, in thirty-two large quarto volumes, entitled *Collection du Dauphin*, — a beautiful specimen of typography, — and Landino's *rare et recherché* edition of Dante, Venice, 1512, may be mentioned in this connection. The German library is not so full, but it embraces many valuable works. The collection of Spanish authors is the most complete, and perhaps the finest, of any public library in this country. Among the choice volumes are, *El Conde Lucanor*, by the Prince Don Juan Manuel (Sevilla, 1575), described by Ticknor as "one of the rarest books in the world"; an unmutilated edition of *Celestina*, the first Spanish dramatic work of note (1599); the Chronicle of the Cid (Burgos, 1593), and the Chronicle of King Alfonso (1604). It contains also the excellent reprint of the ancient "Spanish Chronicles" (1787), and Zurita's *Anales de la Corona de Aragon*, with the supplement of Argensola. Not to mention the better-known names of Calderon, Lope de Vega, and the other early dramatists, it may be said that all the modern authors of consequence, and many others of less note, have been added to it. The Spanish writers on America are equally well represented.

In the large collection of English works may be found a complete set of the "English County Histories"; of the "Royal Society's Transactions"; the "Gentleman's Magazine," commenced in 1731, the same year the library was founded; the "Annual Register"; the several series of the "Parliamentary Debates"; and other periodicals, some of them continued for more than a century; also, the voluminous publications of the Record Commission, — a remarkable collection of seven hundred English pamphlets, in thirty-six volumes, quarto, published during the Revolutionary period from 1620 to 1720, which, with "Somers's Tracts," the "Harleian Miscellany," and the publications of the various learned societies, eminently deserve the attention of the student.

In the department of works relating to America the library may, without the least exaggeration, be said to be very rich. In fact, no writer of the history of our own country should consider his investigations complete until he has consulted the rare sources of information within these walls.

The sets of newspapers, from the first number of the first paper published in Philadelphia, continuously to the present time, include a set of Bradford's "American Mercury," from 1719 to 1745; the "Pennsylvania Gazette" (published successively by Samuel Keimer, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and Hall and Sellers), complete from 1728 to 1804; the "Pennsylvania Journal," from

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1747 to 1793; the "Pennsylvania Packet" (afterwards "Poulson's Advertiser"), under various names, from 1771 to the present time; the "Federal" and "Philadelphia Gazette" from 1788 to 1843; and the "United States Gazette," now the "North American," from 1791 to the present time. These are a few of the many catalogued.

After the newspapers may be mentioned the inestimable collection of books, pamphlets, broadsides, and manuscripts collected by Pierre du Simitiere, before, during, and after the Revolution, and purchased for the company. A portion of these pamphlets, and the larger part of the broadsides, are believed to be unique. With these may be classed the four hundred volumes, besides many unarranged scraps, and numerous water-color and india-ink pictures, recently left to the library by the late Charles A. Poulson. The *Beschreibung von Pennsylvania, Frankfurt und Leipzig*, 1704, by Pastorius, the personal friend of William Penn, and the founder of Germantown, is believed to be the only copy in the United States; with it is bound up a German translation of Gabriel Thomas's Pennsylvania, and Faulkner's *Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvania*, 1702. H. J. Winckelmann's *Der Americanischen neuen Welt Beschreibung, Oldenburg*, 1664, with woodcuts, is a most curious and extremely rare publication. Other German works on America, not often met with in this country, are Gottfriedt's *Historia Antipodum, Frankfurt*, 1655, and Dapper's *Unbekannte Neue Welt, Amsterdam*, 1673; both have numerous fine plates and maps. Campanius's *Kort Beskrifning om Provincien Nya Swerige uti America, som nu förtjden af the Engelske kallas Pennsylvania, Stockholm*, 1702, with curious plates and maps, is one of the few copies known to exist. The esteem in which it is held as a scarce work may be estimated by the fact that not long since the Prime Minister of Sweden, Count Manderström, sent a copy to the Historical Society of Delaware, with a letter referring to its extreme rarity. Ovalle's *Histórica Relacion del Reyno de Chile*, with the map and all the plates, is also very choice.

"Jones's Present State of Virginia," London, 1724, is bound up with "The Present State of Virginia and the College, by Messieurs Hartwell, Blair, and Chilton," London, 1727.

Plantagenet's "New Albion," "Leah and Rachel," and other scarce books, were reprinted in Force's Historical Tracts, from copies in the Philadelphia Library.

There is also to be seen a very curious volume of "Publications of the Enemy in Philadelphia in 1777 and 1778."

The library possesses two copies of Aitken's Bible, of 1782, published under the patronage of Congress, and "Poor Richard's Almanac" from 1733 to 1747, both very rare. There are in it also two copies of the Rev. John Eliot's Indian Bible. A single copy of this work was sold at the "Allan sale" in New York for $825. Two copies of Smith's "Virginia," folio, "Hakluyt's Voyages," and "De Bry's America," must not be forgotten.

Of manuscripts, the most ancient is an exemplar of the entire Bible, on parchment, of the date of 1016(?). The most beautiful is an illuminated Psalter on fine vellum, and in perfect preservation; it appears to be a specimen of German art of the early part of the fifteenth century. Henry's manuscript Indian Dictionary, and an unpublished autobiography of John Fitch, are interesting.

It is nearly seventy years since the grandson of a former Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, whose romantic story was charmingly told in a recent number of the Atlantic, under the title of "The Strange Friend," sent as a gift to the Philadelphia Library Company, when on the eve of his departure from America, a large number of manuscripts relating to Irish state affairs, together with some books of less importance. On the flight of James II. to France, these papers had been committed to the custody of his Chancellor. The

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change of dynasty by violence occasioned confusion and trouble, and they remained, until presented to the Philadelphia Library, in the custody of his family, who did not consider that the succeeding government had any legal title to them. They continued to be kept in the library in the original box in which they had been sent; and were entirely unappreciated, and in fact nearly forgotten, when the librarianship of the joint collection fell to the Logan heir, John Jay Smith, Esq., father of the present incumbent. Mr. Smith immediately had the valuable documents properly arranged, bound, and catalogued.

One of the pages had contained the autograph of Queen Elizabeth, but it was filched by some vandal collector, with no more veneration in his composition than the rogue who stole Byron's note from the urn in Sir Walter Scott's drawing-room. Several other royal signatures met the same fate, and figured but lately, it is said, in a sale of autographs in New York.

The thoughtful care of Mr. Smith, in having the manuscripts properly preserved in volumes, effectually protected them from further depredations.

During the recent visit of Mr. Hepworth Dixon to this country his attention was called to these five volumes of manuscripts by the present librarian, Mr. Lloyd P. Smith. An examination made it evident that they were a part of the national archives of Great Britain. They consisted of four volumes of official correspondence relating to Ireland, bearing the royal sign manual of James I. and the signatures of the Lords of his Privy Council, addressed to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. The fifth volume contained the original manuscript of the Marquis of Clanricarde's Memoirs from October 23, 1641, to August 30, 1643. It was further ascertained through Mr. Dixon, who was familiar with the state papers in the Rolls House in London, that the series of letters of which these volumes were a part is preserved in London in the custody of the Master of the Rolls. As the minutes clearly showed that the manuscripts were given to the Library Company without any reservation or trust, there seemed to be a manifest propriety in restoring them to the British government as a portion of their public archives. The directors, therefore, through the librarian, made a formal offer to that effect to Lord Romilly, the Master of the Rolls. The offer was immediately transmitted to the Lords of the Treasury, and was by them gratefully accepted.

In the course of his reply to Mr. Smith, Lord Romilly says: "I cannot conclude without expressing to yourself personally, or without begging also through you to express to the Library Company of Philadelphia, my deep sense of the obligation conferred by them on the British nation, and my conviction that this, and acts of a similar character, will rivet more closely the ties of friendship and respect which already bind our countries together."

Thus the courtesy of the English officers in 1777 was returned with interest to their whole nation in 1867.

The manuscripts were transmitted in safety to London through the late lamented Sir Frederick Bruce, who deemed them of sufficient value to induce him to forward them to his government by a special messenger. In his letter to the Company Sir Frederick remarked: "The Lord Commissioners request the acceptance by the directors, for deposit in the Philadelphia Library, of a complete set of the Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, and of the Calendars of State Papers, as well as of the several facsimiles made by the process of photozincography, and published by their authority under the direction of the Master of the Rolls."

This munificent gift, consisting of one hundred and fifty-six volumes, all handsomely bound in levant morocco, was received on the 6th of May last;

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and it will continue to be henceforth an object of the highest interest to the jurist and the historical scholar.

An unintentional error concerning the Company's gift to the British Government crept into Lord Romilly's letter of the 30th April last, addressed to the editor of the "London Times." In the course of that communication the Master of the Rolls said: "A case has been received by me containing the four volumes in question, and also the original manuscript of the Marquis of Clanricarde's Memoirs, from October 23, 1641, to August 30, 1643, mentioned in Mr. Hardy's valuable Report on the Carte and Carew Papers, and which has long been supposed to be lost. This work was actually presented to Mr. Dixon for himself, who as soon as he discovered its contents, and that it belonged to the same set of state papers, thought proper to restore it to the series from which he considered it unfit that it should be separated. I need scarcely say that it is of great value."

This statement is calculated to create an erroneous impression, owing doubtless to a misapprehension on the part of Mr. Dixon, who in fact asked for the manuscript; the directors, however, declined to give it, except to the British authorities; and instructed the librarian to embody their views in a letter, which was forwarded to Mr. Dixon on the 14th of December, 1866. The following paragraph from that epistle clearly defines their position: "The Diary of Clanricarde being a gift, they [the directors] did not feel authorized to part with it to any private person, but, as it appears to be also official in its character, and a part of the Irish state papers, I am directed to add it to the manuscript letters, and return the whole to the Master of the Rolls, in whose office you will be able to consult it."

Within a few weeks the following memorials have also been presented to the library: An excellent oil painting of *Stenton*, "Logan's Country Seat," by Edmund Lewis; a characteristic portrait of Dr. Franklin; and an admirable likeness of the Duke of Brunswick, who first sold soldiers to George III. Underneath the latter, in very appropriate propinquity, lies a thirteen-inch mortar shell, which was fired from the right batteries of General Washington's second parallel, during the siege of Yorktown, in October, 1781. It was exhumed three years since, under the direction of the gallant Brigadier-General Isaac J. Wistar.

So much matter has crowded upon my attention in the review of the history of the Library Company of Philadelphia, that this sketch has outrun my intention. If, however, I have really succeeded in awakening an interest in this venerable institution, the following words of one whose accurate learning is proverbial will be readily appreciated: "No library I have ever seen, not even the Bodleian, has left such traces on my imagination as the Old Philadelphia, which I want to see again."

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FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

PART III.

I FOLDED up the sheet, and laid it on the Doctor's little table.

It had grown late while I read and thought and remembered; and the sound of a church-clock striking eleven came swelling and sinking on the wind. It was enough like a knell to make me shudder. And I began to think of the same sound with the foam rushing over the Inch Cape Rock, and all the time the ghastly procession of the prison-bell marshalled itself before my eyes.

One or two growls of distant thunder betokened the clearing-up shower. In all the tumultuousness of the earth and heaven resounded still the great monotone of the surf. I went to the window and looked out, for a night-storm always makes me as restless as it does a cat; and I can quote the witty Adolphe d'Houdetot with feeling when, in remembering that the deluge took place in order to punish men for their iniquities, he asks himself if we have always been wise enough not to experience a secret apprehension while it rains. The only light to be seen was that of a distant corner-lamp flickering and flaring windily over the blackness of its desolate region; everything in the house was still, even to the mouse of the wainscot; the rain ran in rivulets down the cold pane against which my forehead was pressed. I wondered if Lucian Jouvency heard it beat against his prison-window, or if little Joey Hazard looked out, as I did, at the night, and shivered at the wild, sad cry of the wind. All the pressure of others' troubles lowered my moral temperature till I seemed to feel the habit of misfortune upon me, till I grew nervous, and foreboded a hundred ills to befall the Doctor. When I turned, I found the fire had fallen, and the room was cold; to give the grate again its cheerful blaze required me to bestir myself, and the movement quickly swept all the cobwebs out of my sky. Then, as the most trivial things will swarm into the mind after any long or serious strain, I fell to considering whether or not the rain had hurt my ivy, not yet brought within doors; if it would be followed by a black frost; if the pears I had wrapped in paper and laid in a drawer were mellowed yet. I wished the Isabellas had been gathered before the weather changed; I brought out the great globe of a decanter for the firelight to set a flame in, and piled the basket with the little red-jewelled clusters of the new vines, shedding their sweet-spiced savor as soon as they felt the fire. So much for beauty. And then I considered that a gallop through the storm would give a man keen relish for more substantial things than dainties; and as Elizabeth had long been in bed and the fire in ashes, I laid a little gridiron on the parlor coals, and proceeded to toast the side of a chicken with the best art I had.

While I still bent over the fire, toasting my own face as well, there came the clatter of wheels up the street; I did not think it could be the Doctor, for he had gone on horseback; but, while I was telling myself so, the door was thrown open, there were voices in the entry, I ran forward, toasting-fork in hand, in time to see the Doctor and some one else assisting a third person up stairs, by the light of the hanging lamp, and into my best bedroom. While I looked after them, and stupidly congratulated myself that the place had been freshly set to rights that morning, the Doctor called to me to mull some wine; one of the strangers — it was the man that had called the Doctor — came down with the lantern, by whose help they had steered through the outer darkness, put Chestnut up for the night, — he having been led home by the bridle, — got into his

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wagon, and drove off at a rattling speed. The Doctor then appeared for the wine, and by the time it was ready the chicken was scorched to a crisp; at which vexation overcame me, and I told him I was no more born for a cook than he for a gardener. "Never mind," said he, "I can pull enough off it for him. Don't believe it will hurt him; don't care if it does. Keep him alive till to-morrow; he may die next day for all of me."

"But the chicken was for you!" said I.

"Never mind me, I say. I'll find a bite in the buttery. Where 's the knife? O, here."

"How gay you are! One would think a ride of three miles in water up to your knees was a tonic."

"A shrewd little woman. The best of tonics. I would n't change places with the man that rules Christendom to-night!" declared he, rapidly separating the most delicate morsels, and seasoning them.

"I believe you are a little out of your head. What have you got up stairs?"

"You had better ask me whom. Now go to bed, — I shall be up half the night. I don't speak another word to you, my dear; for if you once get excited there 'll be no sleep, and I want you to take a trip with me bright and early to-morrow."

"A trip? Where? For how long? What shall I need to take?"

"A trip, — yes. Where, — no matter. How long, — more time or less. I shall put a tooth-brush in my pocket. I suppose you 'll want that slatted treasury-chest that has given the spine-complaint to every porter that ever set eyes on it and you together."

"How absurd you are! As if porters had any spines!"

"Popular fallacy. Hark! The storm 's begun to fall, — pleasant day to-morrow. That was a good idea of yours, the drum in the chimney overhead, — takes off all the chill. What are you hanging about me for?" suddenly asked the Doctor, looking up at me in a savage way, and then stooping and kissing me quite as if we were silly young people once more. "Now I 've seen all I want to of my wife to-night, and off with you!" And though after my head was on the pillow I heard him come up stairs whistling his favorite air of "Deep-Sea Dredging," —

> "I early take me to the shores,
> Along the ripple edging,
> And shoot away with daring oars
> To deep-sea dredging.
> But let the bitter waves arise,
> My dory darkly hedging,
> And I myself must be the prize
> Of deep-sea dredging," —

the whistle softened into mere tuneful breath, and was silence itself before he entered the opposite room, where the dimly burning gas lighted his labors till long past midnight.

When I woke the next morning the Doctor was already absent. I started in a panic, fearing I had overslept myself, and should, after all, lose my Eve's apple, but was soon reassured by a hearty voice below, rehearsing the breakfast's bill of fare, and bidding Elizabeth make the coffee strong enough to hold up the spoon. I pulled aside the curtain to look for the vane. It was still east, though the storm was over, but it seemed as though the weather, having had its crying-fit, must yet take a spell at pouting before the sun could shine again; still the vane vacillated and had an eye to the south, so I made up my mind that it would clear by noon, and I should ride in my best rep. Having finished my arrangements I prepared to descend; and the first thing I saw, on opening my door was Elizabeth bringing up a tray to the occupant of the best room, followed by the hovering Doctor, who, with singular politeness, turned about and waited on me down. Then, having previously satisfied his own hunger, he carved for me, and was off up stairs again. Just as I put the cream to my second cup a coach stopped at the curbstone, the stranger was helped down the stairway and into the coach, and the Doctor opened the door and looked at me.

"Still in your cups?" said he. "I am going now. Martin has put Chestnut in, and will drive you to the station. I

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give you just fifteen minutes," and he was gone.

At that, my spirit being up, although I love to take my leisure, I determined to be beforehand with him. We put old Chestnut to his mettle, and I was on the steps ready to welcome the Doctor when the coach drove up. I stood there, proud and smiling, looking up street and down, but no coach came; I heard the first bell ring, and the second, and the snorting of the impatient engine, still no coach; then the third bell began to toll, and with its sound the inquiring head of the Doctor peered round the corner. "Where did you come from?" exclaimed I. "I have been waiting here all of the fifteen minutes."

"I dare say," answered he with surly triumph. "I came from the cars. You have twice as many seconds to reach them in," and he seized my arm. "What is in that?" looking at my innocent leather bag.

"My night toilet."

"And that box?" with a terrible eye.

"Why, I can't travel in my silk, you know, and these are my muslins, and your dress-coat and —"

The Doctor tossed it into the chaise for Martin to take home again, and swept me away to the cars, settled me with a book, and betook himself to the other car, in whose private apartment he had made his patient comfortable. However, I found somebody to talk to; and in good season we reached our destination. Then the Doctor unceremoniously hustled me into one coach and his charge into another, gave the coachman his directions, — he had on his business face, and I dared not ask a question, — the door was slammed, and I was whirled away. On my feet once more, at last, and by the Doctor's side again, I called my good genius to aid me, — I could but be killed, — and humbly demanded whither he was taking me.

"Into court," answered he. "We are going to hear what they have to say in Lucian Jouvency's defence."

Then struggling through a throng, before I knew it I was wedged into a seat, patted on the shoulder (a favorite emollient application of the Doctor's), and left to my own devices.

Little did I think last night that I should be here this morning! I conquered my giddiness, and surveyed my strange surroundings. They were just bringing in the prisoner. I should have known his stalwart and imposing aspect among a thousand, if there had been nothing else to mark him. That yellow woman not far away, working her hands and her face perpetually, must be Mrs. Hazard; she had not been in court before, probably Joey had insisted upon her hearing what plea there was to make for Lucian. Was that Joey Hazard by her side, who had just thrown back her thick veil in order to return Lucian's smile? It must be she, because there was the piquant little nose, the rippling, bright hair, the shy, bewitching air, — but the eyes full of light in the Doctor's story were to-day dull and heavy, not as if sodden with tears, but as if they had become blind to sunshine; and that being she, where was all the changing color gone? There were no roses now; it was winter there; and I even imagined that in the red gold of her hair one could see silver threads.

All had grown quiet in the court, preliminaries having been despatched while I looked at Joey and her two companions, and I was startled from my meditations by the voice of Lucian's counsel as he rose and stated that he was about to ask a favor of the court which he felt sure would be granted him; and that although he was aware it was entirely irregular to introduce testimony in that stage of the proceedings, yet he begged to do so, as the opportune arrival of a witness, since yesterday's adjournment, had put him in possession of facts that gave an entirely new aspect to the case, and which, while they did away with the necessity of his own plea, would prevent the court's wasting any further time upon the matter.

To this, of course, the prosecuting attorney, running his hand through his

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hair and making it stand on end, demurred, as he objected to anything that would deprive them of an opportunity to hear his learned brother's eloquent periods, *ore rotundo*.

The court took no notice of the objection, but inquired if the counsel could aver that the testimony was absolutely necessary; and being answered in the affirmative, accorded permission to introduce it.

There was a little stir at the door. Suddenly the prisoner's face flushed and paled again. I looked in the direction where I supposed the witness-box to be, and trembled when I saw my husband standing there; but immediately understood, as I detected him restoring the flask to his pocket, that he was only assisting the half-drowned patient up the step, before retiring. The new witness, just as he leaned against the rail, was a slender, easy fellow, looking taller than he was, nowise emaciated, but as a ray of struggling sunlight entered the chink of a shutter and overspread his face, one saw — even through the singular brown stain it wore, which affected one with the vague personal repulsion felt towards another race — that he was deathly pale. Nobody supposed there was anything on hand but some legal manœuvre, and few looked that way while the oath was hurriedly administered, only I saw three blanching faces suddenly bend together towards him, and sharpen and whiten while they bent. The prosecutor cleared his throat for the first question, while the witness awaited him as a matadore in the ring awaits the onset.

"What is your name?" was asked.

"Geordie Romilly," was replied.

Sudden stillness took the place of the hum and buzz of the electrified court. It was followed by a cry of amaze, and then a cheer; and "O my boy, my boy!" gasped Mrs. Romilly.

Joey only stirred to catch the fainting mother in her arms. Mrs. Hazard lifted her tall javelin of a form, and wavered, and darted through the press, and in a moment had flung herself on Geordie's neck, and was embracing him in an actual frenzy of delight. "There, there, Mother Hazard," said he. "There 'll be no need of any one to certify my identity now. 'T was a lucky shipwreck drove me ashore last night. Jouvency, old boy, you felt the air beneath your feet. That 's law and land-sharks!"

"Silence in the court!" was cried as it had been cried and disregarded before.

Looking very much like a spider that has lost a fly, the prosecuting attorney rose, fumbling among his papers. "It may be all a very pretty piece of acting," said he; "but for my part I should like the affirmation of a few of the previous witnesses, to convince the jury that this is no imposture." Both John Tarbox and my husband deposed as he desired, and lastly Joey Hazard was called.

This was a piece of maliciousness in the attorney; he understood that Joey was in court, and he wanted to see, — as he thought likely everybody else did, — the little pinch of white and red that had made all this stir.

Joey left Mrs. Romilly with me, — for I had reached her side, — and stood before him. Everybody must have been sorely disappointed; for, set and colorless, she stood like a piece of stone, in the very climax of all her weeks of calm.

"You can solemnly swear that this is Geordie Romilly, for whose supposed murder Lucian Jouvency is now on trial?"

It was with such an effort that Joey's words came that one anticipated a rush.

"I can — I do — O you wicked man! it is you that ought to be tried for wishing to murder Lucian!" And with the passionate words the floods broke and poured down, a perfect debacle of them, bidding fair to wash Joey herself away with them.

"One word more with the young man," said the prosecutor, dryly, and Geordie replaced her.

"We should like now to hear what

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you have to say for yourself," remarked the prosecutor, leaning back and biting his pen.

"I dare say you would, sir!" cried Geordie, turning his eyes in a blue fury upon him. "But except that I fell from the foretop in a lurch, was picked up, exchanged and wrecked, you 've heard all you 'll ever hear from me!"

"We should be gratified," said the judge, urbanely, "to receive a brief explanation from you, Mr. Romilly."

"Your honor, I 'll be glad to relate everything in private, if you 'll come over to my mother's house in Netherby. But as for that weasel, he 's meddled just as much in my love-affairs as I care to have him!"

"The young people are rather severe with me," said the prosecutor, with a wry face. "And to show them I am not quite such a bad fellow as they take me to be, I move, your Honor, that the case be given to the jury with instructions to acquit. I 'll have nothing more to do with a business in which the grave gives up its dead!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Hazard had insisted upon reaching Lucian, and he stood there supporting her as she sobbed with her face hidden in his breast, his proud white throat bare, his head a little lifted, as if for a moment he saw beyond this scene. The judge looked at Lucian, and looked at the jury, comprehended with a glance the complete reversion their poor brains had undergone, made them a little speech, gave them a point of law, and requested their verdict.

It was given on the spot.

Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them, bent his ear to listen to a whisper of the clerk, nodded, readjusted the glasses.

"Proceed with your next case, Mr. Attorney," said he, phlegmatically; and in another minute was down shaking Lucian's hand as if he meant to shake it off.

"Well, well," muttered Geordie in no measured tone, "you must have done your work well, Doctor! It takes twelve men to decide whether I 'm alive or not."

Of course we all went down to Netherby together, for though I hesitated and told the Doctor he was the last person they would ever want to see there again, he, elated out of my reach by the last piece of testimony he had presented, — indeed, for a time we called Geordie by no other name than that of the Doctor's Testimony, — insisted that anything was best that would keep them from thinking of themselves till they became accustomed to this new phase of things; that nobody's Doctor was any restraint upon them, and that he and I were one; and Mrs. Hazard came to me in her tears, begging we would not think of going anywhere but with her, in a manner that convinced me she was never the woman I had taken her to be. The Doctor, unhappy without his patient, — for Geordie was plucking up life and health with every breath of fresh air, and was no longer the tottering thing that I saw helped into the house last night, — filled his place with Joey, made her up a little bed in the car-closet, and had her joggled off to sleep as we rushed along. Then, as both the boys were busy with their mothers, he came and paid his wife a little attention; but when Joey woke at the junction, where we changed cars, he was beside her again for a word or two of rational conversation, as he said, — I always told him he was an eclectic physician, doctoring now people's bodies and now their souls, and turning his observations upon the stars in the intervening periods, — and by the time we had reached the cottage on the hill, though she was still a little fluttered, Joey's equanimity was sufficiently restored to enable her, in welcoming us, to play the pretty hostess to a charm.

As for Mrs. Hazard, — though she had a long nervous fever afterward, from which nothing saved Joey but youth and elasticity, — she bustled and beamed to-day; beamed not because of her naturally golden tint, but because

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of the sunshine in her spirit, and bustled, that she might set the best she had before Geordie, get her spare chamber ready for him, and make him as much the son of the house as Lucian. Every other minute, in passing, she paused to lay her two hands on Lucian's hair, to bend back his head and make sure it was he, — while he lifted the large eyes to hers, — to ask him some question, to beg his forgiveness, to give him some comfort he had been denied; and the smiles that she shed upon Geordie, where he sat beside his mother or wherever she came across him, were sacrifices of all past rancor on his shrine; — if he had died and become an archangel, he would have been of no more importance in her eyes. He was suddenly become a demigod; Orion had forsaken belt, sword, and shield to come down from his stars and save her son. But Lucian did not long remain at rest; he was out and about the place, examining every cranny, reinstating himself in his world that had so nearly given him the slip, bringing in wood for the small servant, hanging the squashes over the kitchen shelf for his mother, — being to all appearance in garret and cellar and garden at once, as if it were impossible to assure himself of his freedom; while the other, growing every minute brighter and stronger, sufficiently attested that he was Geordie by insisting on tasting everything that was being compounded in the kitchen, by playing off all his old juggling tricks in a single *feu de joie*, and when Lucian's voice, large-lunged and deep, came in from the distance on some wild burden, by making a chorus of it with his sweeter and more delicate note. And in it all, the little Mrs. Romilly, whom I had looked to see so pale and frail, sat rosily warmed through and through with unspeakable happiness, but taking the pleasant household scene as if with a premonition that her tent was struck; yet since it was Geordie that had struck it, it was plainly for the best in her eyes. Meanwhile Joey, having withdrawn, did not appear at all till just before the supper for the whole dinnerless party was on the table. Then, when most of us were sitting round the fire that with the chilly nightfall had routed the summer's green boughs from the great chimney-place, — then it was Joey Hazard appeared, blush after blush flitting across her cheek, eyes demurely downcast and shining under their lashes, bashful in air, yet with the quip ready to fly and sparkle from her tongue; and she wore the pink gown with its white finishings, and the identical jet button, as of old. Lucian, sitting in the corner, had fallen naturally enough to carving jackstraws again; the place by his side was vacant save for whittlings; Joey never cast her eyes at it, but made in my direction, when Geordie, who was going up and down in the room seeking what he might devour, went towards her, took her hand gravely, swept off the whittlings, and seated her. Lucian threw down his knife, and as the good Doctor's wife was busy with her knitting, and all the rest too much engaged on other matters to heed a pair of lovers, quietly passed his arm round her and leaned forward smiling in her face. But Joey looked the other way. The little imp of perversity possessed her to-night, — she needed perhaps a trifle more of the lesson that had just been read her.

"Joey," murmured Lucian, "if I should live a hundred years, serving you in all of them, I should never thank you worthily, my dear, for what you said to me in —"

"O," answered Joey, with the shadow of a shrug, "it was because they said I must."

Lucian slipped his arm away, picked up his knife, and went on cutting jackstraws.

Now this was the rest of the scene in the cell as it really occurred on the day that Joey with Mrs. Romilly visited Lucian in prison, and as the Doctor had heard it from the counsel. The lawyer, on that occasion, who was a man acquainted with human nature, understood at once that, unless he pinned Miss Joey on the spot and in her ex-

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citement, he should never learn what he wished. Perhaps he felt that it was his duty to obtain all the information there was to be had, although he knew the interrogation he was about to make had no real bearing on the case, and would be inadmissible upon the trial. It could n't have been from curiosity, because we know very well that men have none. At any rate, he desired to see its effect upon Lucian. So, detaining Joey, he told her he wished to ask her a question. Apparently it came over her in a wave what the question was to be, for she grasped the back of her chair tightly, and stood, without refusing to answer, but white as death, and her eyes fixed on the counsel as if for that moment she drew her breath only through him. He stated to her that, as this was a case in which life was at stake, he trusted she would allow no false shame to prevent her indicating with whom her choice really did lie, — Geordie Romilly or Lucian Jouvency.

"O sir," whispered she, hoarsely, and still keeping her scared eyes fixed, "I can't say that!"

"I must beg that you will," answered he, gently.

Her eyes wavered a moment, she cast one quick swallow's flight of a glance about her, and it rested on Lucian where he sat on the corner of the table, as quiet and composed as if by their own fireside. The prison, to be sure, had bleached the tint that sun and sea once lent him; he had trembled visibly, an instant, while she was being asked that question, but neither that, nor any inward consciousness, nor any certainty of impending doom, had abated his proud nobility of bearing. He raised his eagle eyes in the silence, and they met her own. With a heart-beat, Joey's face was redder than the reddest rose that ever bloomed; she put up both her little shaking hands to cover it, yet hesitated. Lucian bent forward, — I know how he did it, — his life was in his eyes. "You need n't speak unless you choose, Joey," said he, in a clear, strong tone. "But there 's nobody except God and me to mind what you say. And you know, you know, dear, the one word I 'd rather hear than the foreman's 'Not Guilty.'" There was silence again for a long moment. Then a faint low tone slid through it.

"You, Lucian. I — I love — I mean — I would — I — But you never asked me."

"God bless you, Joey!" said he, as if there were no one there but themselves, yet as if he dared not touch her while there was a spot upon his honor. And before the words were well uttered she had fled.

And remembering, as I glanced at the two, this little experience of theirs, I understood Joey's mood at once, and thought if I had been Lucian I should not have slipped my arm away, nor picked up my knife, nor gone on cutting jackstraws.

"There!" said Mrs. Hazard, coming in and leaning on the back of Lucian's chair, which, rising instantly, he offered her. "No, no, child, keep your easy degree. Supper 'll be ready directly. She can do the rest. You 're starved, poor boy, I know you 're starved. I declare, Geordie Romilly, the blind would open their eyes to see you; but how you came here I can't get through my head!"

"There 'll never be a better chance than now to tell you," he answered, throwing himself down where he could bask in the firelight and lay his head occasionally in his mother's lap. "You see, Jouvency, when I ran up those ropes I 'd no idea of anything but sport. But after you had called at me in that tone to come down, I 'd have been hung at the yard-arm first. Then I saw you throw away your knife, and made up my mind it intended mischief; and as I knew I was no match for you, it seemed a better plan to stay where I was, and hinder your doing something you 'd be sorry for. Then I liked to defy you, — you were master, I was man; then, too, there is a streak of wickedness in me, though — "

"Though you never knew fear of anything in the flesh, Geordie."

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"I don't know," said Geordie, his eyes askance at Joey, "though perhaps it was a devilkin, after all. So I sat there, and looked down over the white steep of the sails, and saw you striding beneath, this way and that, keeping both watches at once, like a pendulum itself, steady and even. And as I looked, and saw you so sober and sad, I began to repent, and I wondered if I cared enough for any woman to let her serve us this turn; and I thought, sooner than have a breach between us, I'd be sawn in sunder; for you were a part of myself then, mate, though I doubt — "

"Don't you be gasing, old fellow," said Lucian, whittling intently.

"The wild deer sheds his horns, mate. You see," said Geordie, turning to the Doctor, "Jouvency has a drop of this wild liquor that bubbles and boils in my veins. He's different from all these clods. Strike him, and he shows sparks."

"And the foretop?" asked Lucian.

"Well; then I remembered the letter from Joey that had been knocked overboard that morning. I'd have liked to see her little marks. And at that I fouled again; for I knew well that it was no picture of Joey's, — as you thought it was, Jouvency, — but my own that she'd sent back to me; for I'd stolen hers and left mine behind with her. Then I took out the little case from where I always carried it, and there was Joey smiling at me, bright as if she had n't been shut up in the dark so long, with her pretty head on one side, and all her girlish air; and I kissed it, and put my fist through it, and pitched it after the other one. And the memory of long days with you, and evenings with Joey, and nuttings in the field together, all began to steal over me, and I was half sorry that ever I'd tried to cut across your hawse. Then at last I bethought me, brother, that there was my shadow lying at the bottom of the sea, and perhaps I could do no better than go after it. And I wondered how it would seem to be taking one's last look of sky and sea, and I lifted my eyes to view the deep dark heaven move over us, with its stars lying upon it like jewels; and I cast them abroad on the wide bloomy purple waters, singing softly to themselves, — just a breath of wind was blowing, but as I gazed it was rising to a breeze, the little waves were springing to catch it and feather their snow upon it, and far, far away a vapor or a sail took shape, — and suddenly the stars had gone, and the sky was a great rose, and the sun himself was floating up like a fiery spirit, and every wave beneath him was a kindled flame, and it was morning, with no mad riot of bird-singing as on shore, but everywhere a hush of murmuring waters that made one drowse. And all at once your voice rose in a volley, Jouvency, there was a lurch, just as you dashed the brine over Jacky Tar and his weight fell forward on the wheel, and with it I was flying through the air, grazing a shroud that broke my fall, and parting the waters, and plunging down, down — "

"Then I killed you, after all, Geordie!" cried Lucian.

"And this is my ghost."

"But why did n't you halloo?"

"O, I should have screamed!" said Joey.

"Perhaps I did. I don't know. Only you were making so much noise yourself, Jouvency, that I should n't have been heard. And then I was possessed of Satan. And if it struck your ear at all, you thought my splash no more than that of a leaping fish. When I rose, and shook the water from my eyes, and tried to strike out, the bark was far, far ahead, and I was at sea on my own account, with a broken arm for ballast. Then it smote me like a blow, the strange sail or vapor on the horizon. And I began to fear that it meant more than I had known, and that it was a spirit-sail bearing down upon me; and as all the deeds of their lives rush blindingly over drowning people, so I fancied that in recalling our pleasant past, as I swung in the foretop, I had begun

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beforehand. But that was only one wild moment; for I had always known I was never born to be drowned; it does n't run in our line," said Geordie, with a short laugh and a quick glance at his mother, — "a line that dances through this world and into the next, so fond of its dance that at last it dances on nothing; and remembering the fact, I gathered heart and contrived to keep afloat, — half an hour, I afterwards learned; all day, I should have said. The waters were warm and pleasant. I was only afraid of sharks, I meant to turn them my broken arm first; and at last giving one final look all round at the great blue, shining, heedless sky, I saw the strange sail like a mountain of snow on the weather, — it seemed a mountain to me, — and then came an agony! If I should sink, and that in sight! And in due course of time, just as all manner of strange faces and burning colors were crowding upon my eyes, — I 've seen them once again since then, Doctor, — I was picked up, and taken aboard of her. She was a man-of-war bound for the Pacific. I left her at Fiji — French leave — for a returning whaler, and we went ashore last night across the bay. That 's all you 'd care to hear," said Geordie.

"It 's nothing less than a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazard.

"It is a nightmare," sighed Mrs. Romilly.

"Is it strange to be here, Geordie, among us all, beside the fire, and with the storm just over?" asked Joey.

"And the Doctor here, — as if it were just the next night to one before I went away. Yes. But I 'm of the light, loose kind; out of sight, out of mind. And you 'll all be changed in a day or two. You 'll be a will-o'-the-wisp, leading one a dance over bog and brier no longer, Joey, but a little sober lantern for Lucian to carry in his hand."

"No," said the Doctor, as Joey's chin began to rise, "but a happy chirping chimney-cricket for us all."

"Anything you please," answered Geordie, "only changed. Then he 's gone through what will quench his fire for me, — I 've drifted off from Jouvency, I 've cast loose from you, Joey. I used to be in love with you," said Geordie, with his reckless freedom and disregard; "to-day your cheeks are too pale. Besides, if I loved any woman, I think I would n't marry her; I 'd thank the man that took her, though wanting to see him no more, — for I should break her heart."

"That is wicked nonsense, Geordie!" said Lucian.

"Yes," continued Geordie, "it seems now as if I 'd never been away; it seemed then as if I had never been here. I doubt would I have returned at all, but for you, little woman. I 'm a worthless dog; mother 's love is the only love that lasts with me. You took me early back into Christendom with you, I cut my teeth on your coral, — mother's milk diluted, it could never drown out the wild tang of my blood. And now the gadfly is on us, and I think we 'll leave these parts."

"O Geordie!" said Joey.

"I 'm only half-civilized, Joey. I can't cling to your customs. I was rocked in a cradle, yet there 's no bed to me like hemlock-boughs. Once I could be vexed at your Gypsy Geordies and little flings, — I don't know why it shamed me to trace my brown skin back to the old kings that wore the tint before me, — the old shepherd king of Egypt. We are wanderers on the face of the earth; and having bound her fate with ours, my mother has been long enough in one place to start again. And here comes the stew! Jove! if it were boiling on a crotch-stick over a fire filched from a fence, and to be eaten with a splinter for a fork!"

"For shame, Geordie!" said his mother; but he laughed back at her so roguishly that all the grave faces relaxed, and every one was puzzled to know how much truth there was in a word he said.

"Mother," said Lucian then, standing a moment opposite Mrs. Hazard, as we gathered round the cloth, "I am going

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to ask the Elder to come up here this evening. But I don't know as that need hinder our thanking God, now, that we sit all together at this table once more, heart-safe, hands clean, and honor bright." And with this model grace concluded, we took our seats. I had expected something of the kind before, and wondered at its omission, but my husband, to whom my unfortunate face is transparent, had privately hinted to me that, when the engine is suddenly reversed, things do not immediately find their equilibrium.

All the time that Geordie had been rambling on, Joey had sat quite turned away from Lucian, her eyes upon Geordie's, and her whole attention apparently surrendered to him; and directly after we were engaged at the table it was plain that the naughty hussy had been touched by his boast of freedom from her chain, and was determined to give him yet another taste of her power. It was a pretty game to watch; but one was saved from condemning the little witch's conduct as utterly reprehensible by remembering that she had yet by no means recovered from the fever of her late excitement; that she was still in the reaction of all her long-forced calmness, and was incapable of seeing things in their true light and magnitude. In fact, Joey, with her glistering glance, with the color fixed to damask in her cheek, with her breathless manner, was the least in the world beside herself, and consequently governed by her former habit; this trifling, twittering, sparkling Joey would to-morrow be the staid, quiet little housewife, the happiness of the hearth. While she coquetted with all her bewildering ways, Geordie, having decided after a few moments that Lucian was equal to the occasion, left off driving a half-dollar through his tumbler, — it must have been one of those the Doctor put in the pocket of his new clothes that morning, — and lent himself to her whim. And if, to reward him for the part he played, he was made subject to a bit of the old intoxication and pain, it was no more than he deserved. "Ah, Joey," whispered the Doctor at the other side, "if I were your lover — "

"Which one of them?" she quickly whispered back.

"Have you any right to more than one?"

Joey bit her lip, and salted her tea, and spilled the contents of the salt-spoon over the cloth. There was a general laugh among the rest of us as Mrs. Hazard scrambled to throw over her shoulder some that had fallen between herself and Geordie.

"You should n't talk to me so," murmured Joey, under shelter of the sound. "*He* don't care about me. I had to say before everybody that I *did!*" and the little red lip trembled too much to continue the coherency.

"I was only telling you what my treatment of your present indisposition would be, Dr. Joey," was the answer. "I should n't put you into a straight-jacket exactly, but you should speedily find yourselves in bonds!"

"Oh," said Joey, her imp uppermost again. "You think I need a bridle to tame me."

"Because you 've just missed the halter," was on the tip of the Doctor's tongue; but it was too wicked for him to say, so he kept it between his teeth.

Meanwhile Lucian, who had been hurt, indignant, and amazed, by the fireside, had now, perhaps, fully resolved upon his line of action, and was about to teach Joey a lesson for life. He had scarcely eaten anything himself, but sat there assisting every one else, alert and alive, with his great dark eyes fully lifted and letting out a dazzle; and if through honesty or fearlessness he had ever at any other time been of slower comprehension, which I doubted, to-night he seemed to feel everything through the very pores of his skin.

When we were rising, Lucian came round and asked the Doctor if he could walk with him for a short time; and the Doctor, giving Miss Joey the benefit of his face, which evidently meant mischief, proceeded to accompany him.

"You don't ask me, Jouvency?" said Geordie.

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"You and I must have many a walk," said Lucian, with a certain sweet complaisance. "But we 'll go out now, and have a look at our stars together till the Doctor is ready to join us." And as we could hear them pacing up and down the path, the Doctor made no motion to increase their number, but stood watching Joey where she sat on a low stool holding her chin in her hand, and absently humming,

"What does the firelight throw on the wall?
Nothing at all, — nothing at all, —
Only my shadow is dancing there,
All by itself to a phantom air,"

till Geordie, coming in, tossed down his hat and told him Jouvency waited. "He has his grand air to-night," said Geordie. "I can tell you what! when he stood there this morning, holding you, Mrs. Hazard, with his head up, and his eyes looking out beyond the whole kit of them, I expected nothing but he 'd declare he was as innocent when they meant to destroy him as now when they meant to acquit him, and refuse the benefit of clergy. Joey, you 'll have a husband in a thousand."

"How do you know I will?" asked Miss Joey, brushing up the hearth with vigor.

"He has just told me so."

"Self-praise goes no great ways," was the sententious reply.

"It is self-praise, I allow now," said the daring Geordie, "for a man to declare he is to be Joey's husband."

"I did n't mean that, you know," replied the sprite.

But Geordie had obtained a glimpse of his long tin whistle, that had hung in the branches of the fan-coral this year and more, and had caught it down, and sent his nimble half-dollar through it, as a duster apparently. "That will give it a silver ring," said he, and went to blowing out strange sad strains with a forgetfulness of all about him. For though it was possible for nobody less than a wizard to obtain the softness of wood from the base metal, Geordie had a gift at his tin pipe, and he charmed the rude ear with its shrill sweetness as no Lydian flute could have done. They were tranquillizing tunes that he played, — such melancholy melodies as he had heard the winds sing in the shrouds, as he had heard the leaves murmur in the forest, the sedges in the lakes. There was a subtile art in the long slow notes. They took the fancy away to other scenes, — a valley among high mountains, the gloom beneath a hill, the sea creaming along the shore at dawn, — they spread a magic through the air; and as she listened Joey grew more quiet, her nervous fingers lay idly in her lap, and her eyes gazed vaguely into the fire as if she could not see for the tears that filmed them. It was driftwood burning there, fragments of unknown wrecks, once copper-sheathed, long wave-washed, and impregnated with the salts of the sea that decomposed in a blaze of splendid color, in short, crisp tongues of sulphurous azure, and great green sheets that might have been the exhalation of some single emerald surge, and seemed not so much shifting flame as the very spirit of fire itself. One felt that the noise of tempestuous nights and tossing breakers roared up the chimney; it was a glare that should have illuminated long stretches of dark angry water; in the hissing and oozing, and crackling, and crepitation one fancied the confusion of creaking cordage and starting plank and hurried cry, and it seemed as if the ghost of all that departed sound were striving again for utterance. Yet, in spite of such association, there was an unavoidable sense of cheer about the dancing coruscations, in which all the sublimated quintessence of the sea was evoked by the touch of its mighty adverse element; and they dissipated the mournfulness of Geordie's music for us all, and for himself as well; and when he laid down his pipe Joey was gently chanting to herself the burden of an old hymn. Perhaps she was but half aware of her revery; but she sung out her thoughts to us in the sweet and solemn words, —

"'God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

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"'On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.'

Before she had finished, the Doctor came in, followed presently by Lucian.

"Cleared off cold," said the Doctor, rubbing his hands before the fire. "Brisk weather outside. Stars are bright enough to make the sky look as if it had been out all night in the frost." Then he came and sat down by me. "Well," said he, under pretence of winding up his watch, speaking with bated breath, "we did what we set out to do. Overcame some difficulties, — the town-clerk had his scruples, — looked for Lucian's handcuffs, — seemed," said the Doctor, for my ear alone, "actually to fear the social consequences of the Shakespearian theory of marrying a gallows and begetting young gibbets."

"Doctors are hard-hearted things!" I said.

"Right, my dear," he answered. "An organ in such constant requisition becomes like a housemaid's hand."

But Geordie's ear, always quick as the fox, was open.

"One man's meat and another man's poison?" suggested he to us, without turning his head.

"If 't were done when 't is done!" said I.

"Catch her first and tame her afterward," said the Doctor, still under his breath, and then looked inquiringly at Lucian, on whom Geordie's glance had for some time been bent.

Lucian stood by the fireside, and was gazing down at Joey, who kept her eyes persistently on the fire, till his voice commanded them. "Joey," said he, "there are none here but our dear friends, you know, and to one of them we owe, not only the blessing of being under one roof this evening, but life itself and all the happiness we have to hope. And so I think I may say to you before them all, that the Elder is coming up the hill, and if there is any reason why he should not give you to me at once, speak now, or else forever after hold your peace." And smiling down upon her, Lucian bent and raised her by the hand.

Joey lifted her eyes to Lucian's again in a brief flash, looked round upon all our faces in a sudden frightened way, then snatched her hand away, and turned and hid her face in his open palm. "O, I 'm not good enough!" gasped she.

"Perhaps the Elder 'll make you so," said Lucian, still retaining her. "I find you very good as Joey Hazard, but think myself you 'll be better as Joey Jouvency!"

"But, Lucian," said Mrs. Hazard, with a horror of Netherby Corner, "she 's never been engaged!"

"I don't approve of engagements, ma'am," said the Doctor, with no appeal.

"But marriage — "

"Is a looking-glass to catch larks," said Geordie.

"Well, for the matter of that," said Mrs. Hazard, pursuing her own thoughts, "they 've kept company this dozen years; and — and — if the Doctor thinks 't will do," concluded she in a tremble of real pleasure. "But in her gingham?"

The blushing Joey turned at the word, holding out her pink skirt with both hands.

"The gown of gowns for me," said Lucian.

"And not a speck of cake in the house!" resumed its mistress, "nor a drop of wine, — for I had n't the heart to make any. But let me tell you, Miss Joey, there 'll have to be an end here of all your airs and graces, for they don't set well on a married woman." But suddenly Geordie silenced her in welcoming the Elder as if he were himself a pillar of the church.

I don't know why it is, a wedding always makes me cry. I can compass heaven and earth to bring it about, but when it reaches the point I had as lief attend a funeral. Whether I think, when the bride goes rustling by in her shining veil and flowers, of the lamb decked out for the altar, or whether I am oppressed by the mystery of the

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great sacrament, it is all the same ; and unless some blessed distraction comes to my relief, — as once it did in the shape of my sea-green silk, every tear I dropped on which I knew would make a blue spot, — unless such counteracting commonplace preserves me, I am dissolved and lost. But there was nothing of the wedding about that evening's ceremony, — there was only Lucian standing there devout and tender, and Joey longing to hide herself. Besides, I was not so much concerned in Joey's future ; if she came across some pebbles in her path, I fancied they would do her no harm, and, for all her wiles just now, I did not believe that Lucian had reached the end of his troubles, and what feeling I had I reserved for him. But the Doctor was not of my opinion ; and I heard him at the conclusion of things playing the key-bugle with his handkerchief in a way to alarm one. Nevertheless, I had one person to agree with me, as Geordie's congratulatory remark told, "Ah, Joey," said he, "you don't need I should wish you joy. But as for Lucian ! — it 's my opinion, for all your blushes, that when one makes his bed on roses, he 's apt to be thorned to death ! "

Meanwhile the quiet Mrs. Romilly looked at Geordie as if she remembered another and a different kind of bridal, and, going to Joey, took from her own bosom a tiny amulet. "You shall always wear it, my dear," said she, "and as long as he lives he shall love you."

"And as long as I wear it, shall you ? " asked Joey, coquettish even to her kind.

"You will never know any more whether I love you or not," said the pale little creature with no identity of her own, "because Geordie is going away now, and I suppose we shall never return."

"Not so fast," said Geordie. "Some time or other we must end our days ; we 'll come back and do it here."

"My hearth will always be your hearth, Geordie," said Lucian. And then the Elder pulled out the big Bible which Mrs. Hazard had perhaps always regarded too reverentially to make free with, and hushed us with the touching texts and promises he found, as one by one he turned over the leaves ; and kneeling down, at last, he melted all our hearts into one with the prayer that he offered for those whose lives were united to all eternity, for him who had been given back in innocence and honor, and for him whom the sea had surrendered. And after he had ceased, the wide wings of a solemn thankfulness brooded over the still and happy house.

The years have slipped away since then, a half-score of them.

Joey Hazard, or Joey Jorbones, as the Netherby dialect renders her stately name, wears her matronly roses with pretty dignity, nor did it take another voyage of Lucian's over-seas to make the ground good beneath her feet. Perhaps Lucian remembers a promise that once he gave the Doctor upon a certain night, but at any rate I fancy he has no occasion for any paroxysms now-a-days ; and I never agreed with the lawyers *then*, — for if the paroxysms evinced a violent temper, they evinced, in my opinion, an equal control of it, and were certainly not so much due to irascibility as to violent emotion, — and now he lives quietly at home, and watches another Joey open her roses under his eyes. But Geordie returns no more. Whether he has taken him to his wilds, or rests in foreign ports, or lies at last somewhere deep down between the still currents, rocked softly in his sleep far beneath all the restless tides that shift and roll above, no rumor comes to tell us. But still I fancy that Lucian looks for him ; and whenever a minute-gun sounds between the Tusks and the shore he is the first on the beach, the first to man the life-boat, the first to swim out with the life-line ; and on no stormy night is the curtain dropped in the window of the cottage on the hill, lest some wayfarer should miss the cordial welcome of his glowing hearth.

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CRETAN DAYS.

III.

KISAMOS. — POLYRRHENIA.

WHOEVER rides out by the western gate of Canea will have occasion to remember (if he should know it) the way in which Sir Launfal was taken aback, in Lowell's poem, when, coming out of his castle gate on just such a morning as all summer mornings are in Crete,

> "The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
> And midway its leap his heart stood still
> Like a frozen waterfall";

for not only one leper, but a score of lepers beset the roadside, some in the dust and some in the doors of the village they have built themselves just outside the walls. Like him above mentioned,

> "Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sat,"

they thrust out their mutilated hands as proof that they are lepers, and therefore entitled to alms, meantime moaning inarticulately, — some with voices reduced to a whisper which scarcely retains a human tone, — while, a living denial of the leprosy's contagion, there stands in one of the doorways a woman quite free from it, pointing you, as you pass, to the bed inside where her husband lies, too far gone to do duty outside. Perhaps twenty houses form the village, containing a community between which and the rest of the world there is no tie but almsgiving.

Yet, here the lepers marry and are given in marriage, and breed leprous children to succeed to their places and perpetuate their lucrative loathsomeness. I have seen groups of lepers at nightfall counting out and dividing the alms of the day, before going home, and exhibiting a total much beyond the average wages of laboring men. Modern medical science has entirely disproved the notion of the infectiousness of leprosy, but it will be many generations ere a sound Oriental will give his hand to his leprous relative, or willingly touch anything that is his, though the sum of the lepers' alms flows back into circulation without *pratique*. Money, I notice, is never infected.

Emerging from the leper suburb you come on a Turkish cemetery, in which nothing appears remarkable except two domed tombs, where, on certain days, you will see the families of the buried Turks, or the worshippers of the defunct saints, — whichever it be that lies there, — in the performance of their religious exercises, of the nature of which I confess the profoundest ignorance. I only know that I once raised a storm of indignation and unmistakable expletives by trying to see the inside of the dome during a ceremony, and beat a retreat which I should have been ashamed to execute before a scimitar-bearing Turk.

Shortly after passing the cemetery we cross the Kladiso, the torrent which runs through the ravine of Theriso, and there find our road fork, one path leading to Platania along the shore, and the other to Alikianu. The former is the high road to Kisamos; the latter to Omalo, *via* Laki. We took the seashore, a fresh north-wind rolling the surf up to our horses' feet, and filling the air with salt sea odors. At intervals we met parties of villagers coming into Canea with their little donkey loads of fruits or vegetables, or a few fowls, not enough to pay the day's wages in any developing country. This is the way communication is carried on through the island. The wretchedness of the roads makes it impossible to use even horses profitably, and the benighted restrictions on coastwise transport prevent the Cretans from making use of the sea

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as their highway. So it happens that the oil of Selinos is worth only half the market price where it is sold, and the magnificent chestnuts of the same province come to Canea, *via* Syra, whither they have been smuggled.

The rolling hills which lie inland on our way are mainly covered with olive-trees, and a pretty village, Hagia Marina, looks out from the green. The hills rise higher and higher, and finally we reach Platania, perched on the last and highest of them, before coming into the valley of the river Platanos. Passing the town, we turned up by the river, a clear sparkling stream that suggested fly-rods and a day's wading; but people told us that there were no fish to be found in it. It flows through a passage evidently cut by its own current, with bold and unexpected approaches of the hills, and a bottom-land plentifully interspersed with large plane-trees; and our path wound between the fields and along the river-banks without much regard to the extent of ground appropriated.

We selected a spot in the centre of a grove of plane-trees to lunch in, and spread the tablecloth on the dried and parched herbs which held the place of turf. We saw around us the famed vines of Platania, climbing and bearing their crop in the tree-tops, — huge clusters, not yet fully ripe, though grapes had long been in market. There were none of those mammoth vines of which Pashley speaks, — as large as a man's body; but the Cretans of the party said that his story was not exaggerated; that during the prevalence of the grape disease their crop was all destroyed and the vines were cut up, leaving in consequence only the youngest and most vigorous. One of Miss T——'s Arabs, with an excited recollection of dates and palms perhaps, climbed one of the trees and brought us a cluster which weighed three or four pounds, but which was pronounced by the natives small; some declaring that, before the disease made its appearance, the clusters often weighed from twelve to sixteen pounds; and I have since seen clusters that weighed above eight pounds.

The apparition of Europeans in the glades of Platania soon brought a crowd of admiring natives, who formed a respectful circle, and in silence watched the animals feed. Not one approached, not a word was spoken; but sitting cross-legged on the ground they gazed with a mute admiration which would have stamped them philosophers in the days when their ancestors attended the course of academe lectures. A grave and gray-haired priest presently joined the gazers, and, approaching us, bade us welcome, and invited us to his house in the village. We reciprocated by asking him to partake the lunch, to which some timely figs were added at a hint from the *patéras* to one of the youngsters. We asked, seeing all in holiday attire, what *fête* was that day, and were told that, one of the more prominent young men of the village having been married that morning, they were celebrating the wedding. And in effect we heard the occasional banging of fire-arms which accompanies all high festivities in Crete, — especially in those parts where the race of Sphakia mingles with the lowland races, as in this province.

We accepted an invitation to participate in the demonstrations, and adjourned to the village *en masse*, the crowd preceding and following. A dance was going on in the house of the bride, which we were told was the Sphakiote supposed to be derived from the Pyrrhic of other days. A long line of "youths and maidens," hand in hand, filed round and round the room, the head of the line, always a male, doing all the dancing, and yielding his place to another when fatigued. His tie with the next in file, a lady, was a handkerchief, round which and under which he stepped, gyrated, and stamped, striking his long Cretan boots together, dropping on one knee and then on the other, and going through a series of gymnastic exercises which can hardly be described intelligibly. They were

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all performed to the time of a plaintive song, in which the non-dancing sex took the leading parts, — a sad, monotonous ditty, of which the burden was the exploits of an unhappy lover. Dropping suddenly on one knee and rising again so quickly as not to lose the time seemed to be the principal feat. The passive assistants filled the space around, barely giving the file its moving-room; and a bearer of refreshments from time to time squeezed his way between the two divisions of society. The room *was n't* a dancing-hall and *was* very crowded, and soon became very hot, our presence operating as stimulus both to the dancers and the outsiders. Those who had not cared to see the dance pushed in to see the spectators; and after two or three changes of the dancers we departed, taking away the chief interest of the scene, and breaking up the dance for the time. We went to the priest's house by special and urgent invitation, and took some refreshment, — this being a ceremony no visitor must refuse to go through; received curiosity calls from some of the personages of the place, tried our little Greek with the family, — of which the eldest daughter was really very pretty and Greek-like, not to say classic, — and as the sun was growing less oppressive in the west bade the festive Platania adieu. I, with my guide and dragoman, continued my journey westward, and the rest went back to Canea.

We forded the Platanos (even now a rapid, and for a pedestrian a dangerous stream to cross, and in winter quite impassable) near a ruined bridge of the Venetian days. A flood had carried away its central pier, and so far no repairs had been made, its fragments lying as they had fallen. We had hoped to sleep at Gonia, — a convent by the seaside, just where the shore turns off toward Cape Spada, — but the time lost at Platania made us too late. After night began to fall we drew up at a little place by the wayside, half hostelry, half shop, where the path turns off to Kondomari, a village so buried in olive-orchards as not to be visible from the road, and asked for shelter. They had quarters for the horses, they said, but none good enough for us; so, leaving the quadrupeds to the care of one of the two landlords, — a Mahometan, by the way, — we went with the Christian associate to his house in the village. A zigzag path took us up hill, and amongst the olive-trees. In the waning twilight we saw many houses in ruins, left so since 1830, then one or two houses inhabited, and a crooked narrow lane, at one turn of which a shout from our guide brought a light to the door of a cottage. Like all the other cottages of Cretan peasants who are at all well to do, it had two rooms on the ground, — one to cook and eat in, and one used as a store-house and stable; while above were a guest-chamber and a — parlor, I am obliged to call it, but the name is misapplied. It served to receive visitors in, however, and had two divans, on which, after a supper of fried eggs and bread, with good wine of the country, my guide and dragoman went to sleep, while my host ushered me into the chamber, where a clean, well-made bed, with mosquito-nets, surprised me into a sound and long night's rest. It was only in the morning that I noticed that I had occupied the only bed in the house, and that my host and hostess had spread their mattress on the table.

These villages differ little; the ordinary houses have only two rooms, and in general the inhabitants are but little removed from daily want. The olive, which is their principal support, is a precarious crop; and if from the superabundance of one year they accumulate a little, another year with a deficient crop absorbs it all. They are almost universally obliged to borrow from the usurers for their summer's subsistence, paying with oil, when it comes in, the loan with interest at twelve to twenty per cent for six months, with the additional burden of a contract to sell the oil in preference to the money-lender at some five piasters the

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mistach below the market price, which usually increases the interest to twenty-five or thirty per cent. Of course, under the circumstances, and weighed down as they are with taxes, they remain poor. Yet they are always cheerful and respectable in their appearance, and *very* rarely ask alms. My hosts of Kondomari would not accept any compensation whatever for their hospitality; but, as the partner in the stable business was a "Turk," I was permitted to pay ten piasters for the horses (one hundred and twelve piasters make a pound sterling), which, I may add, was all I ever succeeded in paying for entertainment during my summer's wandering.

The early morning, delightful always and everywhere, is especially so in this rainless country, where only heavy dews water the country from spring to late autumn. The nights are seldom very warm; when the sirocco blows I have found the house-top more comfortable than the chamber; but at other times the night and morning are refreshing, and the long rides through the olive-orchards which cover all the northern plains of Crete are such as leave the pleasantest recollections of travel. We breakfasted at Gonia, where the monks made us doubly welcome, it being long since they had had a visitor from the outside world, and my nationality exciting anticipations of sympathy with the patriotic aspirations for which the monks of Gonia are always obnoxious to the Turkish government. The convent, a building not remarkable for antiquity or beauty, stands low on the hillside looking eastward; a buttressed platform giving room for the building, while above and below is a steep slope of rugged rock, at whose foot the sea dashes. In all the later insurrectionary movements Gonia has had the reputation of being the head-quarters of the conspirators and the store-house of their munitions.

As we neared the convent we met a Cretan, who, without invitation or question, turned his horse's head to accompany us. He entered the convent with us, and attached himself to me with such persistence that I supposed him to be in the service of the convent. He entered the room where the table was spread, and took his place in front of me, standing, where he remained until a slight commotion outside called him out, when the Hegoumenos told me that he was a spy quartered on them by the Governor-General, and whom they dared not take any steps against openly, though it was said that he had been several times in his late goings to and fro caught by unknown persons, and dreadfully beaten. His own family, even his wife and children, refused to speak to him; and, stigmatized as the "Pasha's man," he was an outcast from the whole Christian community. I took the responsibility of ordering the door to be shut in his face; and when we left, of telling him to mind his own business, instead of accompanying me as he intended.

From Gonia I desired to visit Dictynnæon, near the point of Cape Spada; but the almost impassable nature of the roads (little else than goat-paths, in fact) determined me to make this the object of a sea excursion. Passing by Hagia Irene, where exist some ancient walls, probably the remains of Achaia, we crossed the ridge of the peninsula and descended into a little secluded valley, with a village so charmingly buried in its dense olive-orchards that I wondered why the monks had not established a convent there. We skirted the valley, and, mounting the ridge beyond, obtained a superb view of the plain of Kisamos, like that of Canea a wide expanse of olive-orchards, with white villages in glimpses here and there. In the far distance was Kisamo-Castelli, and beyond the peninsula of Grabusa, emulating Spada in its reach toward the kindred Grecian lands. At the south rugged, abrupt hills, cloven by torrents, admitted the Typhlos, on whose mouth at the right is Nopia, anciently Methymna, lying under the slopes of Cape Spada. No ancient remains invited examination, except what seemed to be a Roman tomb, and this had lost its

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casing stone-work, and was little more than a shapeless ruin.*

We reached Kisamos at about four, P. M., and sought the *mudir* (governor of a canton), for whom I had a note from the Governor-General, ostensibly inviting his attention to my wants, but really, I presume, warning him to look out for my intrigues. What I wanted of him was very little, — to find me a night's lodging with some person whose loyalty was so undoubted that I should not afterwards be accused of hatching conspiracies, and a sight at two statues recently dug up near the town. The first I obtained from the captain of the town, always a tool of the government, and in this case the most well-to-do citizen apparently of Kisamos. The mudir, an old soldier, with frank, soldierly ways and a jolly rotund *physique*, inspiring confidence at first sight, received me smoking his nargile in the street before the public *café*, and invited me to partake the hubble-bubbling pastime, while he called up the neighboring shoemaker, who served him as dragoman and secretary, to read the letter and translate. We smoked our pipes while the crowd gathered around, on hearing that a consul had arrived. They looked at me, and looked for my retinue, and, consulting each other in whispers, finally came to the conclusion that there was some humbug in the matter, as it was impossible that a person of so much importance as a consul should travel without pipe-bearers and guards at least as many as a mudir. I don't think that over half a dozen of the people really believed in me. Nevertheless, they all went to help me see the statues, which we found noteworthy. One, the torso of a Roman emperor, with part of a leg and an arm, was in the ornate Roman style, heavy, *pose plastique*, and tasteless in its *ensemble*, but elaborate in ornamentation, the breastplate bearing an armed Minerva, standing on the she-wolf, with the Roman twins, and being crowned by two winged Victories. The wolf was supported by a leaf bracket, under which was a border of scroll-work, with two eagles and sundry fantastic heads. The other was a Greek statue, a Minerva, broken in several pieces, but lacking only the right arm, and when set up showing its intention perfectly, as the right arm had evidently been pendent. The left, carried across the breast, held a nest from which a serpent uncoiled itself. It was of a late and conventional style, characteristically Greek, and in Parian marble, but much corroded. They were both shown in the London "Illustrated News" last year. I was entertained in great state that night, the captain wishing to be well reported to the Pasha, who was *popularly* supposed to be my particular friend; but I did not sleep as I had at Kondomari, for the mosquitoes. In the morning we strolled about the place, and went into the earthwork, — a diminutive fortification compared to those of Canea and Candia, and incapable of resisting a battery of field guns. It was taken by investment in the war of Greek independence, after nearly the whole garrison had died from plague. The ruins of the ancient city are in the plain south of the town, — fragments of Roman brick-work, the foundation walls of what seemed to me to be a theatre, uncovered by the recent excavation; a few columns scattered here and there in the city and around it, and some fragments of sculpture, set in the garden walls; one of these, a Diana, had been a noble work, but was now a mere fragment. The remains, few as they were, indicated a wealthy city, and I anticipate that, if ever excavations are made, some fine works will be brought

* Of this Pashley says: "I may add, that, at the southeast corner of Hagios Georgios, is a fragment of circular walling. I learn from Antonios that the Greeks dug here during the Revolution, and found a woman and a child of marble, which they sent to Anapli. There were twenty-five of them who excavated, and they afterwards received nine dollars apiece, the amount of each man's share of the sum obtained for the statues. A Melian (of Milos) of the name of Joannes, called, from his profession of dealer in antiquities, Antika Yannis, also came and dug here afterwards. I am told marvellous stories about the supernatural appearance of a negro, who, when the excavators had discovered a certain entrance, was seen to stand with a drawn sword, forbidding them to proceed with their work, and who, in fact, deterred them from doing so."

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to light. The basin of the ancient port still remains, though by the recession of the sea it is now useless.

Before the heat of the day set in, we started to visit Polyrrhenia, whose ruins crown one of the hills south of Kissamos. The road is excessively bad and abrupt, and after half an hour's ascent, coming to a place more than usually steep, my horse refused it, rearing. The girths having been loosely buckled, saddle and girth slipped over the horse's tail, and horse and rider rolled together in the narrow rocky torrent-bed. The horse was quickest in getting to his feet, and walked deliberately over me, planting one foot on my thigh and another on my chest, my head, by an instinctive movement, dodging the third step, when, after walking a few steps farther, the vicious wretch stopped and launched two or three kicks in the direction of my head. At least so said my guide, who stood paralyzed with fear while the manœuvre was performed, and scarcely spoke or moved until he saw me gathering myself up from among the stones. He never thought to see me stand again, he said. Rubbing and striking out a little, I found no serious damage done, though sundry bruises prophesied a sore morrow. So, to prevent stiffness, and a repetition of the feat, I walked up to the ruins. (On getting back to Canea I found I had one rib broken; and I here profit by the incident to inform the reader that Cretan horses are all vicious, and Cretan roads all bad; so, if he visits the island, he had better use a mule, or, better still, an ass, or, best of all, go afoot, having a mule to carry his baggage.) The road leads over a ridge of a kind of sandstone, easily excavated, and we found here and there traces of tombs; one especially was remarkable, with the appearance of having been cleft in two by an earthquake, the road passing between the parts. Descending into a valley, we commence the ascent of the hill on which Polyrrhenia stood. A difficult and precipitous road leads up a mile or so, to a fountain issuing from an excavated cistern, fed by an aqueduct which is cut in the rock. The duct is large enough for a man slightly stooping to walk in, and some peasants watering their sheep there told us we might walk in it for an hour, and emerge on the other side of the hill near the top. The play did n't seem worth the candles we should burn, and we were not provided with any, moreover, so I did n't test the truth of the assertion. In front of the cave is a sort of tower of Roman construction, but containing fragments of marble exquisitely carved with architectural ornaments, evidently parts of an earlier building. The water of the fountain ran through it, and in a stream, from the fort. It was apparently a monument built to serve at once as a fountain, and commemorate the piercing of the duct. We left the horses at a little village, a short distance farther on, and went by a footpath up the rocks to the summit. The village itself showed tombs economized as houses and stables, and it had evidently been the site of a necropolis. The old city was built on a breezy height, overlooking all the province of Kisamos and most of Canea, the Akroteri being in easy view. The remains are very interesting. There are cisterns which still hold water, and walls Hellenic and Roman, with some towers of Saracenic construction. I copied some inscriptions of Greek and Roman times; but Spratt has recorded them so carefully that I need not give them here. It was impossible, in visiting the site, and seeing the remains, not to recognize a kindred spirit to that which built the Pelasgic cities of Central Italy. The same conditions of inaccessibility and security, the same relations of the hill chosen to the near and allied peaks that may be seen in most of the ancient cities of the Romagna, and especially Prænestе, which in position it much resembles, except that the city was limited to the summit, — as, indeed, appears to have been the case with the early Prænestе, though not with the city of Roman date.

How much the choice of the sites of these old cities depended on æsthetics,

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and how much on strategics we, of course, have no means of knowing; but I am persuaded, by examination of many sites, that the love of a breezy outlook and a command of horizon had as much to do with it as purely defensive considerations; and getting on the leeward side of a bit of Middle-Age parasitic structure, while the sun dried my clothes, damp with perspiration, I had ample leisure to approve the taste of those Achæans and Laconians who came here and collocated the Polyrrhenian villagers within the walls they had learned the art of building, and established a great state (among those of Crete), dividing with Cydonia the western part of the island. The remains indicate a city of magnificence, even under the Roman emperors; and we know that it was a place of peculiar sanctity, since Agamemnon, visiting the island, during his exile, came here to sacrifice.

There were two dependencies of Polyrrhenia whose rival claims to the first visit I had weighed before leaving Castelli, — Kutri, the ancient Phalasama, and Rocca, anciently Rhokka; but I had been deterred from the former by the accounts of the road thither, and had concluded to take it by sea at the same time with Dictynnæon and Grabusa, the road to which latter place from Castelli was described as impassable for beasts of burden. My way from Polyrrhenia to Rocca was clear, though rough, and I could see the site from where I sat; but the effects of my fall began to be felt, and a pain about the footprint the horse had left on my chest suggested getting near a physician, in case anything should be out of order. I excused myself to myself then, and reluctantly deferred even Rocca and its ancient temple to another trip.

Returning, we took the road down the opposite side of the mountain from that which we had ascended, — a way exceedingly circuitous, but through one of the most picturesque of ravines, overhung by bold ledges, under which a mountain brook sparkled and bounded. I looked carefully for signs of fish, but saw none, and indeed have never found in any fresh-water stream of Crete any other than eels. The view of Polyrrhenia from the plain just after emerging from this ravine (of the river of Kamara) is of great beauty as a landscape, and shows to advantage the surpassing strength of the position of the ancient city.

The sun was getting low when we struck the open plain, and there was not time to reach Gonia; so, as my guide had a relative living at Drepania, (a village half-way there,) we turned our horses' heads toward that place. We were fortunate in arriving a little before dark, for the guide did n't know exactly where his relative lived. After stumbling through the most wretched of lanes, leading our horses part of the time, we found him on the outskirts of the village, in a ruined Venetian house, of which only two rooms were inhabited, — one by the horses, etc., the other by his family of wife and five or six children. One half the family-room was chamber and the other half kitchen. Blank dismay seized me at the thought of a night to be passed in such circumstances; but the poor man was so much honored by the choice, and held so strongly to my taking his bed, that I hardly knew how to refuse it. Luckily, in our search for his house, we had fallen on the guardian of the quarantine at Kisamos, who resided in Drepania, and who had been inconsolable that I had not passed the previous night at his house: he was the only person in the district who could speak English, and was very loath to lose an opportunity to exercise it. He had followed us, and, finding the strait I was in, renewed his invitation with an energy equal to his rival's; and so I compromised the question by leaving the beasts at the Venetian villa and taking to the sanitary bachelor's abode for my own repose and that of my companion.

My host gave me a number of terra-cotta images, — which he had taken himself from the necropolis of what is now known as Selino-Castelli, on the

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south shore, — and a lamp curiously modelled in the form of a human foot.

Our next day's ride was by a road slightly divergent from that by which we had come. At Platania we struck the sea-shore, reaching Canea just before closing of the gates. I found general gossip engaged with my fall, which had already been reported with all the additions of an imaginative people. Two persons, who accompanied us from Castelli to Polyrrhenia, had reported it on their return, and a horseman, who, I think, must have gone post on purpose, had carried the news to Canea. Subsequent gossip elicited two facts, — that the horse I rode had a reputation as dangerous, and that the Pasha, who was violently opposed to any foreigners going into the interior, had anticipated an accident to me, the horse's owner being a dependant of his. I requited this wretch by making him wait a few weeks for his pay for the horse, and gave him to understand that if he ever gave me such another, I should shoot the beast on the first misbehavior, — a way of treating the case he perfectly comprehended, being in the spirit of Cretan institutions.

THE SEQUEL TO AN OLD ENGLISH STATE TRIAL.

WE propose to write that which has heretofore remained unwritten, — the true history of the Earl of Cardigan's duel with Captain Harvey Garnett Phipps Tackett, and its sequel as embraced in the career, in this country, of Captain Tackett and the lady who was primarily the cause of the duel. In this recital there will be found all the elements of a sensational romance, but they are due entirely to the facts of this remarkable case, and in no manner or degree to the imagination of the writer.

March of 1854 came in, as old crones about country firesides said, like a lion; full of howling, blustering winds, on which were borne, from early dawn to dawn again, great falls of snow and sleet, that piled themselves ankle-deep on street and pavement. That first day of March, 1854, was as uncomfortable a day for pedestrians as the imagination could well conceive; yet the day following outrivalled it altogether, for, late in the afternoon, a slow, dogged rain-storm set in, so that when the lamps were lighted all out of doors was as a great lake of unclean, chilling slush, and those who had a few days before considered themselves fortunate in securing seats at the old Chestnut Street Theatre for this night's performance, looked grimly into the puddled streets thinking of their penetrating damp and cold.

Yet when the curtain rose, a few hours later, upon the fine old comedy of "Speed the Plough," Miss Lizzie Weston, turned to Dolly Davenport with the query, "Is all the town here?" The question was a natural one, for, except in the matter of great artists, those were not the palmy days of the old Chestnut; "a beggarly account of empty boxes" was the rule then; but this night there was meaning in the phrase, "crowded from pit to dome"; the house was literally crowded with the culture, fashion, and wealth of the Quaker City. They had come there through the inclement night, not that they were especially interested in the play, but that they might do honor to the memory of a grand old gentleman, scholar, and soldier, Captain Harvey G. P. Tuckett, lately dead. He had died in abject poverty, on what were to him alien shores; but to his name there

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had clung a halo of great deeds done under burning India suns on battle days; and there was vaguely whispered about him a legend of moral heroism,—of a noble service done later in the sacred name of woman. This Thursday night had been set apart at the theatre for the benefit of his widow, whose first appearance on any stage was widely announced by newspapers and dead walls. She played Margery in "The Rough Diamond," and played it so remarkably well that she astonished, not only her friends, but even the artists of the theatre. When Mr. Jefferson, who played Cousin Joe, led her off the stage, after the fall of the curtain, he said: "Accept my congratulations, madam; no *débutante* ever played so well before, — nor ever will again," he added impressively. Whereupon the widow looked into his face with her great frank eyes, and smilingly thanked him. But while her eyes rested on the artist's face, they were asking a question of it, — this one: "How much do you know, and how much do you guess?"

But of all the thousands who crowded the theatre that evening, — and they were mostly admirers, friends, or acquaintances of her late husband, — few knew that that *petite*, vivacious, black-eyed lady, whose bare shoulders gleamed white as ivory, whose bright, piquant face, merry laughter, and cheery voice charmed to infatuation her audience, had once been the chief promoter of, and actor in, what came near being a tragedy jeoparding the lives of four gentlemen of England, and passing into the records of the law as one of the most remarkable cases in the English state trials.

On Tuesday, February 16, 1841, the present and seventh Earl of Cardigan, James Thomas Brudenell, representing an honorable English family, elevated to the peerage on the 29th day of June, 1611, was tried by his peers at the bar of the House of Lords for an assault, with intent to murder, alleged to have been committed by him in fighting a duel with Mr. H. G. P. Tuckett.

The Earl had commanded the Eleventh Regiment of Hussars when serving in India, a year or two previous, and among his captains was Harvey Tuckett, a cadet, of an ancient and honorable family. Captain Tuckett was accompanied by his wife, a young English lady of exceeding prettiness, great charm of manner, and possessing very brilliant accomplishments and a shrewd wit. The families of the regiment, exiled from the charmed society of Belgravia, yet fitted by birth and education to be of it, grew clannish in the atmosphere of India, and were bound together by ties of sympathy and taste unknown in even the more favored circles of home. The colonel of the regiment, an English peer, possessing in a remarkable degree bravery, culture, and wealth, was regarded by the families of his subordinates as something more than a welcome guest, — as one who conferred distinguished honor by his presence. The most beautiful and brilliant woman of that little society in India was Mrs. Margaret Tuckett, and upon her the Colonel bestowed his particular favor and countenance. The warm friendship that sprang up between them was not only permitted, but encouraged, by the chivalric old Captain, who, impressed with the belief that his young wife might have sympathies in common with the Earl outside of his own maturer life and thought, looked gratefully on the Colonel's attentions to her, and heartily welcomed him to his home.

So the intimacy continued, and ripened, as such intimacies do, until — well — It was the old story which we have all heard and read so often. One day the Captain found upon the floor of his wife's chamber a little note bearing the name and arms of Cardigan. He read it, — read of proposals touching nearly his honor; and the old man's wrath was high as he carried it to his brilliant young wife with savage threats and questionings: Where were the others?

There were no others, — upon her

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soul, there were no others; that one was the first and last, only withheld from him lest his anger against so powerful an enemy as the Earl should destroy him.

And he, poor chivalric dolt! superb in his gentle faith, blind in his honest old heart, and as easy to be fooled as the Moor, believed her.

Then came the challenge to the Earl, and his sneering reply, "Do you think I would condescend to fight with one of my own officers?"

Upon that the plucky old man, whose life had been spent in the service, who had won preferment upon a dozen hard-fought fields, who had hoped that some day in the future he would terminate his honorable record in battle, gave up the hope then and there,—gave up, too, all his chances of promotion,—and, intent only upon vindicating his honor, threw up his commission, resigned the position the emoluments of which were necessary for his support in his declining years, and sundered the associations of half a century to remove the Earl's excuse, and oblige him to an encounter. This done, he again challenged him. But the Earl, still finding a pretext for his refusal, again declined to fight.

Yet who, remembering that it was Cardigan who led that desperate charge of the "gallant six hundred," of whom Tennyson has sung, into and out of "the jaws of death" and "the mouth of hell" at Balaklava, will doubt his courage? Maybe some nobler heroism than he has ever shown on any field he showed that day, when he refused to fight with the old man to whose young wife he had written that little note bearing the name of Cardigan.

Shortly after the second challenge had been declined the Eleventh Hussars were ordered to England, where they arrived in due time, and were stationed at Brighton. Immediately following the regiment came Tuckett, pursuing his enemy like fate, and determined to find in England the satisfaction denied him in India. The opportunity of forcing a meeting upon Cardigan soon presented itself, when in turn the Earl became the challenger.

In the year 1840 his Royal Highness Prince Albert was commissioned as Colonel of Cardigan's old regiment, the Eleventh Hussars, the Earl ranking as Lieutenant-Colonel. In his new position it became his object to elevate its conduct and character so that it might gracefully and without reproach wear the honorable title it had won,—that of "Prince Albert's Own." While stationed at Brighton, where the Earl was busily intent upon carrying out his ideas of discipline, he occasioned great dissatisfaction among his officers by the severity of his measures. The spirit of opposition became so strong, that finally reference was made to the War Office by his subordinate officers. The result was that the troubles of the regiment became matter for newspaper discussion, and among the journals most severe on the conduct of the Earl was the Morning Chronicle, in which paper were published a series of letters over the signature of "An Old Soldier." They were characterized by great bitterness and personal ill-feeling against the Earl, who upon inquiry learning that their author was Captain Tuckett, immediately sent him a challenge by his friend Captain Douglass.

On the afternoon of the 12th of September, 1840, the meeting with his adversary so long sought for by the old soldier took place.

About five o'clock, P. M., from opposite directions two carriages approached that part of Wimbledon Common lying between Lord Spencer's Park and a windmill owned by a Mr. Dann, who added to his business of a miller that of constable. Having arrived at the spot selected, the seconds made the usual preparations, and the principals were stationed at a distance of twelve yards. Both the Captain and the Earl fired simultaneously without effect, when some efforts were made by the seconds to induce a reconciliation; but the old soldier was in terrible earnest, and meant mischief. He had sacrificed

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position, money, and preferment, only that he might stand as he then did, facing his enemy's pistol, and covering him with his own. He had waited, too, a long while for this opportunity, — had dragged his old bones all the way from India to bring it about; and while he waited and struggled for it his heart was wearing itself out in despair lest the meeting should never take place. Perhaps the Earl cared no more to stop their deadly play than did the Captain; so it again went on. They each received another pistol; and it was afterwards remarked among the club men, in terms not complimentary to the noble Earl, that he had on both occasions used *rifled* pistols, while the Captain's were only the usual smooth-bore. They again fired, when Tuckett fell, having been shot in the hip, — and he carried with him to the day of his death an ugly wound and limp. Sir James Anderson, who accompanied the party as surgeon, went up immediately to the Captain; and, although he bled very freely, his wound was pronounced not necessarily fatal. At this point Mr. Dann the miller, with fine discrimination, — the sport, which he did not wish to disturb, being over, — stepped up and arrested the whole party, and carried them before the magistrate at Wandsworth, by whom they were bound over to appear at the following Sessions to be held at the Central Criminal Court.

A prosecution was begun, and bills of indictment were laid before the Grand Jury against Captain Tuckett and his second, Captain Wainewright, and also against the Earl and his second, Captain Douglass. The charge was assault with intent to murder; the penalty, if guilty, death.

The limitation of jurisdiction of the judges of Old Bailey prevented them from trying the Earl, whose offence he was entitled by his rank to have inquired of and passed upon only by his peers. Under these circumstances the court determined not to try the others until the guilt or innocence of the Earl had been established.

Parliament did not assemble until the 16th of January, 1841; and as soon thereafter as the forms of the House of Lords would permit the bill of indictment against the Earl was removed by a writ of *certiorari* from the lower court, that their Lordships might determine upon the matter.

The fact that the trial would not, as had been the ancient custom, take place in Westminster Hall, had become known to the public; and also that the Painted Chamber which had been used for Parliamentary purposes by the peers since the destruction of the old House by fire, was being prepared for the imposing spectacle. For a period of sixty-four years no peer of England had thus claimed this peculiar privilege of his order, and the importance of the ceremonial affected alike all classes of the English public.

The eager desire evinced among the peeresses and others of the aristocracy to witness the trial rendered it necessary that great alterations should be made to secure their accommodation. But, notwithstanding the marvellous ingenuity manifested by the architect having the alterations in charge, he was unable to meet the requirements of the occasion.

The faithful chronicler of the spectacle, who is as minute in his descriptions and as fond of rank and glitter as old Pepys, says: "The benches, galleries, and floor were covered with crimson cloth, and the walls themselves with paper in which that color was predominant; and the effect was to make the gorgeous robes of the peers and the splendid dresses of the peeresses stand out in dazzling relief." And if the old Captain was there, — and doubtless he was, for his family were of the aristocracy too, — what scorn must have flashed out from under his shaggy white brows as he looked down from his seat in the gallery upon all this display, — upon "the gorgeous robes of the peers and the splendid dresses of the peeresses," knowing that the spectacle served but to make an English holiday for her Majesty's nobility,

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that the solemnity was a shallow lie, that the enacted forms of law were but a sham and mockery of justice.

Let us borrow more words of our chronicler, and read, with a smile we would fain repress as we think how strangely solemn a matter the issue of this trial would be to the grim old soldier who had sacrificed everything in defence of Margaret Tuckett's honor. It is a goodly show we cannot help confessing, and none of our managers could do anything half so well in the theatres; but comparing all this grand preparation, — the great array of legal giants taking part in this tourney, its pomp and splendor, — comparing all this with its culmination, the beginning seems preposterously large for the ending, and looking down upon it we cannot help sharing in the old Captain's scorn of the show and all the actors in it. There never was before a play so gorgeously mounted; but it was wretchedly performed, and the climax in the last act was worst of all. But this play of a peer being tried by their Lordships for a felony had not been played in England before for sixty-four years, when it came to a different conclusion; and a spectacle so grand as to be worthy the attention of all England's rank is certainly worth reading about, even at this late day. Old Burke says: —

"At a quarter before eleven o'clock the Lords' speaker (Lord Denman), having robed in his private room, entered the House. A procession was formed in the usual manner, his Lordship being preceded by the Purse-bearer with the Purse, the Sergeant with the Mace, the Black Rod carrying the Lord High Steward's Staff, and Garter carrying his Sceptre.

"Garter and Black Rod having taken their places at the bar, the Lord-Speaker proceeded to the Woolsack, when, being seated, prayers were read by the Bishop of Lichfield.

"The Clerk-assistant of Parliament then proceeded to call over the peers, beginning with the junior baron.

"This necessary ceremony being completed, the Clerks of the Crown in Chancery and in the Queen's Bench jointly made three reverences, and the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, on his knee, delivered the Commission to the Lord-Speaker, who gave it to the Clerk of the Crown in the Queen's Bench to read, and both Clerks retired, with like reverences to the table.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms then made proclamation, and the Lord-Speaker informed the peers that her Majesty's Commission was about to be read, and directed that all persons should rise and be uncovered while the Commission was reading.

"The Commission appointing Lord Denman as Lord High Steward was then read, and Garter and Black Rod, having made their reverences, proceeded to the Woolsack, and took their places on the right of the Lord High Steward, and both holding the Staff, presented it on their knees to his Grace.

"His Grace rose, and, having made reverence to the throne, took his seat in the chair of state provided for him on the uppermost step but one of the throne. Proclamation was then made for silence, when the Queen's writ of *certiorari* to remove the indictment, with the return thereof, and the record of the indictment, were read by the Clerk of the Crown in the Queen's Bench. The Lord High Steward then directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring the prisoner to the bar.

"The Earl of Cardigan immediately entered the House, and advanced to the bar, accompanied by the Yeoman-usher. He made three reverences, one to his Grace the Lord High Steward, and one to the peers on either side, who returned his salute. The ceremony of kneeling was dispensed with. The noble Earl, who was dressed in plain clothes, was conducted within the bar, where he remained standing while the Lord High Steward acquainted him with the nature of the charge against him."

The prisoner was arraigned in the usual form, for firing at Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, on the 12th of Sep-

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tember, with intent to kill and murder him. The second count charged him with firing at the said Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett with intent to maim and disable him; and the third count varied the charge, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.

The clerk then asked, "How say you, James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, are you guilty or not?"

The Earl, in a firm voice, replied, "I am not, my Lords."

The clerk, "How will you be tried?"

The Earl of Cardigan answered, "By my peers."

Mr. Waddington opened the pleadings.

The Attorney-General, Sir John, afterwards Lord Campbell, addressed their Lordships.

The Earl of Cardigan was tried under an act of Parliament, entitled "An Act to amend the Laws relating to Offences against the Person." It received the royal assent July 17, 1837 (1 Vict. c. 85). Under this act, to shoot at a person and inflict a wound dangerous to life, or to aid and abet in the same, was a capital offence.

The argument of Sir John Campbell was one of the most masterly efforts of forensic eloquence, in the manner of "how not to do it," probably ever delivered, even by that astute and rank-aspiring lawyer. Against the noble prisoner he roared "as gently as a sucking dove"; but was as eloquent withal as "any nightingale."

His speech concluded, Sir James Anderson, Dann the miller, his wife and son, and the constable, Busaine, who laid the charge on which the Earl was tried, were then produced and examined.

But, at the close of the case, it was objected by Sir William Fellet, on behalf of the Earl of Cardigan, that there was no evidence to show that the person against whom the shot was discharged was Mr. Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. The card of *Mr. Harvey Tuckett*, handed by that gentleman to Dann the miller, had been put in. "But," said Sir William, with charming *naïveté*, "that might be quite another person from the individual named in the indictment."

Of course, the Attorney-General was heard on the other side, and he said a matter of delicacy had prevented him from placing Captain Tuckett upon the stand; after a short deliberation, the Lord High Steward announced that the evidence which fixed the identity of the person was insufficient, and the peers thereupon declared the noble defendant not guilty.

Thus was concluded this trial, than which none in the annals of the law was more remarkable for pomp and circumstance, and an utter absence of dignity and justice.

From a remark made by the learned Attorney-General, in his address to the Lords, Captain Tuckett was led to believe that the prosecution against him would be relentlessly pressed; this induced him to flee the country, which he did, hastening his departure for America.

Having selected Philadelphia as a place of residence, he, almost immediately after his arrival, began the publication of "Tuckett's Monthly Insurance Journal," a small folio paper devoted to the principles of insurance, as its name implied. During the few years of its existence he conducted it with rare ability and a curious fidelity to the interests of the insured as well as of the companies; and although his journal received its principal support from the latter, yet he never failed to throw the weight of his influence against them when he believed they were either unable or unwilling to do justice to the public whose patronage they solicited. The temptation to do otherwise was often sore with him, for in those early days, and in later ones too, his poverty was bitter and hard. He had been used, for a term of years as long as most men's lives, to the world's best comforts and most of its luxuries; and the numberless proposals he received from doubtful companies to bolster up their weakness by a few words of commendation in his jour-

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nal would have placed him in ease again, had he accepted them. On the especial subject of life insurance, or, as he always wrote it, *assurance*, he was an oracle, and no man in America so thoroughly as he enjoyed the confidence of those learned in the science of statistics as applied to mortality. The subject seemed to have no mysteries to him; his active research and profound study had explored them all, and discovered them to be only so many demonstrable mathematical facts.

There was this curious contradiction in the old soldier's character, — while he scorned the dirty bribe offered by the tottering companies, he never hesitated to eke out his scanty income by contracting debts which he had no present prospect of liquidating. He may have had his little dream, like the rest of us, of ample wealth coming to him some day through his newest enterprise. When it came, he probably meant to pay all that he owed. But it never came to him, though duns did; and these he received with so courtly a grace, with such honor to themselves and such simple regret at his own inability to pay, that the roughest of them went away feeling not altogether unkindly toward him.

By the learning, energy, and fearless independence with which he conducted his paper, as well as by his great charm of manner and personal magnetism, he won the admiration and respect of some of the oldest and best people of the Quaker City. There was something, too, very pathetic in the story of this bronzed old soldier, exiled in the evening of his life, bravely fighting for daily bread. His exile was shared by his young wife, who clung to him in his ruined fortunes with a devotion rare and beautiful to see. However his story may have preceded him, there was one peculiarity about the old chevalier, — he never referred to it in any way: on that subject his lips were always sealed. He courted no sympathy or recognition in his isolation, but his hands were brave as his heart, and they did brave work to win comforts for the *petite* lady whom he loved so well. That wound in the hip might have been ever so painful, but he never regretted that he risked receiving it fighting for her honor. His work was often base and menial enough, comprising as it did all the drudgery of a newspaper office; but in those days of temptation he wrote no line that his truest admirer need fear to read.

As we have said, his journal was too honorably conducted to be remunerative; for the general public in those days, when life insurance was yet young with us, cared little for scientific dissertations upon it. The influence of his ideas spread, through being copied here and there by the daily press; but their circulation in this way brought him no benefit. God knows how he managed to live through years of very bitter penury, — through the harassing importunities of hundreds of unsatisfied duns, through the pain and weakness inseparable from a feeble, diseased, and time-worn body! But, however he lived, there by his side, with most loving patience and devotion, with unspeakable tenderness for him, was Margaret Tuckett, to whom in India had come that letter signed "Cardigan." Whatever of love or faith she gave to him he rendered back tenfold. His lover-like devotedness to her, his admiration for her person, mind, and heart, were something wonderful to see in such a weather-beaten, fortune-deserted old hulk as he then was. They never went abroad one without the other; and as they slowly made their way about the streets, men and women paused, turned, and looked after them, — a queer, quaint couple always. He, tall as a grenadier, bronzed, white-haired, wore a mustache white and fierce as that of one of Napoleon's Old Guard. He bore little resemblance to his countrymen, and looked more like a veteran of the First Empire risen from his grave at Wagram, and taking a view of our new world. The little lady by his side was dressed in solemnest black, her face entirely hidden by a veil of the closest

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and thickest texture. People who had never heard of the Earl of Cardigan, or his famous duel and subsequent trial by his peers, looked wonderingly after that strange couple as they made their way up the street, — the man towering above the little lady half a length, her hand resting confidingly on his arm, her face entirely hidden, her voice attuned to the very ecstasy of tenderness, her low laughter rippling up to him, and making pleasant music in his heart. All sorts of people meeting them wondered what their story was, well knowing that only some awful need of each other, or some great tragedy, had brought them so close together in life.

How devoted she was to this "fond, foolish old man," who might have been, so far as his age went, almost twice her father! With what a clinging touch she held his arm in those long winter walks; how tenderly she caressed those poor old hands that did such brave work for her; how patient and gentle she was with him always when that old wound, won in her battle, reopened and bled, as it would sometimes do; into what wonderful prettiness she wreathed her face and arranged her too scant wardrobe! Why, a sleuth-hound was not more faithful, an angel more gentle, a houri more winsome, a mother with her child more patient!

Those were Margaret Tuckett's days of grace; but as they come to us all, and oftenest leave us too, they left her, and came no more.

This strange couple did not visit much, nor could they entertain many people; for they lived in a tawdry boarding house on Walnut Street, where the rooms were small, and the table was always from bad to worse. But hundreds of people who never exchanged a word with him felt themselves drawn toward the old man by a feeling of personal friendship, through causes which they could not explain. They knew his name, knew in a measure the record of his life as a soldier, and maybe dimly knew the story of his exile; and so, as from afar off, they were his friends.

His life was so chivalric, simple, and honorable, so wrapped about, too, with loving tenderness by the woman whose fame he had defended, that we, who knew him well, sorrowed deeply when he died. It was on an early January morning, just as the sun was rising over the drowsy, sombre town, that he was called. Overnight the snow had fallen, and yet lay untrodden on the streets and pavements. Death came to him without physical pain and touched him gently. He was dying in abject poverty as he took Margaret Tuckett's hand for the last time. He held it close to his heart, and when it was near the end with him he gravely bade her kiss him. With a cry of unutterable love she threw herself upon his breast, and kissed the fast-whitening lips of the conquered soldier. "I never doubted you, Margaret; I honored myself in the love and faith I gave you always." He said this slowly, and even as the words lingered on his lips the solemn farewell smile was on his face. For a moment, an infinite peace filling them, his eyes rested on the rising sun; and after that, until they closed forever, they dwelt on his young wife's face; and greater love or more loyal faith than were in them no man ever saw.

After a while, some women who stood there separated the two hands, the quick and the dead, and carried the young widow to her room. We who stood about her that morning thought that she would soon follow where the old soldier had led. We had never seen grief so great and bitter as hers. She well might sorrow for her dead, for he who lay within there had sacrificed much for her, — had wrecked his noble, simple life upon his faith in her.

Such faith as his should have had, at least, the recompense of desert. That hot morning in India when he held the letter signed "Cardigan" above her head and fiercely demanded, Where were the others? she had answered him in tones so true and honest as to carry conviction with them into his faithful old heart, There were

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no others. Upon her soul, there were no others.

Were there?

Years after the old Captain, who should have died in harness, with a General's star upon his breast, was dead, — when her memory of him had grown dim, and stale as "twice-told tales," — when the wolf was clamorous at her door, while hunger sat within, and no other help seemed near, — that dazzling little lady, whose dainty prettiness seemed perennial, wrote to the noble Earl a letter of which the following is partly a copy: —

"Under the pressure of great necessity, and by the advice of friends, I am about to publish certain letters written by your Lordship to me in India.

"The object of this note is to desire that I may be permitted to dedicate the volume to your Lordship.

"Your early friend,

"MARGARET TUCKETT."

It appears there were enough to form a volume, but they were never published. "That letter to the Earl brought me a hundred pounds sterling," she naïvely said, in speaking of this matter afterwards.

We doubt if Becky Sharp, keen as was her wit, ever black-mailed Lord Steyne.

A great concourse of people followed the old Captain to his grave, and among them were doctors of law, divinity, and medicine, leaders in art, literature, and finance; even Fashion, who hates poor men's funerals, sent her votaries to do honor to this old man's remains. And the day after they did better: they sent well-filled purses to his widow.

The days succeeding his death were curious ones at his little dark office in Harmony Court. From early morning until night it was literally under siege by creditors. They came as the locusts into Egypt, with hungry maws; but, alas for them! their Egypt, represented by that bare office, gave them nothing to feed upon. It was all barren. The luxurious habits which life in the army had instilled into and left with the Captain the publication of his journal failed to gratify. So he preyed on the wine and cigar merchant, on the dealer in fine groceries and fruit; and when we went into an examination of those bills, it was frightful to contemplate the extent to which he had preyed on them all.

The estate owed, chiefly for wines and cigars		$ 9,000.00
The assets were		
Item.	1 pine table, value	$ 1.00
"	2 do. chairs	1.25
"	2 bottles ink	.50
"	1 bundle Ins. Journals	1.00
"	Subscription list, title, etc. of Insurance Journal, available value	0.00
	Total	$ 3.75

It must be clear to any one that $ 9,000 cannot be paid with $ 3.75. We respectfully submitted the matter to that hungry swarm of creditors; and they saw, without any exhaustive demonstration on our part, that they were destined never to be paid. They made wry faces, and grumbled somewhat, but not one of them uttered a rough word against the dead old Captain. Notwithstanding his ugly habit of buying costly wines without cash, they had honored the old fellow in his lifetime, and they would not abuse him when dead.

And now came the time when Margaret Tuckett, with her few hundreds in hand, must look abroad to discover what hope or chance of bread and meat the world had to offer her. Gently as we could, we, her friends, suggested this necessity to her, but begged she would choose her own ample convenience, and not be hurried in her choice. Her capital was her few hundreds, her beauty, youth, and wit. "The first," she said, "will not last long; I will try what may be done with the others. I choose the stage."

Her mourning garments were a week old when she so decided, — and when she laid them off forever. Then there came a change over this woman's

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life, the like of which, for suddenness and completeness, no man has ever seen. As if those black robes, which she had worn unceasingly since that India letter was discovered, were chains that bound her body, soul, and mind, she threw them off, and appeared the woman God had made her. It was a different woman from the one we had known, walking timidly through life by the side of the old chevalier. Another one, electric with energy, self-reliant, dazzling in her wit, quick in resources, radiant in undiscovered charms, — a woman for all men to love, but one whom no man could love wisely. It may be that she had not forgotten the old soldier, that she had that within which, passing show, caused her to lay aside her suit of solemn black. But she no longer than this little week continued to wear the grave's uniform; "rich as her purse could buy" of gay-colored gowns was now her attire. And they were modest withal, and became her; for among the little lady's many accomplishments was a thorough understanding of the art of dress.

So with her little capital of money, her rare prettiness, her dainty, sprightly manners, her dazzling shoulders, piquant wantonness, charming voice and laughter, the *petite* lady betook herself to the theatre. We have told how for one night the learned, wealthy, and fashionable citizens of the town crowded the house to participate in her *début*. But no manager offered her an engagement on desirable terms, despite of her success, and already her hundreds were gone for silks and laces. But the benefit had been a real one to her purse to the extent of ten or twelve hundred dollars.

When managers refused her terms, she astonished her husband's friends by her Napoleonic energy. "If managers will not engage me, I will turn manager and engage others," she said. Time has wrought wondrous changes in people, but none such as it made in this creature. We who knew her in the days of the old Captain knew none so reticent or shy as she; none about whom was so closely wrapped the mantle of retiring, modest womanhood; none so timid of herself, so weak or dependent.

When she announced her determination to lease a theatre, we mildly protested, and ventured to inquire if she had measured in her mind the extent of the trouble she proposed to undertake as a manager.

"Quite well," she replied; "I once managed a theatre in England, — at least, a strolling company."

"Then," we asked, "that was *not* your first appearance on any stage, the other night, as you instructed us to make the newspapers and dead walls announce?"

"O no; I had played dozens of times before in England."

Then the truth was that Margaret had been a strolling player, picking up odd shillings in the barns and inns of England; had gone tramping about from town to town, starving and feasting by turns, until at last she had strolled to London, and found a place vacant for her youth and wit and beauty, in one of the minor theatres on the Surrey side of the town.

And this was the woman who had sent two gentlemen of England to Wimbledon Common to crack away at each other with pistols, and had brought one of them to the bar of the House of Lords to be tried for his noble life, while the other and the two accomplices waited in the court below for the issue of the trial, which would decide whether they should live or die.

There was one question that long hung upon our lips, but never found utterance, — "Who were your friends and companions in that vagrant, strolling life; and did the old Captain, whose descent was clean and honorable, whose friends were among the noble and learned of England, know of your early career, and if so, how did he come to marry you, Margaret Tuckett?" We let the opportunity of asking this question go by, and she never again alluded to her old life of starving and strolling.

It may seem incredible that this

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young woman, unaided and alone, who only a few months before seemed the most helpless and dependent of her sex, should go down to Baltimore, secure a lease of the largest theatre in the town, and be able to gather about her altogether the finest company of artists ever assembled on that stage. But she did it. And that was the smallest part of her labors. In seven weeks from the time she first entered the city, having from five hundred to a thousand dollars in her purse, she owed to certain citizens of that too-confiding place over thirteen thousand dollars. When she leased the Front Street Theatre, it was a dirty old shell, devoid of scenery, wardrobe, and properties. In seven weeks there was no more elegant theatre in America; it was resplendent with gilt, bronze, paint, velvet carpets, delicate-tinted paper, and plush-covered seats. Painters, carpenters, chandelier-makers, paper-hangers, upholsterers, costumers, dealers in carpets, in paints, in curtains of silk and lace, in woollens and cottons, in canvas and lumber, all hurried to her aid, and gave her their best of skill or merchandise; and with such slaves to answer her summons and do her bidding the old shell became fair and stately as the palace of Aladdin, and on its opening night, September 1, 1855, no window in it all was left unfinished. It was wonderful, for it was all wrought by the shrewd wit, the dazzling shoulders, and pretty face of one young woman, who spoke in the tones of an angel, and charmed like a devil.

We do not intend to write the history of her management of the old Front Street Theatre. It would be simply a chapter of disaster and fraud. The little lady came to grief in one short season. Her treasurer deposited the receipts in bank until they amounted to several thousands of dollars, then withdrew them, and absconded. Her actors were unpaid week after week; her gas and printers' bills were left unsettled; good wives began to make ugly speeches about her; people grew shy of the theatre; until at length she was reduced to all sorts of expedients to keep her company together. Creditors grew deaf to the flute-like voice, that had charmed never wisely, blind to the gleaming shoulders and the pretty cajoling manners; the actor refused to act, the gas-man to light the lamps, and the printer to supply the bills. It was a long and desperate fight, and was so full of nerve and pluck, that, despite all the wrong and fraud there were underneath, we cannot help wishing she had come better out of it. Poor Becky Sharp was wont to think that with a few thousand pounds sterling she could have been good; but ever so many thousands would not have helped Margaret Tuckett, and that is the pity of it all. The fond old Captain helped her sail along clean waters for a while; but when he was gone, she drifted away into the dark seas because she loved them best.

But to the last there were some whom she was able to attract and keep devoted to her. We remember that on one occasion the "leading lady" of the company, whose salary was unpaid, sent word to the theatre in the morning that she would not play that evening unless all arrearages were paid. The treasury was empty, money could not be had; it was resolved to change the play, though the bills were already posted. At that moment the husband of the refractory actress was announced, with the message that he came for his wife's salary. Margaret Tuckett had him in, flattered and cajoled him, until he took out his pocket-book, and loaned the enchantress sufficient money to pay his wife's salary, making one condition only, and that was — *silence*.

In another of her extremities, it was suggested that she should have a complimentary benefit tendered her by her creditors, when she could invite them all to be present.

"The idea is a good one," she said; "but there is one objection to it."

"What objection?" was asked.

"The house would not hold half of them," replied this frank little woman.

But shortly afterwards there came an

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evening when certainly a good number of them were present, and they came in no amiable mood either. The play was "The Golden Farmer," in which Mr. J. Sleeper Clarke was cast for the part of Jemmy Twitcher. But Mr. Clarke had fared no better in the matter of prompt payment of salary than many others, and there were whispers about the town that day that the great comedian would render the evening's performance unusually attractive by making some personal explanations before the curtain. Throughout the day there had been hundreds of his friends and admirers applying at the box office for places, and when the doors opened they appeared there in great force, very bulgy and overloaded as to pockets and handkerchiefs; all which meant to the initiated that, if Mr. Clarke did not play that night, there should be no Golden Farmer nor Jemmy Twitcher. Margaret Tuckett was one of the initiated, and she meant that the audience should see both the Farmer and Jemmy. At the usual hour Mr. Clarke made his appearance at the wing, dressed for the part, but those who stood nearest to him said he meant mischief. The call-boy summoned Jemmy Twitcher; but Jemmy informed the manager that he could not go on the stage until his salary was paid. The manager requested him to look over to the opposite wing. He looked, and there he saw Margaret Tuckett, dressed as he was dressed, coolly walking on to the stage ready to play Jemmy Twitcher. You see, the little lady had not strolled and played and starved for nothing. As for Mr. Clarke, he was simply an immense failure, and only awaiting his final overthrow. And this came to him a moment later; he started to go upon the stage to make those personal explanations, when an officer seized him by the collar, crooked and pressed his finger under his ear "in a very painful manner," as Mr. Clarke asserts, when he tells this story on himself, which he sometimes does with striking effect. Thereupon Jemmy Twitcher made his first appearance in any street, "and," adds this charming actor, "in that very absurd character I found my way home."

But Margaret Tuckett's victory was not yet won; for her audience, finding her and not Mr. Clarke upon the stage, grew mad as a bull when a red rag is waved before its eyes, and from every quarter of the house there were hurled upon the stage unwholesome eggs, cabbages, and other unsavory vegetables. The hubbub, the roar, and the riot of the Old Park frolic was mild and harmless in comparison; but amid all that shocking din and rain of animal and vegetable decay the little stroller stood her ground, and, nothing daunted, went on with her part. After a while there came a lull in the riot, when the audience heard the Golden Farmer ask Jemmy the question, "Jemmy, *can* you be honest?"

"I don't know. I never tried," came her answer, resonant and ringing,—an answer which she so pointed and aimed, in her superb daring, that it seemed to be made for and flung at every creditor and dupe before her.

The spirited challenge was at once taken up by those who were hit; and when the laughter had died away, some one proposed cheers for Jemmy Twitcher, which were heartily given. When the noise had subsided, she walked quietly to the foot-lights, removed the cap which covered the pretty head, bowed low to the mocking acknowledgment, and then continued her part, to have all her humor appreciated and her jokes keenly applauded.

At last, when lenders came no more to lend, when her actors could live no longer upon promises, when the band refused to play, and when those alone who were on the "free list" came to see the show, the reign of the little woman was brought to an inglorious close. It was a Saturday night in March, 1856. It ended with a flash of her old wit, a fling at the stockholders, who were closing the house for unpaid rent. The play she selected for this night was "The Rent Day." A more beggarly account of empty boxes was never seen there.

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More people were on the stage than in front.

On the following Thursday we dined with her in her room over the stage, for she had no other home now than the theatre. She had lost nothing of her wit, charm, or vivacity in that hard fight; but her energy was all gone. It went out of her that night when the curtain fell upon her for the last time. A table from the banqueting-halls of the stage was laid with a decent cloth, and upon it there was little more than would supply the feast of the Barmecide. In the centre there was one solitary covered dish. We raised the lid and asked, "What have we here?"

"That, — O, *that* is my last silk dress. I dined off my opera-glass yesterday."

Years afterwards, and in the town where she had sent misery, poverty, and desolation into at least one happy home, she gathered the fruits she had sown. They were bitter and plenteous, for she had sowed with a free hand since the old chevalier had died. Margaret Tuckett sank into low depths of want and sorrow. The days of lovers, friends, and luxuries were over with her now. Her old prettiness was still shining dimly in every line of her face, in every wave of her hand, in every graceful curve of her body; but the plucky spirit, which once impelled her to brave an infuriated mob, was gone, and in a noisome room of a filthy tenement-house, in a poor street, she lived by her skill, or inspiration, as a spiritual medium.

But the end was not here. More years went by, and Margaret Tuckett had found her way into the auriferous wilderness of Colorado. It was a long flight she took there with her friend, suggesting memories, we should suppose, of that earlier flight with the old Captain. If it did but recall that, with all its profundity of meaning, we may know that the grand old soldier's outraged faith was amply avenged.

There, in Colorado, she died.

Was Margaret Tuckett guilty out there in India? Were Mrs. Rawdon Crawley and my Lord Steyne guilty? We do not know. The chronicler of that veracious history has left us in ignorance; and as he gave to Becky, let us give to Margaret, the benefit of the doubt.

THE TENTH OF JANUARY.

THE city of Lawrence is unique in its way.

For simooms that scorch you and tempests that freeze; for sand-heaps and sand-hillocks and sand-roads; for men digging sand, for women shaking off sand, for minute boys crawling in sand; for sand in the church-slips and the gingerbread-windows, for sand in your eyes, your nose, your mouth, down your neck, up your sleeves, under your *chignon*, down your throat; for unexpected corners where tornadoes lie in wait; for "bleak, uncomforted" sidewalks, where they chase you, dog you, confront you, strangle you, twist you, blind you, turn your umbrella wrong side out; for "dimmykhrats" and bad ice-cream; for unutterable circus-bills and religious tea-parties; for uncleared ruins, and mills that spring up in a night; for jaded faces and busy feet; for an air of youth and incompleteness at which you laugh, and a consciousness of growth and greatness which you respect, — it —

I believe, when I commenced that sentence, I intended to say that it would be difficult to find Lawrence's equal.

Of the twenty-five thousand souls

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who inhabit that city, ten thousand are prisoners, — prisoners of factories perhaps the most healthfully, considerately, and generously conducted of any in this country or in any country, but factories just the same. Dust, whir, crash, clang; dizziness, peril, exhaustion, discontent, — that is what the word means, taken at its best. Of these ten thousand two thirds are girls: voluntary captives, indeed; but what is the practical difference? It is an old story, — that of going to jail for want of bread.

My story is written as one sets a bit of marble to mark a mound. I linger over it as we linger beside the grave of one who sleeps well: half sadly, half gladly, — more gladly than sadly, — but hushed.

The time to see Lawrence is when the mills open or close. So languidly the dull-colored, inexpectant crowd wind in! So briskly they come bounding out! Factory faces have a look of their own. Not only their common dinginess, and a general air of being in a hurry to find the wash-bowl, but an appearance of restlessness, — often of envious restlessness, not habitual in most departments of "healthy labor." Watch them closely: you can read their histories at a venture. A widow this, in the dusty black, with she can scarcely remember how many mouths to feed at home. Worse than widowed that one: she has put her baby out to board, — and humane people know what that means, — to keep the little thing beyond its besotted father's reach. There is a group who have "just come over." A child's face here, old before its time. That girl — she climbs five flights of stairs twice a day — will climb no more stairs for herself or another by the time the clover-leaves are green. "The best thing about one's grave is that it will be level," she was heard once to say. Somebody muses a little here, — she is to be married this winter. There is a face just behind her whose fixed eyes repel and attract you; there may be more love than guilt in them, more despair than either.

Had you stood in some unobserved corner of Essex Street, at four o'clock one Saturday afternoon towards the last of November, 1859, watching the impatient stream pour out of the Pemberton Mill, eager with a saddening eagerness for its few holiday hours, you would have observed one girl who did not bound.

She was slightly built, and undersized; her neck and shoulders were closely muffled, though the day was mild; she wore a faded scarlet hood which heightened the pallor of what must at best have been a pallid face. It was a sickly face, shaded off with purple shadows, but with a certain wiry nervous strength about the muscles of the mouth and chin: it would have been a womanly, pleasant mouth, had it not been crossed by a white scar, which attracted more of one's attention than either the womanliness or pleasantness. Her eyes had light long lashes, and shone through them steadily.

You would have noticed as well, had you been used to analyzing crowds, another face, — the two were side by side, — dimpled with pink and white flushes, and framed with bright black hair. One would laugh at this girl and love her, scold her and pity her, caress her and pray for her, — then forget her perhaps.

The girls from behind called after her: "Del! Del Ivory! look over there!"

Pretty Del turned her head. She had just flung a smile at a young clerk who was petting his mustache in a shop-window, and the smile lingered.

One of the factory boys was walking alone across the Common in his factory clothes.

"Why, there 's Dick! Sene, do you see?"

Sene's scarred mouth moved slightly, but she made no reply. She had seen him five minutes ago.

One never knows exactly whether to laugh or cry over them, catching their chatter as they file past the show-windows of the long, showy street.

"Look a' that pink silk with the figures on it!"

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"I 've seen them as is betther nor that in the ould counthree. — Patsy Malorrn, let alon' hangin' onto the shawl of me!"

"That 's Mary Foster getting out of that carriage with the two white horses, — she that lives in the brown house with the cupilo."

"Look at her dress trailin' after her. I 'd like my dresses trailin' after me."

"Well may they be good, — these rich folks!"

"That 's so. I 'd be good if I was rich; would n't you, Moll?"

"You 'd keep growing wilder than ever, if you went to hell, Meg Match: yes you would, because my teacher said so."

"So, then. he would n't marry her, after all; and she — "

"Going to the circus to-night, Bess?"

"I can't help crying, Jenny. You don't *know* how my head aches! It aches, and it aches, and it seems as if it would never stop aching. I wish — I wish I was dead, Jenny!"

They separated at last, going each her own way, — pretty Del Ivory to her boarding-place by the canal, her companion walking home alone.

This girl, Asenath Martyn, when left to herself, fell into a contented dream not common to girls who have reached her age, — especially girls who have seen the phases of life which she had seen. Yet few of the faces in the streets that led her home were more gravely lined. She puzzled one at the first glance. and at the second. An artist, meeting her musing on a canal-bridge one day, went home and painted a May-flower budding in November.

It was a damp, unwholesome place, the street in which she lived, cut short by a broken fence, a sudden steep, and the water; filled with children, — they ran from the gutters after her, as she passed,—and filled to the brim; it tipped now and then, like an over-full soup-plate, and spilled out two or three through the break in the fence.

Down in the corner, sharp upon the water, the east-winds broke about a little yellow house, where no children played; an old man's face watched at a window, and a nasturtium-vine crawled in the garden. The broken panes of glass about the place were well mended, and a clever little gate, extemporized from a wild grape-vine, swung at the entrance. It was not an old man's work.

Asenath went in with expectant eyes; they took in the room at a glance, and fell.

"Dick has n't come, father?"

"Come and gone, child; did n't want any supper, he said. You 're an hour before time, Senath."

"Yes. Did n't want any supper, you say? I don't see why not."

"No more do I, but it 's none of our concern as I knows on; very like the pickles hurt him for dinner; Dick never had an o'er-strong stomach, as you might say. But you don't tell me how it m' happen you 're let out at four o'clock, Senath," half complaining.

"O, something broke in the machinery, father; you know you would n't understand if I told you what."

He looked up from his bench, — he cobbled shoes there in the corner on his strongest days, — and after her as she turned quickly away and up stairs to change her dress. She was never exactly cross with her father; but her words rang impatiently sometimes.

She came down presently, transformed as only factory-girls are transformed by the simple little toilet she had been making; her thin, soft hair knotted smoothly, the tips of her fingers rosy from the water, her pale neck well toned by her gray stuff dress and cape; — Asenath always wore a cape: there was one of crimson flannel, with a hood, that she had meant to wear to-night; she had thought about it coming home from the mill; she was apt to wear it on Saturdays and Sundays; Dick had more time at home. Going up stairs to-night, she had thrown it away into a drawer, and

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shut the drawer with a snap; then opened it softly, and cried a little; but she had not taken it out.

As she moved silently about the room, setting the supper-table for two, crossing and recrossing the broad belt of sunlight that fell upon the floor, it was easy to read the sad story of the little hooded capes.

They might have been graceful shoulders. The hand which had scarred her face had rounded and bent them, — her own mother's hand.

Of a bottle always on the shelf; of brutal scowls where smiles should be; of days when she wandered dinnerless and supperless in the streets through loathing of her home; of nights when she sat out in the snowdrifts through terror of her home; of a broken jug one day, a blow, a fall, then numbness, and the silence of the grave, — she had her distant memories; of waking on a sunny afternoon, in bed, with a little cracked glass upon the opposite wall; of creeping out and up to it in her night-dress; of the ghastly twisted thing that looked back at her. Through the open window she heard the children laughing and leaping in the sweet summer air. She crawled into bed and shut her eyes. She remembered stealing out at last, after many days, to the grocery around the corner for a pound of coffee. "Humpback! humpback!" cried the children, — the very children who could leap and laugh.

One day she and little Del Ivory made mud-houses after school.

"I 'm going to have a house of my own, when I 'm grown up," said pretty Del; "I shall have a red carpet and some curtains; my husband will buy me a piano."

"So will mine, I guess," said Sene, simply.

"*Yours!*" Del shook back her curls; "who do you suppose would ever marry *you?*"

One night there was a knocking at the door, and a hideous, sodden thing borne in upon a plank. The crowded street, tired of tipping out little children, had sent her mother staggering through the broken fence. At the funeral she heard some one say, "How glad Sene must be!"

Since that, life had meant three things, — her father, the mills, and Richard Cross.

"You 're a bit put out that the young fellow did n't stay to supper, — eh, Senath?" the old man said, laying down his boot.

"Put out! Why should I be? His time is his own. It 's likely to be the Union that took him out, — such a fine day for the Union! I 'm sure I never expected him to go to walk with me *every* Saturday afternoon. I 'm not a fool to tie him up to the notions of a crippled girl. Supper is ready, father."

But her voice rasped bitterly. Life's pleasures were so new and late and important to her, poor thing! It went hard to miss the least of them. Very happy people will not understand exactly how hard.

Old Martyn took off his leather apron with a troubled face, and, as he passed his daughter, gently laid his tremulous, stained hand upon her head. He felt her least uneasiness, it would seem, as a chameleon feels a cloud upon the sun.

She turned her face softly and kissed him. But she did not smile.

She had planned a little for this holiday supper; saving three mellow-cheeked Louise Bonnes — expensive pears just then — to add to their bread and molasses. She brought them out from the closet, and watched her father eat them.

"Going out again, Senath?" he asked, seeing that she went for her hat and shawl, "and not a mouthful have you eaten! Find your old father dull company hey? Well, well!"

She said something about needing the air; the mill was hot; she should soon be back; she spoke tenderly and she spoke truly, but she went out into the windy sunset with her little trouble, and forgot him. The old man, left alone, sat for a while with his head sunk upon his breast. She was all he had in the world, — this one little crippled girl that the world had dealt hard-

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ly with. She loved him; but he was not, probably would never be, to her exactly what she was to him. Usually he forgot this. Sometimes he quite understood it, as to-night.

Asenath, with the purpose only of avoiding Dick, and of finding a still spot where she might think her thoughts undisturbed, wandered away over the eastern bridge, and down by the river's brink. It was a moody place; such a one as only apathetic or healthy natures (I wonder if that is tautology!) can healthfully yield to. The bank sloped steeply; a fringe of stunted aspens and willows sprang from the frozen sand: it was a sickening, airless *place in summer, — it was damp and* desolate now. There was a sluggish wash of water under foot, and a stretch of dreary flats behind. Belated locomotives shrieked to each other across the river, and the wind bore down the current the roar and rage of the dam. Shadows were beginning to skulk under the huge brown bridge. The silent mills stared up and down and over the streams with a blank, unvarying stare. An oriflamme of scarlet burned in the west, flickered dully in the dirty, curdling water, flared against the windows of the Pemberton, which quivered and dripped, Asenath thought, as if with blood.

She sat down on a gray stone, wrapped in her gray shawl, curtained about by the aspens from the eye of passers on the bridge. She had a fancy for this place when things went ill with her. She had always borne her troubles alone, but she must be alone to bear them.

She knew very well that she was tired and nervous that afternoon, and that, if she could reason quietly about this little neglect of Dick's, it would cease to annoy her. Indeed, why should she be annoyed? Had he not done everything for her, been everything to her, for two long, sweet years? She dropped her head with ashy smile. She was never tired of living over these two years. She took positive pleasure in recalling the wretchedness in which they found her, for the sake of their dear relief. Many a time, sitting with her happy face hidden in his arms, she had laughed softly to remember the day on which he came to her. It was at twilight, and she was tired. Her reels had troubled her all the afternoon; the overseer was cross; the day was hot and long. Somebody, on the way home, had said in passing her: "Look at that girl! I 'd kill myself if I looked like that": it was in a whisper, but she heard it. All life looked hot and long; the reels would always be out of order; the overseer would never be kind. Her temples would always throb, and her back would ache. *People would always say, "Look at* that girl!"

"Can you direct me to —" She looked up; she had been sitting on the door-steps with her face in her hands. Dick stood there with his cap off. He forgot that he was to inquire the way to Newbury Street, when he saw the tears on her shrunken cheeks. Dick could never bear to see a woman suffer.

"I would n't cry," he said simply, sitting down beside her. Telling a girl not to cry is an infallible recipe for keeping her at it. What could the child do, but sob as if her heart would break? Of course he had the whole story in ten minutes, she his in another ten. It was common and short enough: — a "Down-East" boy, fresh from his father's farm, hunting for work and board, — a bit homesick here in the strange, unhomelike city, it might be, and glad of some one to say so to.

What more natural than, that, when her father came out and was pleased with the lad, there should be no more talk of Newbury Street; that the little yellow house should become his home; that he should swing the fantastic gate, and plant the nasturtiums; that his life should grow to be one with hers and the old man's, his future and theirs unite unconsciously?

She remembered — it was not exactly pleasant, somehow, to remember it to-night — just the look of his face when they came into the house that summer

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evening, and he for the first time saw what she was, her cape having fallen off, in the full lamplight. His kindly blue eyes widened with shocked surprise, and fell; when he raised them, a pity like a mother's had crept into them; it broadened and brightened as time slid by, but it never left them.

So you see, after that, life unfolded in a burst of little surprises for Asenath. If she came home very tired, some one said, "I am sorry." If she wore a pink ribbon, she heard a whisper, "It suits you." If she sang a little song, she knew that somebody listened.

"I did not know the world was like this!" cried the girl.

After a time there came a night that he chanced to be out late, — they had planned an arithmetic lesson together, which he had forgotten, — and she sat grieving by the kitchen fire.

"You missed me so much then?" he said regretfully, standing with his hand upon her chair. She was trying to shell some corn; she dropped the pan, and the yellow kernels rolled away on the floor.

"What should I have, if I did n't have you?" she said, and caught her breath.

The young man paced to the window and back again. The firelight touched her shoulders, and the sad, white scar.

"You shall have me always, Asenath," he made answer. He took her face within his hands and kissed it; and so they shelled the corn together, and nothing more was said about it.

He had spoken this last spring of their marriage; but the girl, like all girls, was shyly silent, and he had not urged it.

Asenath started from her pleasant dreaming just as the oriflamme was furling into gray, suddenly conscious that she was not alone. Below her, quite on the brink of the water, a girl was sitting, — a girl with a bright plaid shawl, and a nodding red feather in her hat. Her head was bent, and her hair fell against a profile cut in pink-and-white.

"Del is too pretty to be here alone so late," thought Asenath, smiling tenderly. Good-natured Del was kind to her in a certain way, and she rather loved the girl. She rose to speak to her, but concluded, on a second glance through the aspens, that Miss Ivory was quite able to take care of herself

Del was sitting on an old log that jutted into the stream, dabbling in the water with the tips of her feet. (Had she lived on The Avenue, she could not have been more particular about her shoemaker.) Some one — it was too dark to see distinctly — stood beside her, his eyes upon her face. Attitudes translate themselves. Asenath could hear nothing, but she needed to hear nothing, to know how the young fellow's eyes drank in the coquettish picture. Besides, it was an old story. Del counted her rejected lovers by the score.

"It 's no wonder," she thought in her honest way, standing still to watch them with a sense of puzzled pleasure much like that with which she watched the print-windows, — "it 's no wonder they love her. I 'd love her if I was a man: so pretty! so pretty! She 's just good for nothing, Del is; — would let the kitchen fire go out, and would n't mend the baby's aprons; but I 'd love her all the same; marry her, probably, and be sorry all my life."

Pretty Del! Poor Del! Asenath wondered whether she wished that she were like her; she could not quite make out; it would be pleasant to sit on a log and look like that; it would be more pleasant to be watched as Del was watched just now: it struck her suddenly that Dick had never looked like this at her.

The hum of their voices ceased while she stood there with her eyes upon them; Del turned her head away with a sudden movement, and the young man left her, apparently without bow or farewell, sprang up the bank at a bound, and crushed the undergrowth with quick, uneasy strides.

Asenath, with some vague idea that it would not be honorable to see his

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face, — poor fellow! — shrank back into the aspens and the shadow.

He towered tall in the twilight as he passed her, — he was so near that she might have touched him, — and a dull, umber gleam, the last of the sunset, struck him from the west.

Struck it out into her sight, — the haggard struggling face, — Richard Cross's face.

Of course you knew it from the beginning, but remember that the girl did not. She might have known it perhaps, but she had not.

Asenath stood up, sat down again.

She had a distinct consciousness, for the moment, of seeing herself crouched down there under the aspens and the shadow, a humpbacked white creature, with distorted face and wide eyes. She remembered a picture she had somewhere seen of a little chattering goblin in a graveyard, and was struck with the resemblance. Distinctly, too, she heard herself saying, with a laugh, she thought, "I might have known it; I might have known."

Then the blood came through her heart with a hot rush, and she saw Del on the log, smoothing the red feather of her hat. She heard a man's step, too, that rang over the bridge, passed the toll-house, grew faint, grew fainter, died in the sand by the Everett Mill.

Richard's face! Richard's face, looking — God help her! — as it had never looked at her; struggling — God pity him! — as it had never struggled for her.

She shut her hands into each other, and sat still a little while. A faint hope came to her then perhaps, after all; her face lightened grayly, and she crept down the bank to Del.

"I won't be a fool," she said, "I 'll make sure, — I 'll make as sure as death."

"Well, where did *you* drop down from, Sene?" said Del, with a guilty start.

"From over the bridge, to be sure. Did you think I swam, or flew, or blew?"

"You came on me so sudden!" said Del, petulantly; "you nearly frightened the wits out of me. You did n't meet anybody on the bridge?" with a quick look.

"Let me see." Asenath considered gravely. "There was one small boy making faces, and two — no, three — dogs, I believe; that was all."

"Oh!"

Del looked relieved, but fell silent.

"You 're sober, Del. Been sending off a lover, as usual?"

"I don't know anything about its being usual," answered Del, in an aggrieved, coquettish way, "but there 's been somebody here that liked me well enough."

"You like him, maybe? It 's time you liked somebody, Del."

Del curled the red feather about her fingers, and put her hat on over her eyes, then a little cry broke from her, half sob, half anger.

"I might perhaps, — I don't know. He 's good. I think he 'd let me have a parlor and a door-bell. But he 's going to marry somebody else, you see. I sha'n't tell you his name, so you need n't ask."

Asenath looked out straight upon the water. A dead leaf that had been caught in an eddy attracted her attention; it tossed about for a minute, then a tiny whirlpool sucked it down.

"I was n't going to ask; it 's nothing to me, of course. He does n't care for her then, — this other girl?"

"Not so much as he does for me. He did n't mean to tell me, but he said that I — that I looked so — pretty, it came right out. But there! I must n't tell you any more."

Del began to be frightened; she looked up sideways at Asenath's quiet face. "I won't say another word," and so chattered on, growing a little cross; Asenath need not look so still, and sure of herself, — a mere humpbacked fright!

"He 'll never break his engagement, not even for me; he 's sorry for her, and all that. I think it 's too bad. He 's handsome. He makes me feel like saying my prayers, too, he 's so good! Besides, I want to be married.

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I hate the mill. I hate to work. I 'd rather be taken care of, — a sight rather. I feel bad enough about it to cry."

Two tears rolled over her cheeks, and fell on the soft plaid shawl. Del wiped them away carefully with her rounded fingers.

Asenath turned and looked at this Del Ivory long and steadily through the dusk. The pretty, shallow thing! The worthless, bewildering thing!

A fierce contempt for her pink-and-white, and tears and eyelashes and attitudes, came upon her; then a sudden sickening jealousy that turned her faint where she sat.

What did God mean, — Asenath believed in God, having so little else to believe in, — what did he mean, when he had blessed the girl all her happy life with such wealth of beauty, by filling her careless hands with this one best, last gift? Why, the child could not hold such golden love! She would throw it away by and by. What a waste it was!

Not that she had these words for her thought, but she had the thought distinctly through her dizzy pain.

"So there 's nothing to do about it," said Del, pinning her shawl. "We can't have anything to say to each other, — unless anybody should die, or anything; and of course I 'm not wicked enough to think of *that* — Sene! Sene! what are you doing?"

Sene had risen slowly, stood upon the log, caught at an aspen-top, and swung out with it its whole length above the water. The slight tree writhed and quivered about the roots. Sene looked down and moved her marred lips without sound.

Del screamed and wrung her hands. It was an ugly sight!

"O don't, Sene, *don't!* You 'll drown yourself! you will be drowned! you will be — O, what a start you gave me! What *were* you doing, Senath Martyn?"

Sene swung slowly back, and sat down.

"Amusing myself a little; — well, unless somebody died, you said? But I believe I won't talk any more to-night. My head aches. Go home, Del."

Del muttered a weak protest at leaving her there alone; but, with her bright face clouded and uncomfortable, went.

Asenath turned her head to listen for the last rustle of her dress, then folded her arms, and with her eyes upon the sluggish current, sat still.

An hour and a half later, an Andover farmer, driving home across the bridge, observed on the river's edge — a shadow cut within a shadow — the outline of a woman's figure, sitting perfectly still with folded arms. He reined up and looked down; but it sat quite still.

"Hallo there!" he called; "you 'll fall in if you don't look out!" for the wind was strong, and it blew against the figure; but it did not move nor make reply. The Andover farmer looked over his shoulder with a sudden recollection of a ghost-story which he had charged his grandchildren not to believe last week, cracked his whip, and rumbled on.

Asenath began to understand by and by that she was cold, so climbed the bank, made her way over the windy flats, the railroad, and the western bridge confusedly with an idea of going home. She turned aside by the toll-gate. The keeper came out to see what she was doing, but she kept out of his sight behind the great willow and his little blue house, — the blue house with the green blinds and red moulding. The dam thundered that night, the wind and the water being high. She made her way up above it, and looked in. She had never seen it so black and smooth there. As she listened to the roar, she remembered something that she had read — was it in the Bible or the Ledger? — about seven thunders uttering their voices.

"He 's sorry for her, and all that," they said.

A dead bough shot down the current while she stood there, went over and down, and out of sight, throwing up its little branches like helpless hands.

It fell in with a thought of Asenath's,

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perhaps; at any rate she did not like the looks of it, and went home.

Over the bridge, and the canal, and the lighted streets, the falls called after her: "He 's sorry for her, and all that." The curtain was drawn aside when she came home, and she saw her father through the window, sitting alone, with his gray head bent.

It occurred to her that she had often left him alone, — poor old father! It occurred to her, also, that she understood now what it was to be alone. Had she forgotten him in these two comforted, companioned years?

She came in weakly, and looked about.

"Dick 's in, and gone to bed," said the old man, answering her look. "You 're tired, Senath."

"I am tired, father."

She sunk upon the floor, — the heat of the room made her a little faint, — and laid her head upon his knee; oddly enough, she noticed that the patch on it had given way, — wondered how many days it had been so, — whether he had felt ragged and neglected while she was busy about that blue neck-tie for Dick. She put her hand up and smoothed the corners of the rent.

"You shall be mended up to-morrow, poor father!"

He smiled, pleased like a child to be remembered. She looked up at him, — at his gray hair and shrivelled face, at his blackened hands and bent shoulders, and dusty, ill-kept coat. What would it be like, if the days brought her nothing but him?

"Something 's the matter with my little gal? Tell father, can't ye?"

Her face flushed hot, as if she had done him wrong. She crept up into his arms, and put her hands behind his rough old neck.

"Would you kiss me, father? You don't think I 'm too ugly to kiss, maybe, — you?"

She felt better after that. She had not gone to sleep now for many a night unkissed; it had seemed hard at first.

When she had gone half-way up stairs, Dick came to the door of his room on the first floor, and called her. He held the little kerosene lamp over his head; his face was grave and pale.

"I have n't said good night, Sene."

She made no reply.

"Asenath, good night."

She stayed her steps upon the stairs without turning her head. Her father had kissed her to-night. Was not that enough?

"Why, Sene, what 's the matter with you?"

Dick mounted the stairs, and touched his lips to her forehead with a gently compassionate smile.

She fled from him with a cry like the cry of a suffocated creature, shut her door, and locked it with a ringing clang.

"She 's walked too far, and got a little nervous," said Dick, screwing up his lamp; "poor thing!"

Then he went into his room to look at Del's photograph awhile before he burned it up; for he meant to burn it up.

Asenath, when she had locked her door, put her lamp before the looking-glass and tore off her gray cape; tore it off so savagely that the button snapped and rolled away, — two little crystal semicircles like tears upon the floor.

There was no collar about the neck of her dress, and this heightened the plainness and the pallor of her face. She shrank instinctively at the first sight of herself, and opened the drawer where the crimson cape was folded, but shut it resolutely.

"I 'll see the worst of it," she said with pinched lips. She turned herself about and about before the glass, letting the cruel light gloat over her shoulders, letting the sickly shadows grow purple on her face. Then she put her elbows on the table and her chin into her hands, and so, for a motionless half-hour, studied the unrounded, uncolored, unlightened face that stared back at her; her eyes darkening at its eyes, her hair touching its hair, her breath dimming the outline of its repulsive mouth.

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By and by she dropped her head into her hands. The poor, mistaken face! She felt as if she would like to blot it out of the world, as her tears used to blot out the wrong sums upon her slate. It had been so happy! But he was sorry for it, and all that. Why did a good God make such faces?

She slipped upon her knees, bewildered.

"He *can't* mean any harm nohow," she said, speaking fast, and knelt there and said it over till she felt sure of it.

Then she thought of Del once more, — of her colors and sinuous springs, and little cries and chatter.

After a time she found that she was growing faint, and so stole down into the kitchen for some food. She stayed a minute to warm her feet. The fire was red and the clock was ticking. It seemed to her home-like and comfortable, and she seemed to herself very homeless and lonely; so she sat down on the floor, with her head in a chair, and cried as hard as she ought to have done four hours ago.

She climbed into bed about one o'clock, having decided, in a dull way, to give Dick up to-morrow.

But when to-morrow came he was up with a bright face, and built the kitchen fire for her, and brought in all the water, and helped her fry the potatoes, and whistled a little about the house, and worried at her paleness, and so she said nothing about it.

"I 'll wait till night," she planned, making ready for the mill.

"O, I can't!" she cried at night. So other mornings came, and other nights.

I am quite aware that, according to all romantic precedents, this conduct was preposterous in Asenath. Floracita, in the novel, never so far forgets the whole duty of a heroine as to struggle, waver, doubt, delay. It is proud and proper to free the young fellow; proudly and properly she frees him; "suffers in silence" — till she marries another man; and (having had a convenient opportunity to refuse the original lover) overwhelms the reflective reader with a sense of poetic justice and the eternal fitness of things.

But I am not writing a novel, and, as the biographer of this simple factory girl, am offered few advantages.

Asenath was no heroine, you see. Such heroic elements as were in her — none could tell exactly what they were, or whether there were any: she was one of those people in whom it is easy to be quite mistaken; — her life had not been one to develop. She might have a certain pride of her own, under given circumstances; but plants grown in a cellar will turn to the sun at any cost; how could she go back into her dark?

As for the other man to marry, he was out of the question. Then, none love with the tenacity of the unhappy; no life is so lavish of itself as the denied life: to him that hath not shall be given, — and Asenath loved this Richard Cross.

It might be altogether the grand and suitable thing to say to him, "I will not be your wife." It might be that she would thus regain a strong shade of lost self-respect. It might be that she would make him happy, and give pleasure to Del. It might be that the two young people would be her "friends," and love her in a way.

But all this meant that Dick must go out of her life. Practically, she must make up her mind to build the fires, and pump the water, and mend the windows alone. In dreary fact, he would not listen when she sung; would not say, "You are tired, Sene"; would never kiss away an undried tear. There would be nobody to notice the crimson cape, nobody to make blue neck-ties for; none for whom to save the Bonnes de Jersey, or to take sweet, tired steps, or make dear, dreamy plans. To be sure, there was her father; but fathers do not count for much in a time like this on which Sene had fallen.

That Del Ivory was — Del Ivory added intricacies to the question. It was a very unpoetic but undoubted fact that Asenath could in no way so

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insure Dick's unhappiness as to pave the way to his marriage with the woman whom he loved. There would be six merry months, perhaps, or three; then slow worry and disappointment; pretty Del accepted at last, not as the crown of his young life, but as its silent burden and misery. Poor Dick! good Dick! Who deserved more wealth of wifely sacrifice? Asenath, thinking this, crimsoned with pain and shame. A streak of good common sense in the girl told her — though she half scorned herself for the conviction — that even a crippled woman who should bear all things and hope all things for his sake might blot out the memory of this rounded Del; that, no matter what the motive with which he married her, he would end by loving his wife like other people.

She watched him sometimes in the evenings, as he turned his kind eyes after her over the library book which he was reading.

"I know I could make him happy! I *know* I could!" she muttered fiercely to herself.

November blew into December, December congealed into January, while she kept her silence. Dick, in his honorable heart, seeing that she suffered, wearied himself with plans to make her eyes shine; brought her two pails of water instead of one, never forgot the fire, helped her home from the mill. She saw him meet Del Ivory once upon Essex Street with a grave and silent bow; he never spoke with her now. He meant to pay the debt he owed her down to the uttermost farthing; that grew plain. Did she try to speak her wretched secret, he suffocated her with kindness, struck her dumb with tender words.

She used to analyze her life in those days, considering what it would be without him. To be up by half past five o'clock in the chill of all the winter mornings, to build the fire and cook the breakfast and sweep the floor, to hurry away faint and weak over the raw, slippery streets, to climb at half past six the endless stairs and stand at the endless loom, and hear the endless wheels go buzzing round, to sicken in the oily smells, and deafen at the remorseless noise, and weary of the rough girl swearing at the other end of the pass; to eat her cold dinner from a little cold tin pail out on the stairs in the three-quarters-of-an-hour recess; to come exhausted home at half past six at night, and get the supper, and brush up about the shoemaker's bench, and be too weak to eat; to sit with aching shoulders and make the button-holes of her best dress, or darn her father's stockings till nine o'clock; to hear no bounding step or cheery whistle about the house; to creep into bed and lie there trying not to think, and wishing that so she might creep into her grave, — this not for one winter, but for all the winters, — how should *you* like it, you young girls, with whom time runs like a story?

The very fact that her employers dealt honorably by her; that she was fairly paid, and promptly, for her wearing toil; that the limit of endurance was consulted in the temperature of the room, and her need of rest in an occasional holiday, — perhaps, after all, in the mood she was in, did not make this factory life more easy. She would have found it rather a relief to have somebody to complain of, — wherein she was like the rest of us, I fancy.

But at last there came a day — it chanced to be the ninth of January — when Asenath went away alone at noon, and sat where Merrimack sung his songs to her. She hid her face upon her knees, and listened, and thought her own thoughts, till they and the slow torment of the winter seemed greater than she could bear. So, passing her hands confusedly over her forehead, she said at last aloud, "That 's what God means, Asenath Martyn!" and went back to work with a purpose in her eyes.

She "asked out" a little earlier than usual, and went slowly home. Dick was there before her; he had been taking a half-holiday. He had made the tea and toasted the bread for a little surprise. He came up and said, "Why,

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Sene, your hands are cold!" and warmed them for her in his own.

After tea she asked him, would he walk out with her for a little while, and he in wonder went.

The streets were brightly lighted, and the moon was up. The ice cracked crisp under their feet. Sleighs, with two riders in each, shot merrily by. People were laughing in groups before the shop-windows. In the glare of a jeweller's counter somebody was buying a wedding-ring, and a girl with red cheeks was looking hard the other way.

"Let 's get away," said Asenath, — "get away from here!"

They chose by tacit consent that favorite road of hers over the eastern bridge. Their steps had a hollow, lonely ring on the frosted wood; she was glad when the softness of the snow in the road received them. She looked back once at the water, wrinkled into thin ice on the edge for a foot or two, then open and black and still.

"What are you doing?" asked Dick. She said that she was wondering how cold it was, and Dick laughed at her.

They strolled on in silence for perhaps a mile of the desolate road.

"Well, this is social!" said Dick at length; "how much farther do you want to go? I believe you 'd walk to Reading if nobody stopped you!"

She was taking slow, regular steps like an automaton, and looking straight before her.

"How much farther? Oh!" She stopped and looked about her.

A wide young forest spread away at their feet, to the right and to the left. There was ice on the tiny oaks and miniature pines; it glittered sharply under the moon; the light upon the snow was blue; cold roads wound away through it, deserted; little piles of dead leaves shivered; a fine keen spray ran along the tops of the drifts; inky shadows lurked and dodged about the undergrowth; in the broad spaces the snow glared; the lighted mills, a zone of fire, blazed from east to west; the skies were bare, and the wind was up, and Merrimack in the distance chanted solemnly.

They were alone there, — they two, and God.

"Dick," said Asenath, "this is a dreadful place! Take me home."

But when he would have turned, she held him back with a sudden cry, and stood still.

"I meant to tell you — I meant to say — Dick! I was going to say — "

But she did not say it. She opened her lips to speak once and again, but no sound came from them.

"Sene! why, Sene, what ails you?"

He turned, and took her in his arms; he hid the sky and the snow from her sight; she felt his breath upon her hair.

"Poor Sene!"

He kissed her, feeling sorry for her unknown trouble. She struggled at his touch. He kissed her again. She broke from him, and away with a great bound upon the snow. She stood out against the sky, panting hard like a hunted thing.

"You make it so hard! You 've no right to make it so hard! It ain't as if you loved me, Dick! I know I 'm not like other girls! Go home, and let me be!"

But Dick drew her arm through his, and led her gravely away. "I like you well enough, Asenath," he said, with that motherly pity in his eyes; "I 've always liked you. So don't let us have any more of this."

So Asenath said nothing more.

The sleek black river beckoned to her across the snow as they went home. A thought came to her as she passed the bridge — it is a curious study what wicked thoughts will come to good people! — she found herself considering the advisability of leaping the low brown parapet; and if it would not be like Dick to go over after her; if there would be a chance for them, even should he swim from the banks; how soon the icy current would paralyze him; how sweet it would be to chill to death there in his arms; how all this wavering and pain would be over; how

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Del would look when they dragged them out down below the machine-shop!

"Sene, are you cold?" asked puzzled Dick. She was warmly wrapped in her little squirrel furs; but he felt her quivering upon his arm, like one in an ague, all the way home.

About eleven o'clock that night her father waked from an exciting dream concerning the best method of blacking patent-leather; Sene stood beside his bed with her gray shawl thrown over her night-dress.

"Father, suppose some time there should be only you and me —"

"Well, well, Sene," said the old man sleepily, — "very well."

"I'd try to be a good girl! Could you love me enough to make up?"

He told her indistinctly that she always was a good girl; she never had a whipping from the day her mother died. She turned away impatiently; then cried out and fell upon her knees.

"Father, father! I'm in a great trouble. I haven't got any mother, any friend, anybody. Nobody helps me! Nobody knows. I've been thinking such things — O, such wicked things — up in my room! Then I got afraid of myself. You're good. You love me. I want you to put your hand on my head and say, 'God bless you, child, and show you how.'"

Bewildered, he put his hand upon her unbound hair, and said: "God bless you, child, and show you how!"

Asenath looked at the old withered hand a moment, as it lay beside her on the bed, kissed it, and went away.

There was a scarlet sunrise the next morning. A pale pink flush stole through a hole in the curtain, and fell across Asenath's sleeping face, and lay there like a crown. It woke her, and she threw on her dress; and sat down for a while on the window-sill, to watch the coming-on of the day.

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose-tints; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun, and dripped, as she had seen it drip before, with blood.

The day broke softly, the snow melted, the wind blew warm from the river. The factory-bell chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers, in safe, luxurious beds, were wakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to work.

Asenath came down with a quiet face. In her communing with the sunrise helpful things had been spoken to her. Somehow, she knew not how, the peace of the day was creeping into her heart. For some reason, she knew not why, the torment and unrest of the night were gone. There was a future to be settled, but she would not trouble herself about that just now. There was breakfast to get; and the sun shone, and a snow-bird was chirping outside of the door. She noticed how the tea-kettle hummed, and how well the new curtain, with the castle and waterfall on it, fitted the window. She thought that she would scour the closet at night, and surprise her father by finishing those list slippers. She kissed him when she had tied on the red hood, and said good-by to Dick, and told them just where to find the squash-pie for dinner.

When she had closed the twisted gate, and taken a step or two upon the snow, she came thoughtfully back. Her father was on his bench, mending one of Meg Match's shoes. She pushed it gently out of his hands, sat down upon his lap, and stroked the shaggy hair away from his forehead.

"Father!"

"Well, what now, Sene? — what now?"

"Sometimes I believe I've forgotten you a bit, you know. I think we're going to be happier after this. That's all."

She went out singing, and he heard the gate shut again with a click.

Sene was a little dizzy that morning, — the constant palpitation of the floors always made her dizzy after a wakeful night, — and so her colored cotton threads danced out of place, and troubled her.

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Del Ivory, working beside her, said, "How the mill shakes! What 's going on?"

"It 's the new machinery they 're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but heavy, very heavy; they calc'late on getting it all into place to-day; you 'd better be tending to your frame, Miss Ivory."

As the day wore on, the quiet of Asenath's morning deepened. Round and round with the pulleys over her head she wound her thoughts of Dick. In and out with her black and dun-colored threads she spun her future. Pretty Del, just behind her, was twisting a pattern like a rainbow. She noticed this, and smiled.

"Never mind!" she thought, "I guess God knows."

Was He ready "to bless her, and show her how"? She wondered. If, indeed, it were best that she should never be Dick's wife, it seemed to her that He would help her about it. She had been a coward last night; her blood leaped in her veins with shame at the memory of it. Did He understand? Did He not know how she loved Dick, and how hard it was to lose him?

However that might be, she began to feel at rest about herself. A curious apathy about means and ways and decisions took possession of her. A bounding sense that a way of escape was provided from all her troubles, such as she had when her mother died, came upon her.

Years before, an unknown workman in South Boston, casting an iron pillar upon its core, had suffered it to "float" a little, a very little more, till the thin, unequal side cooled to the measure of an eighth of an inch. That workman had provided Asenath's way of escape.

She went out at noon with her luncheon, and found a place upon the stairs, away from the rest, and sat there awhile, with her eyes upon the river, thinking. She could not help wondering a little, after all, why God need to have made her so unlike the rest of his fair handiwork. Del came bounding by, and nodded at her carelessly. Two young Irish girls, sisters, — the beauties of the mill, — magnificently colored creatures, — were singing a little love-song together, while they tied on their hats to go home.

"There *are* such pretty things in the world!" thought poor Sene.

Did anybody speak to her after the girls were gone? Into her heart these words fell suddenly, "*He* hath no form nor comeliness. *His* visage was so marred more than any man."

They clung to her fancy all the afternoon. She liked the sound of them. She wove them in with her black and dun colored threads.

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases, and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It 's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, heard snatches of the girls' talk.

"Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"

"Guess so, yes; me and Bob Smith we thought we 'd go to Boston, and come up in the theatre train."

"Del Ivory, I want the pattern of your zouave."

"Did I go to church? No, you don't catch me! If I slave all the week, I 'll do what I please on Sunday."

"Hush-sh! There 's the boss looking over here!"

"Kathleen Donnavon, be still with your ghost-stories. There 's one thing in the world I never will hear about, and that 's dead people."

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow —"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped; the threads untwisted, and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up.

Looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his hands to his head, and

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fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its helpless, giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe!

She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stairs and an open door; she threw out her arms, and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square, oaken beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh red color; she dimly wondered why, — as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support, time, place, and reason, go utterly out.

"*At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground.*"

So the record flashed over the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate, and the muttering South, and was forgotten.

Who shall say what it was to the seven hundred and fifty souls who were buried in the ruins? What to the eighty-eight who died that death of exquisite agony? What to the wrecks of men and women who endure unto this day a life that is worse than death? What to that architect and engineer who, when the fatal pillars were first delivered to them for inspection, had found one broken under their eyes, yet accepted the contract, and built with them a mill whose thin walls and wide, unsupported stretches could never keep their place unaided?

One that we love may go to the battle-ground, and we are ready for the worst: we have said our good-bys; our hearts wait and pray: it is his life, not his death, which is the surprise. But that he should go out to his safe, daily, commonplace occupations, unnoticed and uncaressed, — scolded a little, perhaps, because he leaves the door open, and tells us how cross we are this morning; and they bring him up the steps by and by, a mangled mass of death and horror, — that is hard.

Old Martyn, working at Meg Match's shoes, — she was never to wear those shoes, poor Meg! — heard, at ten minutes before five, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath, waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street.

A vast crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills, — Pacific, Atlantic, Washington, — Pemberton? Where was Pemberton?

Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps last night, and hummed with its iron lips this noon, a cloud of dust, black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she must have been struck upon the head. The church-clocks were striking eight. A bonfire which had been built at a distance, to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the *débris* across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks.

A broad piece of flooring that had fallen slantwise roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of iron-work overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her

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room — a mere child — was crying between her groans for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. It was Meg Match. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free; she moved it feebly. They could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahoney, Jimmy Mahoney! and would they be sure and give him back the handkerchief? Poor Jimmy Mahoney! By and by she called no more; and in a little while the hand was still. The other side of the slanted flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the Amen, but it was never spoken. Beyond, they dug a man out from under a dead body, unhurt. He crawled to his feet, and broke into furious blasphemies.

As consciousness came fully, agony grew. Sene shut her lips and folded her bleeding hands together, and uttered no cry. Del did screaming enough for two, she thought. She pondered things calmly as the night deepened, and the words that the workers outside were saying came brokenly to her. Her hurt, she knew, was not unto death; but it must be cared for before very long; how far could she support this slow bleeding away? And what were the chances that they could hew their way to her without crushing her?

She thought of her father, of Dick; of the bright little kitchen and supper-table set for three; of the song that she had sung in the flush of the morning. Life — even her life — grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her.

Del cried presently, that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfires struck through an opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct.

"They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off of my feet, Del!"

Del took off two or three in a frightened way; then, seeing the blood on them, sat down and cried.

A Scotch girl, with one arm shattered, crept up and removed the pile; then fainted.

The opening broadened, brightened; the sweet night-wind blew in; the safe night sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again after all! Back in the little kitchen, where the sun shone, and she could sing a song, there would yet be a place for her. She worked her head from under the beam, and raised herself upon her elbow.

At that moment she heard a cry:

"Fire! *fire!* GOD ALMIGHTY HELP THEM, — THE RUINS ARE ON FIRE!"

A man working over the *débris* from the outside had taken the notion — it being rather dark just there — to carry a lantern with him.

"For God's sake," a voice cried from the crowd, "don't stay there with that light!"

But while this voice yet sounded, it was the dreadful fate of the man with the lantern to let it fall, — and it broke upon the ruined mass.

That was at nine o'clock. What there was to see from then till morning could never be told or forgotten.

A network twenty feet high, of rods and girders, of beams, pillars, stairways, gearing, roofing, ceiling, walling; wrecks of looms, shafts, twisters, pulleys, bobbins, mules, locked and interwoven; wrecks of human creatures wedged in; a face that you know turned up at you from some pit which twenty-four hours' hewing could not open; a voice that you know crying after you from God knows where; a mass of long, fair hair visible here; a foot there; three fingers of a hand over there; the snow bright-red under foot; charred limbs and headless trunks tossed about; strong men carrying

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covered things by you, at sight of which other strong men have fainted; the little yellow jet that flared up, and died in smoke, and flared again, leaped out, licked the cotton-bales, tasted the oiled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck, death, and life together out of your sight, — the lurid thing stands alone in the gallery of tragedy.

"Del," said Sene, presently, "I smell the smoke." And in a little while, "How red it is growing away over there at the left!"

To lie here and watch the hideous redness crawling after her, springing at her! — it had seemed greater than reason could bear, at first.

Now it did not trouble her. She grew a little faint, and her thoughts wandered. She put her head down upon her arm, and shut her eyes. Dreamily she heard them saying a dreadful thing outside, about one of the overseers; at the alarm of fire he had cut his throat, and before the flames touched him he was taken out. Dreamily she heard Del cry that the shaft behind the heap of reels was growing hot. Dreamily she saw a tiny puff of smoke struggle through the cracks of a broken fly-frame.

They were working to save her, with rigid, stern faces. A plank snapped, a rod yielded; they drew out the Scotch girl; her hair was singed; then a man with blood upon his face and wrists, held down his arms.

"There 's time for one more! God save the rest of ye, — I can't!"

Del sprang; then stopped, — even Del, — stopped ashamed, and looked back at the cripple.

Asenath at this sat up erect. The latent heroism in her awoke. All her thoughts grew clear and bright. The tangled skein of her perplexed and troubled winter unwound suddenly. This, then, was the way. It was better so. God had provided himself a lamb for the burnt-offering.

So she said, "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it 's all right."

And Del at the first word went. She sat and watched them draw her out; it was a slow process; the loose sleeve of her factory sack was scorched.

Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught her. It was Dick. The love which he had fought so long broke free of barrier in that hour. He kissed her pink arm where the burnt sleeve fell off. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her face. She turned faint with the sense of safety, and with a face as white as her own he bore her away in his arms to the hospital, over the crimson snow.

Asenath looked out through the glare and smoke with parched lips. For a scratch upon the girl's smooth cheek, he had quite forgotten her. They had left her, tombed alive here in this furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of relief and triumph. If this were all that she could be to him, the thing which she had done was right, quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes again.

When she opened them, neither Dick nor Del, nor crimsoned snow, nor sky, were there, only the smoke writhing up a pillar of blood-red flame.

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sene. "Can you crawl around?"

Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours, — so. There! I guess that 's better, is n't it?"

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back!" — then hushed, awe-struck.

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An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I 'll have her out yet. I 'm an old man, but I can help. She 's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it 'll keep her from choking, maybe. Now! Keep cheery, Sene! Your old father 'll get ye out. Keep up good heart, child! That 's it!"

"It 's no use, father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with cheerful words.

"No more ye need n't, Senath, for it 'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet! We 'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water, — do now! They 'll get at ye now, sure!"

But out above the crackle and the roar a woman's voice rang like a bell:

"We 're going home to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled the glad refrain, —

"We 're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For one stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

The answer came triumphantly, —

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

"Sene! little Sene!"

But some one pulled him back.

THE HOUSEHOLD LAMP.

WHEN suns decline, and crickets sing,
And wandering mists from seaward roam,
When nights no heavenly beacons bring,
Then brightest shines the star of home!

When the brown brooks, with music low,
Watch summers die and autumns come,
When stately golden-rods must bow,
What cheer is in that light of home!

When winter strips the shuddering trees,
And chills the wavelet's wanton foam,
When in the world's cold grasp we freeze,
How blest is then that star of home!

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FREE MISSOURI.

PART I.

MISSOURI is the stone which the builders rejected. Under early Spanish rule, Florida, the Land of Flowers, was a vast, indefinite region, stretching north to the Canadian lakes, and westward to the "Mother Mountains." Travellers described the portion of it bordering the "great Yellow River of the Massorites" as barren and inhospitable.

When it passed under French domination, all Paris, headed by famous John Law, went mad over the fancied gold and silver of "Upper Louisiana," but held it worthless for culture and habitation.

Seventy years ago, sanguine, warm-hearted, red-haired Thomas Jefferson filled our executive chair. He was sixty; he was in power; but he reversed the ordinary rule. Neither age nor official responsibility could make him timid or conservative. Indeed, they increased his daring. As a candidate, he had been the narrowest of strict constructionists. As President, he became the broadest of latitudinarians. Alexander Hamilton was the bugbear of his life. Until the great Federalist lay dying on Weehawken Heights, with Burr's bullet in his breast, the great Democrat always believed with horror that Hamilton meant to turn our government into a monarchy. Yet Jefferson himself did an act which few constitutional kings would have attempted. He deliberately and confessedly went outside of his legal powers; purchased Louisiana of Napoleon for fifteen million dollars, and more than doubled the area of the young Republic.

Real estate has advanced in price and receded in quality since then. Jefferson was lampooned mercilessly for buying worthless regions which we did not want, and had not the money to pay for, and nobody knew the boundaries of. But the people acquiesced in manifest destiny, as they always will until the tricolored flag shall stream over every acre from the North Pole to the Isthmus of Darien.

Men and women still under forty remember how their school geographies included much of Missouri in the Great American Desert, — just as Plutarch relates that map-makers of his day depicted the regions they knew nothing about as "sand wastes, full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs." In 1819 Thomas H. Benton was editing "The St. Louis Intelligencer." The struggle for the admission of Missouri to the Union had already begun. Young Benton was on the ground. He was destined to become *the* champion of this embryo State, and of all Western interests. Yet even he wrote: —

"After you get forty or fifty miles from the Mississippi, arid plains set in, and the country is uninhabitable except upon the borders of the rivers and creeks!"

Uninhabitable! We shall see. But first a glance at the geology and history of Missouri.

The ancient convulsions which moulded and modified our great valley are Nature's romance, — her very Arabian Nights' Entertainment. With unerring pen their history is written; but where the unerring linguist to read it? Who can surely decipher the testimony of the rocks, the hills, and the prairies?

Relatively, the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas are of recent origin. Ere yet they had risen from the deep, waves of the Pacific, rolling in from the far Orient, broke on the western foothills of the Alleghanies. How immeasurable the power which, upheaving the spinal column of the continent, drove back the great ocean for twenty-five hundred miles!

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Later in the slow years, while the largest coal basin in the world, and the prairies of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri were forming, the vast valley was again submerged. This time with fresh water. Where St. Louis now displays her linear miles of steamboats, and her square miles of brick blocks huge monsters, scaly and finny, disported in dark, profound depths. A hundred miles further south, the mighty torrent poured in a cataract, far exceeding Niagara. The width of the upper Mississippi covered several degrees of longitude, and its surface was two hundred feet above the present level.

Now the shrunken stream is but a mile wide. Along Missouri and Iowa its channel has greatly deepened. Beside Mississippi, and through Louisiana, mud-deposits have steadily raised its bed, until now, like the Nile, it is far higher than the adjacent land. But for artificial levees, all the river counties would be under water. Steamboat passengers look *down* into the chimneys of dwelling-houses, and into great fields of cotton, sugar, and rice.

The Iron Mountain country, one hundred miles south of St. Louis, was thrown up to its present height by an ancient earthquake. The same convulsion depressed a long strip of land from the mouth of the Ohio to the mouth of the White River, forming the endless swamps and submerged counties of Southeastern Missouri and Northeastern Arkansas.

That was in a dim, far-off past. But old settlers still remember the earthquakes of 1811–12, — the most violent on our continent within the historic period. Pioneers thought the end of the world had come. It was an era of wonders, natural and mechanical. The great comet had just disappeared. The first steamer of the West was on her way from Pittsburg to New Orleans. The heat was intense; the air close and stifling. Noonday was as twilight; and the lurid sun hung in the heavens like a globe of copper.

The country pitched and tossed like a raging sea. The pilot found the river's bed strangely altered, and its shores unrecognizable. Large islands in mid-channel had sunk out of sight. Acres of trees, with roots upward, were floating down the stream. No breeze stirred the air; but whole forests were waving and trembling like tall wheat in a strong wind. Great banks came tumbling into the river, overwhelming flat-boats and rafts, whose terrified crews had landed and escaped. The Mississippi gurgled and roared; and finally its torrent turned and flowed upstream for ten miles, swallowing keelboats and arks, ingulfing houses and farms, and drowning men, women, and children.

New Madrid was the centre of the convulsion. Some of the dismayed inhabitants fled back to the higher lands. Others stood palsied upon the shore, watching their tumbling houses, and praying to be taken on board the passing steamer. The earth opened in long fissures, from which jets of water and mud, and sheets of sand, streamed up into the air. Even the resting-place of the dead was invaded; the churchyard, with its grassy graves, parted from the shore, and went down into the turbid river. Bones of the gigantic mastodon and icthyosaurus, buried for ages, protruded from the banks of naked loam.

The whole face of the country was changed. Westward for miles the land sank many feet. Hills and plains of gigantic oaks, cypresses two hundred feet high, gum-trees, walnuts, hickories, and dense canes instantaneously dropped out of sight, as a magic forest goes down through the trap-door of a theatre. They have been submerged ever since, without branch or twig breaking the surface of the dull, stagnant waters.

Even when unconvulsed, our great rivers cut like knives through the soft alluvium of their banks. They roam their broad valleys almost as unrestrained as the sluggish catfish swim their muddy depths. They are here to-day, and there to-morrow, — always forming new channels, always filling up the old.

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In 1853 a Missouri River steamer ran upon a sand-bar. The land was increasing so fast that she could not be got off. Night and day it grew apace, until the luckless vessel, a hundred yards from the water, perched high and dry, — a modern ark upon a modern Ararat. In two or three years a thick forest of willows or cottonwoods would have hidden her. But suddenly the river changed its mind a second time, returned to its old channel, cutting away the new-formed soil, released the imprisoned steamer, and bore her safe to the St. Louis levee, after a delay of only a few weeks. The same stream has cut away half of St. Joseph, Mo., deposited a broad sand-bar in front of Weston, and, by finding a new channel, transformed a river town of Nebraska into an interior village of Iowa.

Hardly less erratic is the Mississippi. New Madrid seems to be the favorite neighborhood for the display of its eccentricities. One morning during the late war, the Rebels of that ancient village were startled to find four of General Pope's steam-transports lying at their landing. Beauregard's army blockaded the river above; but Pope's Illinois Yankees, by turning a portion of the water into a new channel, which they had cut for sixteen miles through bayous, swamps, and cornfields, floated their transports around, took the enemy in the rear, captured Island No. Ten, with its one hundred and twenty-five guns, half a dozen steamers, valuable supplies, and three thousand prisoners, and sent the Rebel lines "whirling" down to Fort Pillow.

That was the Mississippi *plus* man's ingenuity. But on the same spot the unaided stream has performed exploits almost as wonderful. New Madrid, founded by early Spanish settlers, and named in honor of their stately capital at home, was laid out for a magnificent city. A mile from the river its site embraced a pretty lake, which they designed enclosing to beautify the pleasure-grounds of their future metropolis. But the stream has encroached so ravenously upon its Missouri shore, that the original seat of the town, lake and all, is not only removed into Kentucky, but is nearly two miles back from the Mississippi. At Randolph, Fort Pillow, and other points below, the river has swallowed extensive earthworks, and obliterated every trace of the great Rebellion.

Missouri has fewer antiquities than Ohio or Kentucky. On the Gasconade are caves of singularly pure saltpetre, which settlers have frequently used for the manufacture of gunpowder. But the caves had earlier workers. In their ancient rooms, with arched roofs and white limestone walls, have been found many rude axes and hammers. In the same vicinity are remains of stone towns, and of buildings which seem to have been religious temples.

There are other footprints of the Mound-Builders, — that mysterious race, just as distinct from the red men as the red men from the whites, — which swarmed in our great valley before the Indians, which worked oil-wells in Pennsylvania, and copper-mines on Lake Superior. They were unable to melt the copper, and therefore used it only for ornaments. One of their earth monuments, near New Madrid, was forty feet high, a quarter of a mile in circumference, perfectly level on the top, and surrounded by a deep ditch. St. Louis stands upon the former site of several; hence it is called the Mound City. Cincinnati, too, occupies the ancient seat of an interesting cluster of them.

Dr. Franklin, at eighty, talked of the Mound-Builders with great zest, and declared that if he were younger he would go and study their works for himself. Fascinating as the subject is, modern investigation has barely noticed it, and thrown little light upon it. These artificial mounds, often surrounded by curiously complicated earthworks, appear to have been used as fortifications, as temples for worship, and as the tombs of illustrious persons. Some bear the form of enormous serpents. Others, with their outworks, gateways, and covered pas-

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sages to the water, embrace many acres. Excavations have revealed in them gigantic human skeletons, battle-axes, bucklers of copper thickly overlaid with silver, polished bracelets and rings of silver and brass, many curious utensils of pottery, pipes and money of terra-cotta and slate, and rude sculptures in wood and stone.

Missouri boasts several of these mounds, but none so extensive and striking as those which have given name and interest to Circleville, Ohio. The Buckeye State is full of them; and Kentucky alone is said to have more than five hundred still unexplored. Originally they cost labor as vast and intelligent as the building of the pyramids. Yet the very name of the nation which reared them has passed from human knowledge as utterly as that of an unknown soldier dead on the field, or an unknown passenger swept from the deck of an emigrant ship.

The bluff formations of Missouri contain fossil remains of the mastodon, the American elephant, and other primeval monsters. Even now, according to Draper, we might be enjoying their cheerful company but for the extreme rigor of modern winters. Let churls complain. *I* remember the fossil skeleton of an Alabama zeuglodon. The reptile was ninety feet long, and in the largest place twice as thick as a sugar-hogshead. He was as recklessly adapted to all circumstances as a Yankee invention. He was water proof, with a tail horridly useful for flapping or swimming. He had more legs, and uglier ones, than the most elaborate spider. Into his open jaws a small man might have walked, standing upright, and wearing a stove-pipe hat. Since that enlivening spectacle, I have regarded cold winters and the deprivation they bring with Christian resignation.

Song and story have done little justice to the patience, persistency, and daring of our early explorers. Their journeys were as romantic as that of Jason the Argonaut, — almost as incredible as those of Sinbad the Sailor. Three hundred and twenty-seven years ago, near the present site of Helena, Arkansas, Hernando de Soto reached the Mississippi, the first white man who ever looked upon its waters. Powell's delineation of the discovery covers many square yards of canvas in the great Rotunda of the National Capitol. As a princess of shoddy once described a strong, dingy, hideous old battle-piece in her own parlor: "It is called the *handsomest* picture of the whole collection!" A copy of Powell's group adorns the backs of our ten-dollar National-Bank notes. It is a wonderful, but, alas! a fair, specimen of American historical painting. De Soto and his comrades are the prettiest of men. In personal comeliness they are only exceeded by the amiable savages standing about them. True to nature, — for everybody knows what a thing of beauty the American Indian is. The Portuguese and Spanish explorers appear in all the unsullied feathers and gold of a dress-parade. They seem to have been kept in bandboxes. They are gloved, ruffled, and laced, ready to caper nimbly in a lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasing of a lute. Of course, they looked exactly thus after wandering three years in the wilderness, having their camps and baggage burned months before, and losing half their numbers in the flames, in deadly Indian battle, and by low fevers caught in pestilential swamps.

De Soto and his men — the flower of the Peninsular chivalry — braved everything, suffered everything, in their search for El Dorado. The hot springs of Arkansas they thought the fabled fountain of perpetual youth. They penetrated Missouri from the south; twice crossed the Ozark Hills, and spent the winter of 1541–42 among them. They found the region swarming with fierce Indians. They fought the Pawnees, who still do a thriving business at scalping surveyors and throwing trains off the track along the Union Pacific Railway in Nebraska; and the Kaws, of whom a miserable remnant yet survive, to raise ponies, and beg tobacco and whiskey, on the

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fertile bottoms of the Kansas River. They smelted ore, and were disgusted to find it lead instead of silver. Vernon County, Missouri, still contains ruins of old fortifications and furnaces, believed to mark the winter camp of those gallant, ill-starred soldiers of fortune.

Their fate served as a warning. For one hundred and thirty years the great river was left undisturbed, unseen, by civilized man. Then Marquette the missionary, with Joliet the explorer, starting from Canada, floated down its silent current to the mouth of the Arkansas. Like later travellers, they were surprised to find the stream, so clear and blue above the mouth of the Missouri, so muddy and turbid below.

Before reaching the Gulf, they turned back from dread of the Spaniards. But after them, also from the north, came La Salle, the fearless. He rode the muddy current until he had planted the lilies of France at the mouth of the Mississippi. Louis XIV. was at the zenith of his glory. In the name of the Great King, the bold explorer took possession of the entire country, baptizing the river "St. Louis," and its valley, "Louisiana."

Poor La Salle! He hoped for wealth, fame, and honor from his discoveries. They brought hardship, heart-sickness, and death. For years he faced appalling disasters, with unshaken soul. At last, after long, fruitless endeavors to find again the banks of the Mississippi, a bewildered wanderer in Northern Texas, he fell, assassinated by one of his own soldiers. How great explorers, like great orators, have suffered the most cruel mockery of destiny! They form the saddest pictures in all history, — Columbus, of the broad brow and majestic frame, in an old age of poverty and chains; Ponce de Leon, feeble and gray-haired, shot to death by savages, even while seeking the immortal fountain; La Salle, the dauntless and tireless, with his thin arms folded, and his tattered cloak wrapped about him, cradled in an unknown grave, among the barren hills of Trinity River; Raleigh, the early darling of fortune, his narrow bald head under the shining axe, his calm lips murmuring, "This is sharp medicine, but it cures the worst disease"; De Soto, lowered at midnight to the bottom of the Mississippi, with no audible prayer from his heart-broken comrades, lest the lurking red man learn that the bold leader was at rest after all his wanderings, in peace after all his troubles!

The Illini Indians greeted Father Marquette: "Fair is the sun, O Frenchman! when thou comest among us." To Marquette's countrymen the Illinois prairie ever stretched under a fair sun. They held it a terrestrial paradise. The Missouri hills and valleys they believed uninhabitable, but filled with exhaustless mines of silver and gold. In 1700 there was not a white settlement west of the Mississippi. But Louis XIV. granted to Anthony Crozat, a wealthy French merchant, a monopoly of the trade of the entire valley for sixteen years. Crozat introduced the statutes and usages of France, copied chiefly from Roman civil law. These were the earliest canons of civilization between the Great Lakes and the Gulf.

The first royal governor was Crozat's business partner, La Motte. His first observations disgusted him with the province, and especially with the project for the establishment of trading posts. He wrote back to the Ministry:

"What! Is it expected that for any commercial or profitable purposes boats will ever be able to run up the Mississippi into the Wabash, the Missouri, or the Red River? *One might as well try to bite a slice off the moon.* Not only are these rivers as rapid as the Rhone, but in their crooked course they imitate to perfection a snake's undulations. Hence, for instance, on every turn of the Mississippi it would be necessary to wait for a change of wind, if wind could be had, because this river is so lined up with thick woods that very little wind has access to its bed."

Wise La Motte! Just as wise as Jefferson, who believed the Erie Canal

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built fifty years too soon; as Franklin, who thought steamboats impracticable; as we, who a few months ago shook our sage heads pityingly at Cyrus Field!

Under La Motte no mines were found, no agriculture was begun; and in five years Crozat's monopoly had cost him so much more than it brought, that he returned to Paris, and gave up his charter as worthless.

The region was next granted to the Mississippi Company. "Corporations," says the proverb, "have no bodies to be kicked, and no souls to be damned." This famous company brilliantly exemplified the great truth. But at least it owned a head to lead, in the person of John Law, — gambler, rake, duellist, and speculator though he was. It is the fashion to decry him; but our own finances have sometimes been directed by quite as much charlatanry, and a great deal less brains.

His energy endeavored well for "Upper Louisiana." He sent out two hundred miners to find gold or silver. The Mississippi Bubble swelled until shares rose to forty times their original value. Then it burst. Law, who had begun it with a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, counted himself lucky to save his neck, and escape from Paris with eight hundred Louis d'or in his pocket. His miners in the New World found no precious metals. But, with a wisdom miraculous in gold-seekers, they worked the rich veins of lead still existing near Fredericksburg and Potosi, Missouri, and shipped large quantities of the product home to Europe.

For fifty years France had now held the valley. By the customs of that day, it was time for bloodshed about it, particularly as it was deemed almost worthless. So the Spaniards determined to capture and recolonize it.

The French settlers were few and weak; but the Missouri or Mud Indians, who have given name to the river and the State, were their stanch allies. Like all our aboriginals they took kindly to the easy, gay, music-loving Frenchman, but not to the cruel Spaniard or the grasping Saxon.

The Osages, also a powerful nation, were traditional enemies of the Missouris. The Spaniards decided to join them in a war upon their ancient foes. The Missouris once destroyed, the conquest of the feeble white settlements would be sure and easy.

The expedition started from New Mexico in 1720. It was a strange caravan of Spaniards and natives, horses and mules, droves of cattle, sheep, and swine, with women and children, to form new colonies after the armed men should conquer the old.

The crusaders turned their backs upon Santa Fé, in its mountain aerie, — even yet the highest city of North America. They left behind snowy peak and delusive mirage, rolling wastes of sand and grazing herds of spotted antelopes. Down the shining Arkansas, to where its fair valley broadens into the magnificent prairies of Southern Kansas. Thence eastward through a swelling ocean of grass, its billowy green foamy with daisy and phlox, or gorgeous with golden-rod and sunflower. Then northward over rugged hills of gray rock, shaded with groves of chincapin and stunted oak, where, in the world's morning twilight, the Mound-Builders had toiled, where, two centuries before these soldiers, De Soto had marched and fought, where, on a summer day, a hundred and forty years later, Nathaniel Lyon and a thousand of his young comrades should fall for their country and for freedom.

After a weary march of a thousand miles, these pioneer filibusters approached the Great Yellow River. In its rich valley they found noble elms, black-walnuts, and sycamores, their trunks wreathed and their branches weighed down with luxuriant parasites. Bushes, vines, and trees bent under enormous clusters of black, shining elderberries, snow-white pigeon-berries, purpling grapes, and luscious, straw-colored plums.

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But the invaders had little time to wonder at the bountifulness of nature. Their ignorant guides led them, not among the Osages whom they sought, but right into the chief village of the Missouris, whom they had come to destroy. Both tribes spoke the same language, and the Spaniards were completely deceived. They told their purpose freely, and distributed arms and ammunition to their wily enemies. The Missouris fooled them to the top of their bent, professing to acquiesce gladly in all their plans. But just at dawn on the third morning the Indians fell upon their deluded visitors, and killed and scalped every man, woman, and child except the solitary priest. Him they kept prisoner; but in a few weeks he escaped. With wonderful endurance and good fortune, all alone he trod the obscure, dangerous trail back to Santa Fé, and told the fate of the would-be pirates, hoist upon their own petard.

The first settlement upon the Missouri was begun in 1762, and named Village du Côté. It is now St. Charles, a pleasant town of four thousand people, at the crossing of the North Missouri Railway. The next year a party of French trappers and traders ascended the Mississippi, designing to found a post at the mouth of the Missouri. It took them five months to come from New Orleans to the present site of Alton. The same trip by rail now consumes about two days. Not liking the ground at the junction, they dropped down twenty miles, and in the deep wilderness, by the great river, raised their first cabin of poles, bark, and skins.

That was the beginning of St. Louis. The city was founded twenty-four years earlier than Cincinnati, sixty-six earlier than Chicago, and forty-seven later than New Orleans. The pioneers adopted many Indian habits. They strapped their infants to boards like papooses. After they began to raise swine, the mother would leave her baby alone in the cabin for hours; but, to alleviate his solitude, she gave him a huge piece of raw pork to suck, first tying it to his foot by a string, so that whenever he attempted to swallow it the natural impulse to kick would save him from choking. Perhaps it was from this custom, extended across the river, that Illinoisans were first called "Suckers."

Of course, the babies thrived. That was the golden age of the little folks. Shower-baths were rare, dietetics unknown. Modern hygiene, like Falstaff's instinct, may be "a great matter"; but somehow, to our children of model rearing, Death gives but little of his hourglass and a great deal of his scythe. And if little tombstones told the truth, I suspect many would proclaim, "Died of unmitigated carefulness and endless washing." Our lily-cheeked darlings, kept ever tidy in person, spotless in dress, prudent in diet, safe from all exposure, are as fair as young willows, but also as frail. And the tow-headed youngster of the prairie cabin, soaked in the rain, barefoot on the frost, always munching his pork, corn-bread, and molasses, but always in the blessed open air, is a sapling of oak. Happily unconscious of nerves, he is ready to go through life on his muscle, as all of us must in one way or another.

Forty years passed. Louisiana was held of so little worth that she flew like a shuttlecock between the battledores of France and Spain, belonging now to one power, and now to the other. Her settlers increased but slowly. They were isolated from all mankind. They were almost as secluded from the outside world as the dwellers in the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

Children born in St. Louis began to find wrinkles in their faces, and silver in their hair; yet the town contained less than a thousand people. It was essentially French, and rigidly Catholic. It had no post-office; but priests were abundant. No Protestant could own a lot, or even enjoy public religious worship. There were one hundred and eighty dwellings, — straw-thatched cabins, built of hewn cedar and cottonwood logs, standing upright. Barns of the

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same material stood thick among them, filled with wheat from the common field, and hay from the open prairie beyond. Back of the town, a brief circle of small round towers of sod extended from the river above to the river below; within this enclosure also were two higher towers for observation, — all defences against Indians. The people crossed the river by canoes, or "dug-outs," lashing two large ones together, and covering them with split planks, when horses and wagons were to be ferried over.

But the little city was neither prosaic nor unimportant. The mercurial Frenchman and his Creole descendants observed frequent holidays; the cedar floors creaked with merry dancing to the violin, and the Mississippi learned by heart the old home songs of the Seine and the Rhone. The public records and judicial proceedings were in French. It was almost the only language spoken on the streets. The citizen wore buckskin moccasins in winter, and often went barefoot in summer. He was averse to hats; a gay cotton kerchief usually enveloped his head. His loose shirt was of bright red flannel, his pantaloons of fringed buckskin, or colored cotton. He was an inveterate smoker. From his leathern belt hung a seal-skin pouch of tobacco, a clay pipe, — when it was not in his mouth, — a little tinder-box with flint and steel, a butcher knife, and a small hatchet. He looked picturesque and half barbaric; but his heart was light, kindly, and honest.

Like modern frontier towns, St. Louis had a trade quite disproportionate to its population. It bought lead from whites and Indians. It shipped venison, buffalo meat, and bear meat to New Orleans. It consumed the surplus wheat of contiguous Illinois. Every year it sent sixty thousand dollars' worth of Indian goods up the Missouri, and received two hundred thousand dollars' worth of deer and bear skins, buffalo robes, and furs of beaver and otter. The deer skins alone brought to this straggling log village in the wilderness numbered one hundred and fifty thousand annually.

Already trappers and fur-traders had begun to penetrate the Rocky Mountains. Some were murdered by Indians, some were drowned in the Missouri, some were eaten by grizzly bears. But they loved their hard life with the strange love which pursuits involving adventure and privation always inspire. Their furs were carried to Canada, and thence to Europe; and it took four years to get returns.

So the last century went out. Then on a May morning, sixty-four years ago, three frail boats bearing fifty men sailed away from St. Louis up toward the mouth of the Missouri. That little expedition represented the new-born Nineteenth Century. It bore the Stars and Stripes, and the advance guard of the coming Yankee nation. Captains Lewis and Clark, with a volunteer band of sturdy United States soldiers, sent by President Jefferson, under sanction of Congress, had started to explore the vast region stretching to the Pacific, and to learn whether a route for travel and commerce could be opened across the American continent.

The country was as little known as the trackless ocean when Columbus dared it. Trappers and traders could only tell that as far as they had ventured it swarmed with fierce Indians and ferocious beasts. The bold voyagers, starting to face its unknown dangers, had the sympathy and prayers of the frontier population. At long intervals, after they passed out of sight, returning trappers brought tidings of them. At the end of a year came a boat with their messengers and letters, stating that they had passed the first winter two thousand miles up the Missouri, and were just entering the deeper wilderness beyond. Then weeks, months, a year elapsed, and no word from the daring travellers. Hope turned to despair. Friends and relatives mourned them as dead. And, as usual, wise after-prophets shook their heads and averred that the attempt had been foolhardy and mad.

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But on a September day, when the explorers had been gone two years and four months, the people of St. Louis heard a discharge of musketry. Looking up the river, they saw a little fleet of canoes and pirogues just in sight, and rapidly nearing their village. The boatmen were tawny, and clothed in skins. The cry, "Indians!" "Indians!" rang from cabin to cabin, and the alert Frenchmen ran for their muskets. But a few minutes more showed that the visitors were not savages, only sun-browned, bearded white men. Lewis and Clark had returned! All the party were back again safe and sound, except one man, who died of disease early on the way out. In their journey of eight thousand miles, through half a hundred savage nations, they had had only one Indian fight, and that a slight skirmish. They came loaded with curiosities, and full of enthusiasm about the wealth of the prairies, the sublimity of the mountains, and the beauty of the great Oregon River, rolling brokenly over many rapids to the far western ocean. They had opened communication from the Mississippi to the Pacific!

St. Louis welcomed them with flying flags and booming guns, and as the news spread by the slow vehicles of that day, the whole country was swift to do them honor. For now Jefferson had bought Louisiana, Congress had paid the bill, and the Stars and Stripes floated over the new domain. It was no longer France or Spain which these pioneers had been exploring, but the United States of America.

The Louisiana purchase revolutionized St. Louis. The French language and modes went out, and the post-office came in. The newspaper followed. In 1808 appeared "The Louisiana Gazette," the first journal ever printed west of the Mississippi. It still flourishes as "The St. Louis Republican," and the changes in our party names have produced a curious paradox. For years "The Republican" has been a zealous Democratic organ, and its neighbor "The Missouri Democrat" a cogent apostle of Republicanism.

Like his good friend the Frenchman, the Indian also went to the wall before the post-office and the newspaper. The once potent Missouris occupied the beautiful valleys of the Grand and the Chariton. In 1810 they fought their last battle with the whites. All were exterminated except a few stragglers, who found homes among the Osages, their ancient foes.

The French had little taste for farming in the wilderness; they adhered mainly to trading, boating, and trapping. But the Daniel Boone race of American pioneers began to come in,—men who loved the forest, and were cramped for elbow-room if they had a neighbor within a day's journey. They were long, gaunt settlers from Kentucky, Illinois, Virginia, and Ohio, with a few restless Yankees from the hills of New England. Avoiding towns, they pushed back into the interior. They found the valleys and prairies — reputed worthless and uninhabitable — all ready to yield boundless crops of corn and wheat, fruits and the root vegetables. Forests teemed with game, rivers were choked with fish. By the Missouri, the Osage, and the Gasconade the immigrant from Massachusetts stared at the little horn-pout of his native streams, here developed into the enormous catfish of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds. A pioneer of Cole County relates that fish so abounded in Moreau Creek as frequently to clog the wheels and stop the machinery of his saw-mill. Then he used to shut the gate, and beat the water with poles to drive them away!

Another settler, Elisha Ford, is the hero of a story even more fishy. It avers that, finding a young panther asleep, he bent a sapling over the animal's back, holding him down until he could muzzle him and tie his feet together. Thus secured, Ford bore the amiable whelp home in triumph to his wondering family.

A third, Thomas Stanley, herding cattle and hogs on Grand River, lived in a huge, hollow sycamore log, which lay upon the ground. Here he ate and

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slept, and through long winter evenings smoked his clay pipe, reading such books and stray newspapers as he could get from the nearest settlement. Sycamore splinters, dipped in raccoon oil, served for candles. Just outside burned his ruddy fire of logs. When the smoke blew into his eyes, — as it usually does in camp, — he would get up, and roll his unique dwelling around on the other side of the blaze. This voluntary Crusoe, tanned, bearded, clothed in furs, smoking his dingy pipe and reading his ragged newspaper, with shining rifle close by, all ready to grasp, — Eastman Johnson should put him on canvas, to delight our eyes, and illustrate an essential page in American history.

The Boone race is extinct, or has migrated to Walrussia, where alone we have room for it still. But the big trees survive. Parker's "Missouri in 1867" — a valuable gazetteer, though without a map of the State, and ten years behind in its statistics of railways and leading towns — describes a standing hollow sycamore, whose chamber is fifteen feet across; a grape-vine three feet in circumference; tupelos, oaks, and cypresses ten feet in diameter, and beeches and elms seven feet.

The earliest steamer upon our Western rivers was launched in the Ohio, at Pittsburg, in 1811. The first to ascend the Missouri were three little government boats, in 1819. A party of engineers and naturalists kept along near them on the shore. The Pawnees, who can yet almost steal the boots from a man's feet without his knowing it, pilfered the horses, provisions, and apparatus of the unfortunate *savans*, and left them to wander, hungry and half naked, till they found refuge among the friendly Kaws. These early steamers stemmed the current with difficulty, and were greatly delayed by sand-bars; for this was before steamboats were educated up to walking off on their spars, as a boy walks on his stilts. And they dropped down the river stern foremost, as they were more manageable in that position.

Even in civilized communities, the introduction of the steamboat excited superstitious dread. When Robert Fulton's Clermont appeared on the Hudson, ships' crews who saw her approaching at night against wind and tide, with machinery clanking, paddles clattering, and showers of sparks and volumes of flame streaming from her chimneys, jumped overboard, and swam ashore in terror. Three years later, when Nicholas Roosevelt's Orleans first descended the Ohio, she approached Louisville at midnight. Hundreds of Kentuckians, awakened by her demoniac screechings, rushed down to the bank, and at first believed that the great comet of that year had fallen into the Ohio! One of the first boats to ascend the Missouri, as if her normal terrors were not enough, carried a figure-head at her prow in the form of a huge serpent. Through this reptile's mouth steam escaped, and the savages who saw it fled in wildest alarm, fancying that the Spirit of Evil was coming bodily to devour them.

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SOME OF THE WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY.

THERE is not one man in a hundred outside of the medical profession, and scarcely one man in ten in it, who understands and appreciates the marvels of modern surgery.

The improvements that have, within the past quarter of a century, been almost daily introduced into surgical science are so numerous, so complex, and so very varied in character, that to properly understand them requires entire concentration of thought and study. Even in the profession of medicine, unless the doctor makes surgery a specialty, unless he devotes his whole attention to the subject, unless he carefully reads all the best medical literature — and, above all, the *periodical* literature — of the day, he cannot properly estimate the enlightened practice of our times, as compared with that of days gone by.

But things pertaining to the chirurgeon's art which would scarcely surprise a tolerably well-educated physician will no doubt strike with amazement unprofessional readers; for the mind of the former is in a measure prepared for innovations by novelties that have preceded them, and has been raised step by step from the wretched old-fashioned ideas and antiquated notions of our ancestors to those more in accordance with common sense and human reason; whereas the ideas of the latter upon the subject are vague, imperfect, and traditional, because for the most part foreign to the daily routine of their lives.

Surgery is very ancient; it is as old as man. Before disease was entailed upon the human race, our great progenitor was the subject of an operation. By the influence of some anæsthetic agent a deep sleep is said to have fallen upon Adam, and a bone was excised from his body, — a rib was taken away, from which grew that beautiful frailty whose name is *Woman*, in whose gustatory nerves the love of forbidden fruit culminated. She took the apple and did eat, and gave it to Adam, and he did eat; but the attempt to swallow it so choked him that his male descendants still bear in their throats an hereditary projection, — the *pomum Adami*, — the technical term, dear reader, in medical nomenclature, by which that hillock in the throat of *man* is known.

Everybody is acquainted with that celebrated old doctor, Æsculapius, to whom professors in medical colleges still allude in the opening sentences of their introductory lectures. This medical gentleman is supposed to have read medicine with Apollo, and to have been the father of old-fashioned surgery, and of two sons, Machaon and Podalirius, both of whom Homer, in the twelfth book of the Iliad, has seen fit to immortalize. Nestor thus speaks of the former: —

> "Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
> And great Machaon to the ships convey;
> A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal."

Patroclus was another surgeon of antiquity, and one most decidedly of the military order; his exploits are thus related: —

> "There stretched at length the wounded hero lay.
> Patroclus *cut the forky steel away*;
> Then with his hands a bitter root he bruised,
> The wound he washed, the styptic juice infused.
> The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,
> The wound to torture and the blood to flow."

After these renowned gentlemen six whole centuries passed away, when Hippocrates became the modern surgeon of his time, which, you must remember, was about three hundred years before Christ. He held it as a maxim, that "where medicine failed, recourse must be had to the knife, and when the knife was unsuccessful, to *fire*." This latter method became very fashionable; and a surgeon's apparatus was a sort of blacksmith's shop, resembling those that followed our batteries through the war. Sores were

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then burned out with fire; conflagrations were raised upon the skin; red-hot irons, shaped much like the modern poker, were thrust into the deep recesses of wounds; and the soothing application of boiling tar covered bleeding and raw surfaces. A very favorite method of using fire with this distinguished individual and others of his school was to saturate small pieces of wood with oil, pile them upon the surface of the body, and set them ablaze. However, *palmam qui meruit, ferat.* Hippocrates assisted surgery considerably in his time, and his descriptions of certain surgical diseases, and of the operations performed for their relief, do him great credit.

It is not the intention of this paper even to *begin* to consider in detail the ancient upholders of the art of surgery, or to relate a long catalogue of names and dates; and therefore suffice it to say that surgery improved and retrograded, and was as often then as now impeded in its progress by the bigotry of those whose preconceived notions and reverence for bygone forms and *shades* of men prevented either investigation or adoption of important, though often novel, truths.

In modern times the first great, *very* great, step forward in surgery, was the introduction of what the doctors call *anæsthetic* agents, or the use of chloroform and ether. A just idea of this inestimable boon to suffering humanity cannot be better arrived at than by first imagining one's self in a surgical amphitheatre twenty-five years ago, during an operation, — an amputation, for instance. Observe the writhing of that human form as the keen two-edged knife pierces the quivering flesh; listen to the harsh grating of the surgeon's saw as it separates the living bone, and hear those agonizing groans, and shrieks, and prayers for mercy! Then, visit to-day any well-conducted hospital or college, and witness a similar operation. The patient is placed upon his bed, a handkerchief saturated with the anæsthetic is applied to the nostrils, and a slumber steals over him so deep, so profound, that not a muscle moves as the knife goes through his flesh, not a quiver passes through his frame, not a prayer to God or man for help, not a groan escapes him. He wakes from his slumber to find himself comfortably arranged in his bed, without a single unpleasant sensation of any note, and totally unconscious of the operation he has undergone. I can recall instances wherein the sufferer has awakened from his lethargy, and, looking up with imploring eyes, has asked: "Are you not almost ready to begin?" "*Begin?* Why, my dear sir, the operation is over, is successful, and you will soon be well again." I can see now, while I write these lines, the tears of gratitude and of hope that slowly trickle down the cheeks of the unfortunate victims of disease or accident, and forthwith I turn to my big bottle of chloroform (Ducan and Lockhart's best Scotch), and take a congratulatory sniff from pure admiration, respect, and thankfulness.

But there are other very great advantages to be derived from these anæsthetics. No surgeon in the olden time could have performed those difficult and protracted operations on the living body which are, from the frequency of their occurrence now, justly considered the triumphs of modern surgery; and simply because it would have been utterly impossible for the patient to keep himself, or be kept by others, in a quiet position during a prolonged and painful dissection, where knives and probes and forceps are thrust in and out of gaping and bleeding wounds. The human system in most cases would succumb to the *shock* of the prolonged agony, in an operation of two, three, or four hours' duration, when every second seems a minute, and every minute an hour.

The two anæthetic agents which are now most in use among surgeons are ether and chloroform, — some preferring one, and some the other; others using a compound of both. From time immemorial the surgeon's knife has possessed such terror for mankind, that

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many have been the attempts to diminish the torture of operations. Even as far back as the thirteenth century the idea of *painless* operations was carefully considered. In a curious old surgical treatise by one Theodoric, the recipe is found for the preparation of an article called *spongia somnifera*, which was said to accomplish the desired result. Pliny and Dioscorides speak of the mandragore, or mandrake, as being steeped in wine to cause insensibility to pain.

The discovery of *ether* as an anæsthetic belongs to America. On the 30th day of December, 1846, at No. 19 Tremont Row, in Boston, a man named Frost had a tooth extracted without pain by Dr. Morton, and a new era commenced in the surgical world. Chloroform belongs to England. On the 4th of November, 1847, it was discovered by Sir J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh; Drs. Keith and Ducan being present at the time. The blessings of the *appropriate* application of these agents are not fully appreciated, because those outside the pale of the profession rarely have time or opportunity to witness the wonderful effects produced thereby. Think, dear reader, of a man having on his back an excrescence larger than a knapsack, and occupying the same position that accoutrement would on the human body, — a tumor that had bowed his head upon his breast for twenty years, and had never permitted him to sleep in any position except lying on his face, — a tumor filled with blood-vessels, and the growth of which was attended with excruciating pain. Think of such a man in the hands of two surgeons, — one on each side of the table, — with their shining knives cutting deeply into the flesh, — think of him lying thus for three consecutive hours, and finding the horrible burden gone when he awoke from his insensibility!

But modern surgery has opened another field. The fumes of chloroform, ether, and nitrous oxide narcotize the brain, and *sometimes* produce dangerous and even fatal results. What does modern surgery do to avoid such misfortune? Simply this: A man with a wen on his arm, or an exquisitely painful "felon" on his finger, can now look down quietly upon the knife as it enters his own body, and smile at a most remarkable coincidence, and one peculiarly agreeable to himself, namely, — he does not feel the slightest degree of pain. This condition of things is effected by the absence of heat; otherwise, *cold*. It is well known to everybody, that if a part be frozen or benumbed with cold, its sensibility is for the time being lost.

Now, there are several methods by which cold is produced, one of which is evaporation, — that mighty process constantly going on in the great universe, whereby the waters which have passed into the sea are returned to be purified for the use of man. Evaporation is Nature's colossal filter. The evaporation of any liquid which is more volatile than water will immediately produce cold. Pour a little common ether on the back of your hand, and the sensation of cold is at once apparent; but the chemists tell us that *vapors* have a greater capacity for heat than when their particles are condensed into either a solid or a liquid form; therefore modern surgery, being aware of these few facts, constructs an instrument whereby a vapor of ether or other very volatile substance is injected in the form of spray, — or, as the doctors say, atomized — upon a part, and so rapidly absorbs the heat generated by the chemical action going on within the body, that in a very few minutes the part becomes entirely insensible to pain, while the patient still retains volition and consciousness. This evaporation is so potent, that the great Faraday was able to *freeze mercury* in a *red-hot* crucible. It is not my intention to enter into a minute description of the very simple apparatus by which this spray is produced. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum; and if by any means such a condition is produced in a tube one end of which is inserted into a liquid, the atmospheric pressure from without will cause the liquid to

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ascend into the vacuum; and if as it rises in obedience to nature's law it is met with a stream of air projected against it with a moderate degree of force, the volatile liquid will be broken into fragments or atoms, thus constituting a vapor, the rapid evaporation of which will speedily take away heat. Without the least trouble, in any temperature, and at any time of day, the surgeon has it in his power, by means of a little instrument he can carry in his pocket, of producing cold several degrees below zero. It is to Mr. Richardson, of London, that the world is indebted for the introduction of this method of causing *local* insensibility by means of ether. Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of Boston, has discovered that a similar result may be attained by a substance called rhigolene, which is a very volatile product of petroleum, and which, with a boiling point at 70°, will, when atomized, congeal the skin and the textures beneath in from five to ten seconds; 15° below zero being easily produced in a few minutes. With such an apparatus (and a great *furore* it has created in the medical world) a man may study anatomy on his own person, and dissect himself with comparatively trifling inconvenience.

We are told by a well-known and undoubted authority, that the rich Miss Kilmansegg once met with a serious accident;

> "But what avails Gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
> When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
> Has met with a compound fracture?"

asks the historian; and he further states, that as "the limb was doomed, and it could n't be saved," it was cut off, and that after its removal there was an immense amount of trouble in fitting to the remaining portion of the member any kind of an extremity. If the lady had lived in our advanced days, no apprehension would have been felt. A letter to one of those manufactories where legs and arms — in the shape and motion of which Apollo or Venus might exult, and which in nineteen cases out of twenty are far more beautiful to look upon than nature's own — are turned out to order by steam would have caused to be sent by return train a perfectly suitable leg.

The very wonderful and perfect mechanism which is introduced into these patent extremities is only equalled by the facility with which they are used. They are light, have all the movements of the natural joints, and, by means of springs, wires, cords, and wheels, work with a precision which is very surprising. Not long since I had the pleasure of being accosted in the street by a well-dressed soldier, who in nobly doing battle for his country had been shot through the knee, the lower parts of his leg being so severely shattered that it was necessary to remove it. The poor fellow had a hard time of it. I did not know him to be the same individual whom I had treated in the hospital; the flush of health was upon his cheek, the sparkle of life in his eye, the elasticity of manhood in his step. He looked first into my face, and then, glancing downward, said, with a curious twinkle in his eye, "Doctor, which leg is it?" For a moment I was dumfounded with the question, but clapping his hand upon his thigh he said with exultation: "This is the leg with which I was born, and this one," pointing to the other, "is the one which Uncle Sam gave me"; and he stepped off with only a slight halt in his soldier's gait. One of the most celebrated of the Bridgewater treatises is that of Sir Charles Bell on the human hand. The essay is replete with thought and study, and gives the reader a true idea of the mechanism and the precision of adaptation which is found in that portion of the human body. Paley in his "Natural Theology," alluding to the same subject, says: "Let a person observe his own hand while *writing;* the number of muscles which are brought to bear upon the pen, how the joint and adjusted operation of several tendons is concerned in every stroke. Not a letter can be turned without more than one or two or three tendinous retractions, definite, both as to the choice of the

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tendon and as to the space through which the retraction moves; yet how currently does the work proceed, how faithful have the muscles been to their duty, how true to the order which endeavor or habit hath inculcated!" If we were to take the celebrated surgeon and theological essayist, and show to the one a man sawing wood and to the other a person engaged in writing, and were to tell them that neither of the industrious individuals was possessed of any but wooden hands, which are nightly taken off, greased, and prepared for the next day's service, somewhat after the fashion of boots and shoes, they most undoubtedly would be petrified with amazement, if not completely stunned by an apparent impossibility. Yet modern surgery can accomplish this result. Let me give some extracts, authenticated ones, from letters written to one of the manufacturers of artificial hands. One person thus writes: "I am very much pleased with my artificial arm and hand. I find it useful in a great many ways. I can carry a pail of water with ease. I can carry an *armful* of wood quite handily. I can handle my knife and fork," &c. Another says: "I was fitted with a PAIR of artificial hands made by I. S. Drake, and I find them of great use to me. I can feed myself very well with them; also can *write* so it can be read," &c. Another writes: "I am getting along finely with my artificial hand. I have already learned to *sew* with it, and can do a great many other things. I find it quite convenient at table, and in fact it is useful to me in everything I undertake." A gentleman from Providence gives the following testimony: "I frequently carry a pail of water, and oftentimes a basket of marketing, with my artificial hand. In walking through the streets, I defy any one to tell *which* is my artificial hand." A letter from Concord concludes thus: "It" — the hand — "is a most convenient thing to *drive* with. I have driven twenty miles in the coldest day, without calling upon my other hand for assistance." Is not this an improvement upon the old-fashioned, clumsy, and unsightly *iron hook* which old surgery affixed to the unfortunate stump of a man's superior extremity?

There are some operations in surgery that are dangerous on account of hemorrhage from the smaller vessels, and others which are performed by means of strangulating a part, allowing it to die and be cast off by the law of nature; the latter procedure being necessarily protracted, and often excessively painful. A French surgeon, by name Chassaignac, being aware of these facts, devised an instrument which he called the *écraseur*, or crusher, to obviate both the difficulties alluded to. It is formed of a fine chain, gathered into a loop, which loop encloses the part to be removed; by turning a screw the chain is gradually tightened until the parts are separated. There is not a cutting edge to this contrivance; the chain is blunt, and in its passage through the structures so turns up or twists the ends of the blood-vessels that hemorrhage is prevented. The working of this instrument is truly surprising. I know of a girl, an amiable young lady, who was unfortunate enough to have been born with a tongue so much too long that it protruded from her mouth from four and a half to five inches; she could neither masticate her food nor articulate a single sentence; life was kept in her for nearly fifteen years by liquid nourishment sucked through a tube; her appearance was naturally revolting, and upon the slightest exposure to cold or atmospheric changes she was wellnigh suffocated by the tremendous enlargement of this congenital hypertrophy. To cut off this tongue with a sharp knife would have been to expose her life to danger from hemorrhage, to twist a string around it, and allow it to die by slow degrees, was a torture to which neither her friends nor herself would submit; yet with the application of chloroform and the *écraseur* it was taken away, — the superabundant portion of it, — trimmed to a point; and to-day she sings, talks, and eats with perfect control of the remaining portion of the organ. She went to sleep, and

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awoke with her jaws closed for the first time in her life, and with but the loss of a few drops of blood.

The greatest revolutions also have taken place in that branch of surgery known as ophthalmology, or that portion of it which treats of diseases of the eye; indeed, the improvements in this department are so very numerous that it now-a-days constitutes a separate and special science. There are few physicians in general practice that understand the orthography of this specialty. How do you spell dac-ry-o-cys-to-syringo-ka-ta-klei-sis (dacryocystosyringokatakleisis)? would be a puzzle for many wise heads, and its pronunciation dangerous to any but a woman's tongue.

The eye — the study of which alone, old Sturmius tells us, is a cure for atheism — is perhaps one of the most marvellous constructions in nature. Its movements, its expressions, its protection, its chambers, its lenses, and the great delicacy of all its component parts, have been the study of anatomists of all times. How I wish I could show to the readers of this paper one single portion of the human eye, — that part called the vitreous humor! It resembles half-molten crystal in its purity and its brilliancy. And, above all, could I show you the beautiful adaptation of every structure to the office it performs in the animal economy, you would probably be lost in amazement. Imagine yourself for a single moment standing on a mountain eminence, with an autumn landscape of *twenty miles* in extent before you: every constituent which goes to make up the beauty and harmony of the scene is fully appreciated by your sense of vision, — the great variety of color, the fields, the hedges, the foliage, the cottages, and the village spire in the distance, the river as it curves around the gentle slopes, the clouds that float overhead. That landscape of twenty miles you take in, and are able to see entire through an aperture *an eighth of an inch* in diameter!

Is not the smallness of the visual tablet, as compared with the *extent* of vision, one of the most singular and remarkable adaptations of means to ends which can be found in nature?

There are several compartments and chambers within the globe of the eye; there is a curtain which divides these chambers; there is an elastic doorway, which expands and contracts in accordance with the quantity of light to be admitted. Take a candle and endeavor to look into those mysterious recesses, and you can see nothing; and the reason is obvious, — the rays are reflected back again, and are brought to a convergence at the flame of the candle; in other words, the flame is the focus of reflection, and the eye cannot occupy the same position as the flame, nor see through it. But modern surgery has explored these hitherto unknown and mysterious regions, and has invented an instrument by which the rays of light coming from a lamp placed behind and at one side of the head can so be caught, reflected, and brought to a focus, that the chambers and depths of the globe of the eye can be fully and readily explored; and the result has been that this instrument (called the ophthalmoscope) tells the surgeon of to-day, that four fifths of what was written and surmised concerning the diseases affecting these hitherto unexplored regions is conjectural and wrong; its introduction has rendered obsolete nearly all that was taught by our grandfathers on the subject. How many eyes have been blinded by treatment based upon conjecture and ignorance may only be imagined; it is well for us that no data can be found, and that forever such unsatisfactory information will be buried in oblivion.

The use of reflected light, once introduced, was eagerly applied to many other cavities of the body. The intricate labyrinth of the ear, and the passages of the nose and the lungs are now carefully explored; the *entire windpipe* can now-a-days be laid before the eye of the surgeon. No doubt, in years to come, the obdurate peg in

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the boot-heel of a patient may be found and carefully examined by a combination of lenses inserted in the mouth. But I must hasten on. The items that have been detailed as relating to the present position of modern surgery are a few of innumerable facts. The wonders revealed by the microscope alone would fill a volume twice the size of the Atlantic Monthly; and when every week in every medical periodical some new instrument or new method of treatment is introduced, to attempt to relate them in a paper of this kind is perfectly useless.

But there is a branch of surgery to which attention should undoubtedly be called, and that is what is termed conservative surgery. Now, the rule of the conservative surgeon is to *save all he possibly can*, and to do away with the wholesale cutting and slashing of the older masters. In other words, place as much in the hands of Nature as is practicable; and it is astounding what she can accomplish with gentle handling and persuasive treatment! Attack her roughly, interfere with her processes, disturb her in her silent and mysterious workings, and she retires in disgust. The doctors, as well as the surgeons, are beginning to understand this, and the *vis medicatrix naturæ* is being acknowledged by medical as well as by surgical science. During the late war, thousands and thousands of limbs were saved to their owners by the proper understanding of conservative surgery. One of the most distinguished surgeons of the world has lately written: "At King's College it is a *rare* thing to see an amputation; in *nine cases out of ten* excision should be performed in its stead." By excision is understood cutting OUT the diseased part instead of cutting OFF the entire limb. Let me explain a little more in detail, that the understanding of this important point may be perfectly clear. Suppose a man be shot with a minié-ball through the shoulder-joint, and the missile shatters the bone to a considerable extent: old surgery sees no resource but to amputate the entire arm; modern conservative surgery says, "Not so," and cuts *out* the shattered joint, takes away the pieces of bone, and leaves the balance to Nature; and she, good soul! fills up the gap with a substance which, if not entirely resembling bone, is still of sufficient firmness and strength to allow the patient a tolerable motion at the shoulder, and a *perfect motion* at the elbow, wrist, and finger-joints. I can illustrate this conservative surgery by another instance. There was once a bright, active boy, whose father was a settler in the far-off regions of the Western country. The family were poor, but hard working, and had come West to cultivate a small portion of land which they had raised money enough to "locate." The boy was driving a truck-wagon, drawn by four oxen, on which was suspended a huge log of wood. As he walked beside his team the chain on his wagon broke, and the log rolled over; he ran, but his leg was caught by the heavy wood, and severely crushed, — the bones protruding through the skin, and the lower part of the leg being bent and *twisted* upon itself. He was carried senseless to his home; and there being no physician to attend the sufferer, he lay with his crushed and mangled leg at right angles with his thigh. Weeks passed away; by degrees Nature assumed her sway; youth and previous health, with a good constitution, sustained the boy under the shock. So soon as it was deemed practicable, he was brought—in an open wagon without springs, and through a drenching rain — to a hospital in the nearest city. There he was attacked with typhus fever, and again for weeks his life was despaired of. Suddenly one morning — a beautiful day in April — the doctor found his fever gone; but his patient was almost dead from the terrible prostration that injury, protracted fever, poor attendance, and continued suffering had induced. God in his mercy saved him! Life came back again, — strength, hope, and, above all, *sleep*. That gentle slumber, so different from the restless tossings

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of feverish somnolence, refreshed him; and he began to look into the open air from his hospital window, and feel it as with life-giving power it fanned his pale and emaciated cheek. But the leg was still in its unnatural position, the bones were still through the flesh, the foot twisted sideways on the leg. For such a case as this the old-fashioned surgery would have had no remedy but amputation of the entire limb; but modern conservative surgery tried another expedient. It sawed off the protruding extremities of the bones, twisted the leg to its place, put it in an apparatus to keep it the same length as the sound limb; and to-day that boy stands, runs, and jumps, with legs of equal length, — a living monument to conservative surgery, and a witness to the truth of the description I have given.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Three English Statesmen: a Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By GOLDWIN SMITH. New York: Harper and Brothers.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most delightful thing to an American, in these studies, is Mr. Smith's art of forecasting the years of unaccomplished English history, and finding in contemporary events in our country the sequel and recompense of the heroic effort of the old Puritanic Republicans. Here he sees fulfilled the generous purposes and hopes which the Restoration annulled in England, — in the American Republic he finds the lost future of the English Commonwealth. But he commends himself to a far nobler sentiment than patriotism, when he treats a great act like the execution of Charles I. as an irreparable error, and a hurt to the cause of the people which has not yet been outlived, and so teaches that mercy in the victor is the wisest policy as well as the most sublime virtue. He puts aside the coarse flippancy of Carlyle with an admirable rebuke, and with a courage which we cannot fully appreciate unless we remember how recently English society received Governor Eyre with applause, and how blindly and savagely it is now bent upon the destruction of the Fenians. It is indeed a double courage which laments severity in victorious right at a time when the right is called upon chiefly to exercise patience. "The execution of the king," says our author, "is treated by cynical philosophy in its usual strain: 'This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world; whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, and whatever other ugly names it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since, and is now at length in these generations very rapidly dying.' This is not the tone in which the terrible but high-souled fanatics who did it would have spoken of their own deed. They at least so far respected the feelings of mankind, or rather their own feelings, as to drape the scaffold with black. .... Nothing, unhappily, can be less true, than that the act of the regicides struck a damp through the heart of flunkeyism, or that flunkeyism has gone about incurably sick of it ever since. It is liberty, if anything, that has gone about sick of it. The blood of the royal martyr has been the seed of flunkeyism from that day to this. What man, what woman, feels any sentimental attachment to the memory of James II.? There would have been less attachment, if possible, to the memory of the weak and perfidious Charles, if his weakness and perfidy had not been glorified by his death."

To the policy of mercy and humanity here preached the nations are slowly growing. We have ourselves, however awkwardly and ungracefully, reached it practically in our dealing with the leaders of the rebellion; and by so far as the Mexicans are more barbarous and stupid than we, they have fallen short of it in their dealing with Maximilian.

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In the passages quoted we give the key-note of a book which is nowhere discordant with the highest hopes and aims of good men, and which, with an entirely characteristic felicity in treating events subordinately to the ideas and motives of the past, is the most intelligible history we have read of the times of Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt.

The Story of my Childhood. By MADAME J. MICHELET. Translated from the French by MARY FRAZIER CURTIS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THIS is an exquisite specimen of descriptive narrative rendered into English as easy and plastic as the French of the original. It is a photograph of intense experience abounding in keen fresh sympathies and delicate grace of thought. It may be a weakness, but it is very refreshing, nevertheless, to listen to the outpourings of a woman of talent who offers no public convictions, but only a good gush of personal sentiment. Here is the very form and pressure of what a child has seen, — all its clear-cut reality framed in the sweet affections of a young girl's soul. We find here all those dear mysteries of tenderness and weakness common to all good women, combined with that dreary acceptance of destiny without objection or debate which seems peculiar to the good Frenchwoman.

Madame Michelet is the wife of the distinguished historian. It is pleasant to remember her confession in another work, that in her marriage she has found a renewal of the paternal love and protection so charmingly portrayed in the present volume. She who shows so much of the golden age of childhood to be but a sorry bit of electroplating should strike truer metal somewhere. And it will be pleasant for the reader to remember that the "Princess" of this little story, like her delicious prototypes with whose adventures Scheherezade delighted Schahriar, has already discovered the true prince and begun the duty of "living happily forever after."

Monsieur Midlaret, after an extraordinary career, of which his daughter makes a very interesting episode, settled upon his family estate, a short distance from the town of Montauban in the South of France. Here, in ruts of rural narrowness, the family ran its appointed course. This life upon a French country place would have few attractions for a native of New England. No fishmonger's horn, no merry jingle of baker's bells, disturb its awful monotony. No cloud of dust foretells the coming butcher with his fresh joints, and the mail from the nearest post-office. The dairy and the poultry-yard, whenever this latter preserve does not happen to be robbed, afford the sole means of subsistence. The *fermière*, or female farmer (for "farmer's wife" is no adequate translation), is alone responsible for family rations. No, not quite alone; for there is a little daughter of the house to send to the pond with rod and line, where she lies among the cold rushes, afraid to return with an empty basket. It is this little girl who now shows us her childhood in touching pictures. We realize how sadly authority may overshadow parental affection in the sketch of the cold "Lady of the Mist, with her long white robes floating behind her over the green lawn," but with true feminine instincts repressed or never awakened. Very pathetic is the story of the first doll, — a poor featureless bunch of rags, but a little god to be worshipped nevertheless, and if possible to be quickened to life after a certain recipe recorded in Genesis. The prevailing tone of the narrative is one of sadness; but it is an eloquent sadness, dealing with the finer suggestions of language which the translation has admirably preserved. It is pleasant to turn from the strange austerity of the child's existence to the cheerful glow of the haymaking, harvesting, and vintage. And we gratefully remember the seventeen cats utilized by the family as muffs and bed-warmers, the magpie Margot secreting papa's spectacles in his shoes, and the embryo silkworms worn day and night beneath mamma's dress. Then also there are the delightful market days; and, above all, the annual fair, when Montauban becomes a great city, and the bazaars for playthings line the low arcades. In short, Madame Michelet has here fixed for us those vivid visions of joy and sorrow that fill the horizon of child-life, and this all the more agreeably because no creed or system impudently claims the office of interpreter to the rich experience.

There comes a moral from these sketches, happily suggested at the close of the translator's introduction, which the American reader may profitably consider. We are reminded how seldom we get an interior view of the little souls about us, and how

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small a part of our responsibility is fulfilled by thrusting them into the State educating machine over which the popular orator broods with such admirable complacency. Only the sweetest and soundest natures overcome a false direction given to the young life of spontaneous passion and instantaneous judgments. The true family relation consists in a community of consciousness, rendered all the more valuable by a wide difference in mental attainments. That dash of romance and sublimity which transfigures the being of a sensitive child is just the element our hardworking people need to keep their lives healthy and true. But our family discipline too often justifies the profound remark of Richter, that we conceal the departure of the sense for the heavenly by the greater sharpness and severity of that for the moral. Children, notwithstanding their small amount of what we call knowledge, in clinging to this life of sentiment and affection are led by instinct to reason more accurately than their elders. Miss Curtis is right in thinking that the closeness and accuracy of Madame Michelet's study of childhood rivals in its humble way the observation of Montaigne. And her allusion to the first of essayists reminds us of the delicate compliment he paid the "De Senectute" of Cicero,—"Il donne l'appétit de vieillir." We cannot parody this by saying that Madame Michelet has given us any desire to repeat that discipline of child-life she so faithfully portrays. But it is better to say that no worthy reader can rise from her book without a deeper sense of the power for good or evil latent in the family relation, and, we may add, without a new determination that the loving feminine element shall assert its eternal supremacy therein.

Tiger-Lilies. A Novel. By SIDNEY LANIER. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

IT is plain that Mr. Lanier has taken more Jean Paul than is good for him. He is saturated with Richter, and redolent of him; and, worse still, he has touches of the musical madness which has in these times afflicted persons of sensibility, and to which we owe "Charles Auchester" and all his literary children and grandchildren. Conceive of a pleasant Southern gentleman who builds a country-seat in a cove of the Tennessee River, and calls it Thalberg! Naturally, there comes to live near him, in great seclusion, among the mountains, Ottilie, a German lady who has been betrayed by John Cranston, an American, then visiting the master of Thalberg. At the same time, Rübetsahl, formerly Ottilie's betrothed, arrives. Surprises, discoveries, developments; a duel between Rübetsahl and Cranston at a masked ball for love of Felix Sterling of Thalberg, and for revenge of Ottilie. The war of secession occurs at this period; and all our friends go into the Southern army except wicked John Cranston, who becomes a Federal major. The lord and lady of Thalberg are shot at their own window by a deserter from the Southern army, and Felix and Rübetsahl are finally united at the capitol gates in Richmond, after the Confederates have abandoned the city. It is rather uncertain about Ottilie and Philip Sterling. Cranston goes vaguely to the deuce.

The story is full of the best intentions and some very good performance. The author has a genuine feeling for Southern character, and we see some original poetry and natural traits in his people, in spite of Richter and music. But as a whole "Tiger-Lilies" will not do, though we are not sure that Mr. Lanier will not succeed better in time. There is every element of romance in the life of the South, and he has a clear field before him. There are rogues at the North, too, and he need never be at a loss for villains. If only he will write us a good novel, he may paint us as black as he likes.

The Queens of American Society. By MRS. ELLET. New York: Scribner & Co.

UNLESS we are influenced by the fact that this is not a very amusing kind of book, we really think it a useful one in some ways. There is a good deal of national and local history to be learnt out of social records extending from the time of Mrs. George Washington to the time of Mrs. Auguste Belmont, and celebrating beauty, style, and worth in every part of the country, from Maine to California, from Missouri to South Carolina,—and there is much more collateral reading suggested by them. We trust the young ladies, the heirs of social sovereignty, who peruse Mrs. Ellet's pages with the hope of one day appearing themselves in such a work, will note that the queens there mentioned are distinguished to a very surprising degree for culture as well as beauty and

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fashion; and that they will not only be curious to know more than she tells of the times in which Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Hancock lived, but will also be provoked by the sketch of Mrs. Frémont to learn something of the anti-slavery excitement, and the causes of our recent war. These topics Mrs. Ellet can only allude to in the most shadowy manner, for she must consult the feelings of many of her queens who were born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and who inspired the hosts that fought against the liegemen of her Northern queens. In fact she has so many difficulties of this nature to encounter, that, if we might apply the phrase to such a genteel subject, we should call parts of her book up-hill work. In other respects her task is by no means lightened by the fact that there is no well-defined American social type or standard. But it is pleasant to reflect that the most generous social feeling exists along with our social diversity; that Boston, New York, and Philadelphia socially approve one another, and are not shocked by Washington and Richmond society, or displeased with Cincinnati, Louisville, or Chicago society; and that all will be charmed by Mrs. Ellet's distribution of social honors upon the geographical basis adopted in the selection of our public officers.

A Journey in Brazil. By PROFESSOR and MRS. LOUIS AGASSIZ. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

BRAZIL undoubtedly presents some difficulties of description and analysis to the student of its geography and civilization which do not trouble the imagination in dealing with it as a tropic full of the conventional tropical wonders, perils, and discomforts. Yet for an empire so vast and so immature its distinguishing features seem singularly capable of portraiture. Certain conditions prevail throughout the whole country, and in what the Portuguese have done, half done, and undone there is an expression which Professor Agassiz reflects with remarkable force in the last chapter of the present work. This chapter, indeed, is so necessary to a true appreciation and understanding of what has gone before, that we are disposed to counsel the reader to begin with it, and then to take up Mrs. Agassiz's pleasant, unaffected story of the every-day life of the famous scientific expedition. Starting with Professor Agassiz's idea that Portuguese polity and society in Brazil are in singular degree a perpetuation of the imperial Roman system, and that the free constitution of the country has only begun to modify Brazilian character, the anomalies are accounted for as fast as encountered, and the future of the country becomes at least matter of intelligent speculation. Professor Agassiz, while mindful of the charity due from an honored guest to a generous host, does not conceal his opinion that the work of reform to be accomplished in Brazil is commensurate with her territorial grandeur. The Brazilians have not only false religious and civil traditions to forget, and the native inertness of tropical character to contend with, but their progress is further embarrassed by the wide-spread degeneracy resulting from amalgamation of whites and blacks and Indians, and in turn of their common offspring. At every opportunity throughout the work our great naturalist bears his testimony against the evils of mixing races, which can, in his opinion, be elevated only as they can be kept pure. In Brazil there is no prejudice against color: once freed, the black can rise as high in society and politics as the white, and has indeed shown himself the equal of the white in natural ability and industry; but while all this simplifies the national problem in one respect, it makes it more difficult in another. Slavery will soon pass away; but one of its worst effects must remain for a period of which none can fix the end at present. Meantime a state of affairs in which office-holding is the chief ambition of every educated layman, and in which the clergy are corrupt and immoral, is not one to inspire immediate hope; but the admiration of better things, and the desire for them so general with the Brazilians, are promises of their ultimate accomplishment, though the end must be largely effected by northern immigration.

With the exception of the chapter referred to, nearly all the notices of life in Brazil are from the pen of Mrs. Agassiz, to whom we are indebted for many glimpses of society in the capital and other cities, and far more interesting sketches of the sylvan people dwelling in those tropical forests, that tower so loftily in the fancy, and have presented such an impenetrable screen to less active inquiry. The aborigines of Brazil are gentle and amiable folks, with few vices and not many morals, as it seemed to the travellers who came to require their services in hunting and fishing. They are

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not sunken in such hopeless peonage as the Indians of the Spanish republics, but they are not much farther advanced in civilization. Some schools exist for them, and Mrs. Agassiz was struck by their aptness in learning from books, and acquiring divers little arts of beauty and use, but they keep to the woods as much as they can, and are "invited" thence less frequently by the schoolmaster than by the recruiting-sergeant and the press-gang. They are Christians as Brazilian Christianity goes, and are honest, cleanly, and hospitable. They frankly made the naturalist and all his party at home among them; were a little surprised at his avidity in collecting all sorts of birds and fishes; but were for the most part pleasantly indifferent to the aims of any existence but their own, — though Mrs. Agassiz does speak of one father among them who could read Portuguese, and desired to have his children educated in town. She tells us elsewhere of the indifference of these Indians to their offspring when once the children pass the first stage of helplessness, and of the difficulty of gaining any deep hold upon their gratitude or affection. In fact, the present work, though it treats them tenderly and compassionately, does not teach us to hope much more for the aboriginal Brazilians than we have learned to do for other Indians.

Of the towns we read here much that is already familiar through knowledge of other Latin countries. It is, in fact, the oft-told tale of intellectual life confined to a few men; of women practically fettered and imprisoned; of both sexes largely content with the pleasures of luxurious, highly conventionalized, rather corrupt society. The shadow of Don Basilio's square hat and well-rounded person is over all. Yet it is to be remembered that in Brazil Don Basilio is tolerant, and that all religions are free; and it is in all respects favorable to the Brazilian future, that the people and government are animated by liberal theories and aspirations.

The reader must turn to Mrs. Agassiz's journal for that attractive story which the volume has to tell of journeys up and down the vast rivers in steamboats, or through the strait water-paths of the else impenetrable woods in canoes; of sojourns in city and country amid architecture that reminds of the ancient Roman world, and scenery that remembers in forest and flood and mountain the mighty forms and vegetation of the world before man. The story, which deals with every element to bewitch the fancy, is also the record of scientific researches and triumphs of unique interest and importance; and the double character of the work enhances its interest. Except for the opening chapter, in which are reported the lectures Professor Agassiz delivered to his assistants and fellow-passengers on the voyage out, and the chapter on the Physical History of the Amazons, the scientific material is chiefly appended in the form of notes to Mrs. Agassiz's narrative, or is embodied in letters written from time to time by the Professor to the Emperor of Brazil and others, acquainting them with the progress and results of his researches.

The book is dedicated to Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, whose relation to the expedition is as well known as the grand purposes and achievements of the expedition itself.

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